

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE  
**MACLEAN'S**

November 15, 1949

Ten Cents



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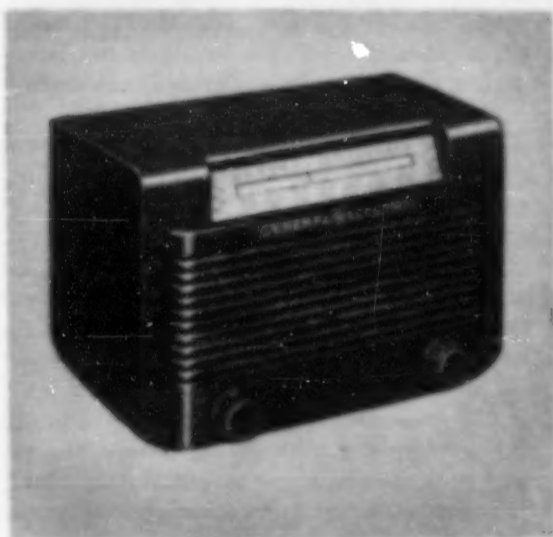
STORY ON PAGE EIGHT

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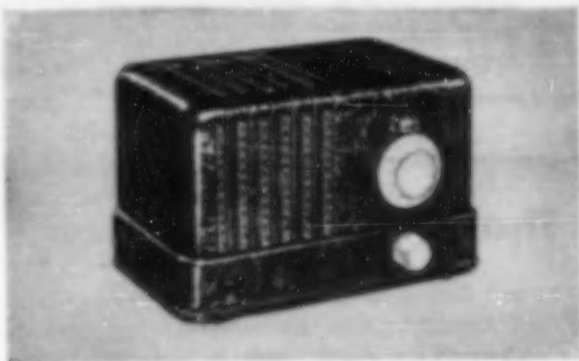
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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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## EDITORIALS

# Don't Make the CBC A Government Stooge

THERE are four ways to solve the financial problem of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation:

1. Double the radio license fee, as CBC Chairman A. D. Danton suggested in his brief to the Massey Commission.

2. Let the CBC cut expenses to match its present revenue.

3. Let the CBC go after more commercial business.

4. Give the CBC an annual grant out of public funds to cover its mounting deficit.

Under pressure from panicky Liberal M.P.'s, the Government seems to have chosen the last course. This is the easiest way. It is also by long odds not the best way.

It's wasteful, for one thing. Nothing so encourages extravagance as the knowledge that uncle will pay the bills.

It puts too great a burden on the taxpayer. In the main, the people who benefit from CBC programs are the radio owners. If they want more and better service it should cost them money, not be provided "free" as an item in the over-all cost of government.

Worst of all, it makes the CBC a government pawn, a state organ of propaganda.

Some people say that's what the CBC is anyway. There may be cases in which the CBC has yielded to government pressure but we know of cases in which it has not. We know that politicians of all parties, including the Liberal, periodically fume and rage at the CBC for having carried something the politicians didn't like, and we think this is all to the good. A government pawn wouldn't stir up that kind of reaction.

A crown corporation with revenues of its own

can afford independence. A government pensioner cannot. Put the CBC into the position of an annual supplicant and you inevitably destroy its freedom, its courage and its integrity.

This is not to exclude federal aid 100%. The radio listener is the chief but not the sole beneficiary of public radio. It's worth something, however, that Canadian artists—yes, and Canadian politicians too—can speak directly to all parts of Canada. On this basis a small, fixed annual grant-in-aid, clearly recognized and labeled as the CBC's due for its services to the whole nation's culture and enlightenment could be justified.

The national network could try to sell enough commercial programs to pay its way. But if more commercial programs were added, programs of a high but noncommercial calibre would inevitably have to give way; and the CBC's first loyalty should be to the public service.

Neither do we think the CBC need be given all the money it wants through license fees. It stands to reason that in an organization of its size there must be some water which could be wrung out. The CBC could cut expenses, we suspect, without grave impairment of service or program quality.

But budget paring and a small grant would not give the CBC enough to carry on. Costs in general have doubled in the last 10 years; the CBC can't go on running a 1949 budget on 1938 income. We believe the license fee should be increased by a fairly substantial amount because listeners ought to pay the lion's share.

That may not be good politics, but it is good sense.

## You Can't Outlaw Thoughts

IN VIEW OF demands that Canada's Parliament act to "outlaw Communism," it's interesting to note a difficulty that has cropped up in applying the anti-Communist sections of the Taft-Hartley Act in the United States.

Under that act, unions cannot obtain the services of the National Labor Relations Board unless the union officers sign affidavits that they are not Communists. For a while this provision worked admirably. Communist union leaders were afraid that if they signed a false affidavit, they'd be prosecuted for perjury. They tried to defy the law, but on the whole they failed.

Lately they've tried a new and far more successful tactic. Left-leaning union men are signing affidavits declaring that they "used to

be" Communists but have now "resigned."

Actually a man can no more resign from the Communist Party, once he's a real trusted member, than a hoodlum could "resign" from the service of Al Capone. But these "members" who now are complying with the Taft-Hartley Act have not been attacked in the Communist press; they are not treated as renegades, they are still "comrades." Within the letter of the law, though, they now qualify as bona fide labor leaders.

Canadian labor has been doing its best cleaning without legal assistance, and so far seems to have been rather more successful. The Communists are being pushed out by the unions themselves, not yanked out by the law, and the effect is wholesome.



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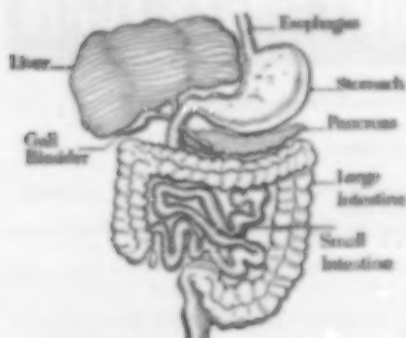


# Firestone

# GOOD DIGESTION

*a foundation for good health*

THE DIGESTIVE SYSTEM has been called "nature's most wonderful chemical laboratory." Throughout life, the vitality and strength of every part of the body depend largely upon how well this laboratory does its work.



The digestion of a single food may require twenty-four hours or longer. During this time, digestive juices secreted by glands in the mouth, stomach, and small intestine and by the liver and pancreas make it possible for the body to convert food into nutritional elements. These produce heat and energy and supply materials necessary for growth and repair.

Sometimes, however, the digestive processes fail to function properly. This may be due to faulty eating habits, infections, fatigue, food allergies, emotional disturbances and other causes and may lead to minor as well as serious digestive disorders. In fact, studies show that digestive troubles are more common than any other ailments except those of the respiratory system.

Modern medicine has developed many instruments and tests which help the doctor to diagnose digestive disorders with great accuracy. For instance, X-rays permit the doctor to follow "test meals" throughout the digestive system and to observe the position, size, shape, and movements of the digestive tract. In addition, chemical tests and analyses give him essential information about whether the digestive organs are functioning properly.

Some digestive conditions are so trivial that they can often be corrected by surprisingly simple measures, such as eliminating trouble-making foods from the diet. Others are serious and, if allowed to progress, may affect general health, and require prolonged dietary restrictions or surgery.



So, it is always wise to seek medical advice for persistent digestive complaints such as pain, nausea, "indigestion," or even continued lack of appetite. The doctor, in most cases, can quickly discover the causes and suggest corrective treatment that may help to insure better digestion and better health.

## 7 HINTS FOR GOOD DIGESTION

1. Avoid eating when rushed or when emotionally upset.
2. Keep the teeth in good condition so that food may be chewed thoroughly.
3. Drink adequate amounts of water (six to eight glasses a day) and establish regular habits of elimination.
4. Do not eat too much or too often.
5. Cultivate an appetite for a wide variety of foods, especially those that are rich in the essential nutritional elements.
6. Avoid strenuous exercise immediately after eating.
7. Do not resort to self-treatment. If digestive complaints persist, consult the doctor.

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## In the Editors' Confidence

THE article ("How Karsh Photo-graphed Europe's Great") on pages 8 and 9 germinated in Maclean's offices one day last September when our Miss Wuorio, who visited her native Finland last spring, ran into Yousuf Karsh, just back from the same country.

We had just purchased exclusive rights to Karsh's magnificent portrait of Jean Sibelius (see cover) and we felt that Miss Wuorio was just the person to write the story of how the picture was taken and weave together the other details of the Karshes' tour of Europe.

"Magnificent!" shouted Karsh to Wuorio. "You and I will set this picture of the great Sibelius in front of us. I will put 'Finlandia' on the gramophone, and as the moonlight streams in the window we will together return to Finland." Off they went to Ottawa, picture and all.

Turns out it wasn't quite so romantic. Gramophone didn't work and everybody got hungry, so the Karshes and Miss Wuorio sensibly repaired to Madame Berger's in Hull where the maître d'hôtel produced a whitefish the size of a whale, broiled in white-wine sauce with mushrooms, together with several flagons of vintage wine, a lamb with herb-spiced stuffing and braided pears prepared over leaping flames.

Well, at least there's one writer who isn't starving.



The Karshes in the leaves. To tell his story, a gramophone, whitefish and braided pears.

John W. Vandercook ("I'll Bet on the British," page 22) is a restless man with a beard. He's best known as the National Broadcasting Company's news commentator from 1940 to 1946 and as a lecturer, but he also has found time for a string of books, a stint with the New York Graphic, and 12 years of footloose wanderings.

Vandercook was feature editor of the incredible Graphic, the paper Bernard MacFadden tried to model on True Story back in the early 20's. When the Graphic (irreverently known as the porno-Graphic) folded he set out for Dutch Guiana. He was the first man to penetrate among the curious Negro tribes in this section of South America and his book about them, "Tom-Tom," is required reading in many university anthropology courses.

After a stay at Haiti, Vandercook wrote "Black Majesty" (100,000 copies sold). Then he tramped across Liberia in Africa. Then he walked 600 miles across the Cameroons. Then he headed for the South Pacific (in a dugout canoe) where he interviewed a band of headhunters. Then he discovered a new river in the Solomon Islands. Then he covered an unexplored Fiji Island on foot.

His article for Maclean's is the result of a second postwar visit to Europe. He visited six countries bringing his present total of foreign lands examined to a good healthy 78. For all we know Vandercook may be loading his camels right now for a jaunt to Xanadu, or perhaps a brief trek to wildest California.



Vandercook: ticky feet and a beard. To 78 countries so far.



GI's entertain St. John's girls at their base. The Yanks are liked, but not the terms of their lease.

## Where the Yanks Rule A Part of Canada

Americans at their Newfoundland bases can flout our courts,  
even seize our citizens. And deplorably — it's quite legal

By **BLAIR FRASER**  
*Maclean's Ottawa Editor*

**L**AST December a Newfoundlander was shot and wounded, in Newfoundland, by an American military policeman. His lawyer tells him he has no effective recourse to any court of law.

Two St. John's citizens sued and got judgment in Newfoundland courts after collisions with U. S. military vehicles on city streets. Neither has been able to collect. One claim was disallowed in Washington despite the court judgment. The other has dragged on for months without settlement.

Last year a Newfoundland customs officer, now in the Canadian service, was stopped at pistol point by an American officer from carrying out his duty on a public highway. He was searching cars for smuggled goods. The American put him under arrest and threatened to shoot a colleague who tried to release him.

Later the American officer was sued in a Newfoundland court and found liable for \$100 damages. The victory was somewhat hollow—neither judgment nor costs have been paid, and Canada can't do anything about it.

These are invasions of sovereignty at the most vital of all levels, the protection of the citizen by the law. They flout the elementary civic right of justice in courts of our own making, in our own country. They strike at the very root of independence. After a century of struggle for nationhood, Canada finds her right to be master in her own house again challenged.

Why haven't we heard more about these incidents? Because in most cases the place where they occurred and the people involved hadn't yet become Canadian. They couldn't happen anywhere else in Canada, because we have laws and agreements that prevent them.

In Newfoundland they could happen again tomorrow—a minor case cropped up just a month or so ago. Confederation made no difference.

These ugly miscarriages grew out of an international agreement that Canada inherited with the new province—an agreement giving the United States three military bases in Newfoundland, and extraterritorial rights like those the imperial powers used to enjoy in China.

To a disquieting degree the Newfoundland Government was deprived of authority in its own territory. American soldiers became, in considerable measure, independent of any laws or courts other than their own. In spite of Canadian protests at the highest level in Washington, the system remains as it was in 1941 when the U. S. moved in.

Some change is coming. I learned in Washington that Secretary of State Dean Acheson and Defense Secretary Louis Johnson had both been told personally of the Newfoundland problem, and that both are sympathetic. U. S. officials, soldier as well as civilian, assure any enquirer that the terms of the agreement will be modified. As early as mid-September Ottawa was told to expect a reply "any day now" to a Canadian note of last March, still unanswered. At the moment of writing it hadn't arrived, but it's still expected—any day now.

Whether it will meet all Canadian objections is another matter. The Newfoundland situation is peculiar.

There the Stars and Stripes fly over three little patches of territory—bits of Canada of which Canada, by treaty, has lost control for at least 91 years. These are the leased bases.

Fort Pepperell, Air

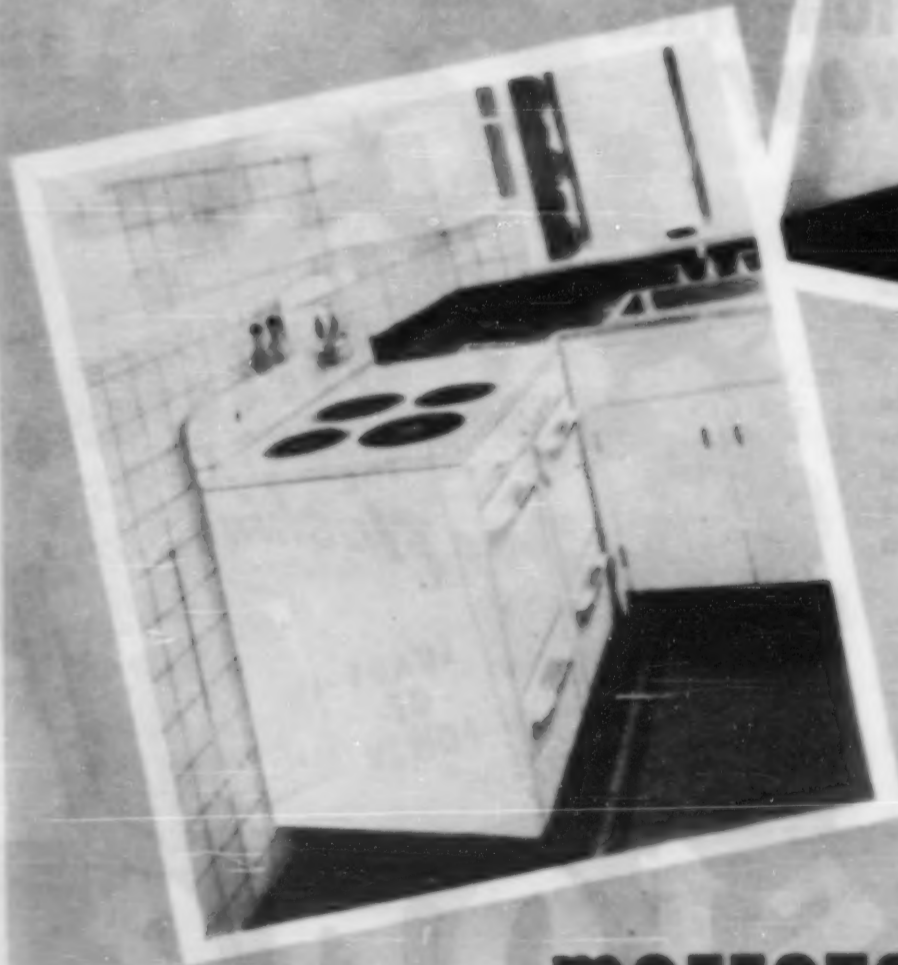
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**MOFFAT**  
scores with...

*"Feeder" Kennedy*

who is known to all who follow  
National Hockey.



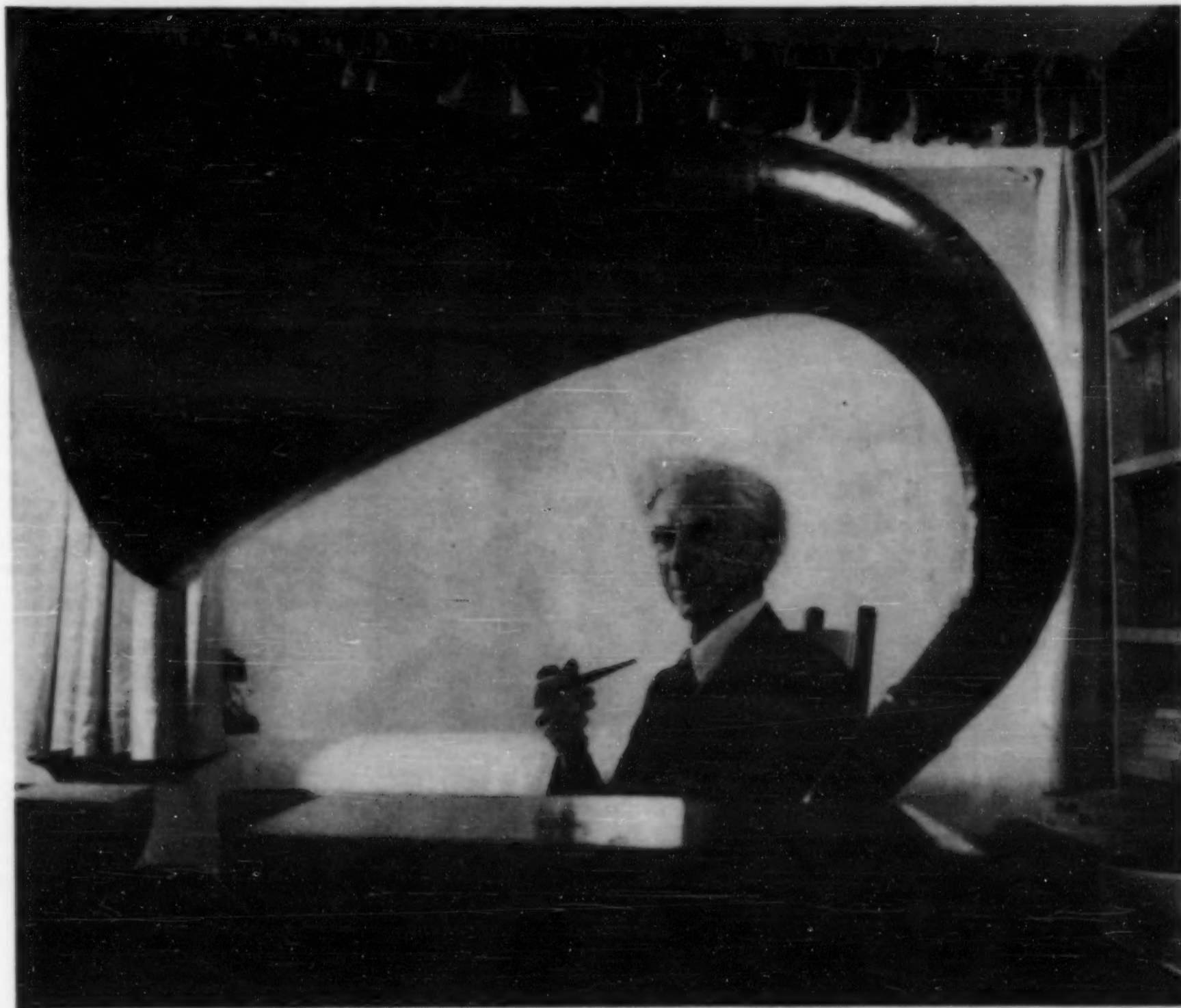
• The kitchen is an important feature of the pleasant home which "Feeder" and Mrs. Kennedy have made for themselves in suburban Toronto.

Good, well-cooked food is essential to the well-being of a family; in the case of a professional hockey player it is imperative.

In choosing a Moffat De Luxe Model 1144 Range, the Kennedys selected one of the finest models in a line which is undisputed leader in the electric cooking field. It ensures better cooking and better eating.

The Crosley "Shevador" Refrigerator, also shown above, is spacious. Just the thing when there's a hungry man around the house.

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Lord Bertrand Russell, British philosopher, told Kersh: "Happiness comes from pondering to one's own self-esteem."

## By EVA-LIS WUORIO

**Y**OUSUF KARSH, Canadian, born in Armenia, flew at 24 hours notice from London, England, to Helsinki, Finland, to take what will probably be considered the greatest picture of his career to date. His subject was Jean Sibelius, today's master of music, whose portrait appears on Maclean's cover.

Four years ago Kersh released a notable gallery of camera portraits he called *Men of War*. These included Canada's Governor-General Viscount Alexander, Churchill, Eisenhower, Montgomery, De Gaulle and many others.

This summer he decided to concentrate on *Men of Peace*. He toured Europe photographing and chatting with such men as Pope Pius XII, composer Richard Strauss, Dr. Julian Huxley, the biologist, and J. Arthur Rank the movie maker. He had illuminating and powerful experiences with Jean Cocteau, the French writer, painter and producer and Lord Bertrand Russell, the English philosopher, both of whose pictures appear on these pages.

During the summer he worked on a plan he

describes like this: "I've made it my life's work to photograph all the interesting people in the world who are influencing our lives through their work, through art, music, science and social and political services."

The culmination of his European tour came on July 30 with Sibelius.

Kersh came to Canada as an immigrant from Turkey-bounded Armenia at 15. Today the Canadian photographer has entré to more places the world over than some diplomats. In Ottawa, many a great man would do anything rather than cancel a Kersh appointment, once he'd got it. Kersh feels about his camera as a surgeon would about his scalpel—and he won't use it without reason.

Yet, though he wished more than anything else in the world to photograph the great Finnish composer, this seemed to be the one "impossible" on his list of miraculous possibilities. In the first place, the composer has become a near recluse to all but close, long-time friends. Secondly he had been seriously ill throughout the winter and the early spring.

Diplomatic and official sources had failed to obtain appointment. But what these couldn't do, the Shell Oil Company could. The manager of the

Finnish office was an old friend of the various branches of the Sibelius family of many daughters and sons-in-law. The permission finally came abruptly, and within hours Kersh, a short dark man with red brown eyes, a warm intense man of immense humanity, was air-borne for the northern republic.

He reached Finland late in the evening. The next afternoon he was on his way to Ainola, Sibelius' home outside Helsinki, in a car with an electrician, a chauffeur and 250 pounds of photographic equipment. (This is the absolute minimum Kersh carries. It includes spotlights, floodlights and cameras.)

Ainola (named for Sibelius' wife Aino) is some 30 miles north of Helsinki, near the village of Järvenpää, on the shores of Lake Tuusula. At the beginning of the century Sibelius chose the site for its inaccessibility by road (though only half an hour from Helsinki by train). His home became the nucleus of an artistic colony.

From the highway you can see the Sibelius house, partly hidden in pines—a two-story log building only lately covered with planks, painted white, with a red tile roof. Below the house slopes the kitchen garden, Mrs. Sibelius' dear joy and labor, fenced off from the

Continued on page 46

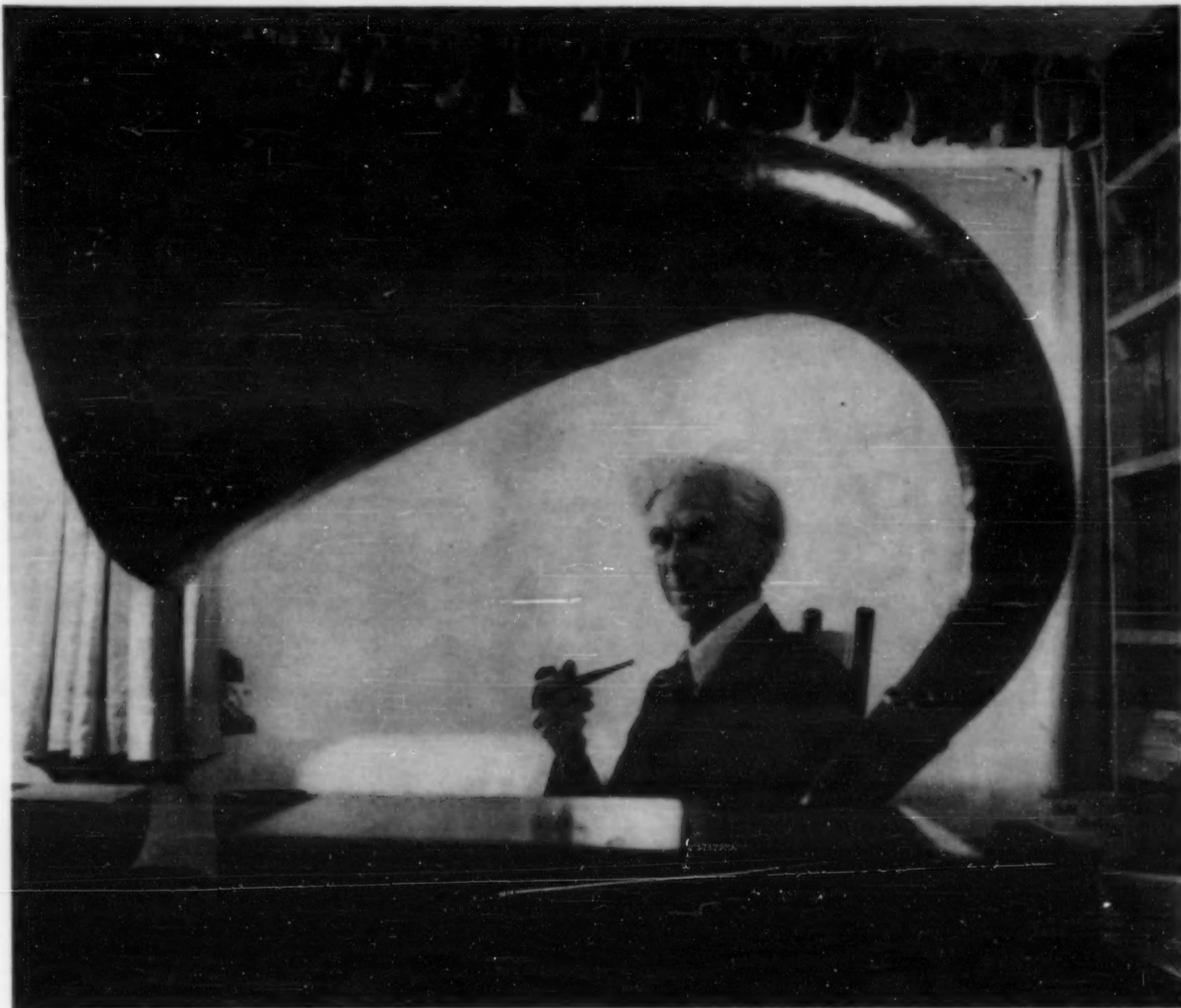
# How Karsh Photographed Europe's Great

With camera and question he laid bare the personalities of the Men of Peace.  
And when he met Sibelius he achieved his greatest picture, the one on our cover



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by Karsh, 1949.

Jean C. 1949.  
French writer  
dramatic critic.



Lord Bertrand Russell, British philosopher, told Karsh: "Happiness comes from pondering to one's own self-esteem."

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**Y**OUSUF KARSH, Canadian, born in Armenia, flew at 24 hours notice from London, England, to Helsinki, Finland, to take what will probably be considered the greatest picture of his career to date. His subject was Jean Sibelius, today's master of music, whose portrait appears on Maclean's cover.

Four years ago Karsh released a notable gallery of camera portraits he called *Men of War*. These included Canada's Governor-General Viscount Alexander, Churchill, Eisenhower, Montgomery, De Gaulle and many others.

This summer he decided to concentrate on *Men of Peace*. He toured Europe photographing and chatting with such men as Pope Pius XII, composer Richard Strauss, Dr. Julian Huxley, the biologist, and J. Arthur Rank the movie maker. He had illuminating and powerful experiences with Jean Cocteau, the French writer, painter and producer and Lord Bertrand Russell, the English philosopher, both of whose pictures appear on these pages.

During the summer he worked on a plan he

describes like this: "I've made it my life's work to photograph all the interesting people in the world who are influencing our lives through their work, through art, music, science and social and political services."

The culmination of his European tour came on July 30 with Sibelius.

Karsh came to Canada as an immigrant from Turkey-bounded Armenia at 15. Today the Canadian photographer has entré to more places the world over than some diplomats. In Ottawa, many a great man would do anything rather than cancel a Karsh appointment, once he'd got it. Karsh feels about his camera as a surgeon would about his scalpel—and he won't use it without reason.

Yet, though he wished more than anything else in the world to photograph the great Finnish composer, this seemed to be the one "impossible" on his list of miraculous possibilities. In the first place, the composer has become a near recluse to all but close, long-time friends. Secondly he had been seriously ill throughout the winter and the early spring.

Diplomatic and official sources had failed to obtain appointment. But what these couldn't do, the Shell Oil Company could. The manager of the

Finnish office was an old friend of the various branches of the Sibelius family of many daughters and sons-in-law. The permission finally came abruptly, and within hours Karsh, a short dark man with sad brown eyes, a warm intense man of immense humanity, was air-borne for the northern republic.

He reached Finland late in the evening. The next afternoon he was on his way to Ainola, Sibelius' home outside Helsinki, in a car with an electrician, a chauffeur and 250 pounds of photographic equipment. (This is the absolute minimum Karsh carries. It includes spotlights, floodlights and cameras.)

Ainola (named for Sibelius' wife Aino) is some 30 miles north of Helsinki, near the village of Jarvenpää, on the shores of Lake Tuusula. At the beginning of the century Sibelius chose the site for its inaccessibility by road (though only half an hour from Helsinki by train). His home became the nucleus of an artistic colony.

From the highway you can see the Sibelius house, partly hidden in pines—a two-story log building only lately covered with planks, painted white, with a red tile roof. Below the house slopes the kitchen garden, Mrs. Sibelius' dear joy and labor, fenced off from the

*Continued on page 46*

# How Karsh Photographed Europe's Great

With camera and question he laid bare the personalities of the Men of Peace.  
And when he met Sibelius he achieved his greatest picture, the one on our cover



Photos copyright  
by Karsh, Ottawa.

Jean Cocteau,  
French writer,  
dramatic poet.

# By BURT SIMS

**T**HRUSTING interminably upward, merging at star level with the numb, black night, the mountain towered like a frozen giant. Looking out through the ski lodge windows was like staring into onyx; he could not see the mountain's gnarled, misshapen bulk. But Clark Patterson knew the mountain was there. Even when walking the streets of the city, or lying on the warm sand in summer, he knew it was there, always to stir recollections which grated mercilessly against the depth of his pride.

Like a few drops of rare wine, or a few grains of bitter quinine, he thought dully, sometimes the smallest things have the most lingering taste.

Three years earlier, in the glaring sunlit space of but two minutes, the mountain had bludgeoned its will against him. In that small episode he had received a lasting injury; not in body, but in mind and spirit. Its acrid flavor would not leave him.

The sigh came from deep inside his tall, loosely built frame, and his sensitive grey eyes were shadowed. Sometimes he wondered if anything he could ever do would restore the easy peace he had known before that day.

He missed that peace only fleetingly, but in such strength, as he did now, that the lack seemed always to have been with him.

He drank some of the beer in his glass, decided it had gone flat, and stared again at the black sheet of night framed by the window. To that old and deep futility galling him, Clark realized, he could add a new one.

He had a reputation, he admitted. He had it, and didn't want it, but didn't know what to do with it. And it was costing him the only girl he ever had cared enough about to dread losing.

He sighed, and turned. The lodge, big, warm and smelling comfortably of pine, held the usual week-end crowd with its gay rise and fall of voices, the bright flakes of laughter, the occasional clumping of ski boots. Erratic flames danced happily in the big stone fireplace. His restless eyes searched for Pauline.

**S**HE was sitting beside a table at the far end of the long room, patiently turning the dials on an incoherent radio. Jerry Denner leaned against the table, his head low and an assertive smile on his dark face.

Clark paused beside them and summoned a grin. To Pauline, he said, "That thing hasn't worked properly since it left the city. Don't you ever give up?"

Jerry, short and stocky, stared impassively. "Well," he said. "El Lobo—I didn't hear you howl."

Clark held the grin on his lips, but some of it left his eyes. Jerry wasn't pulling punches, which could mean that he had found Pauline interesting, too.

Clark said, "Let me get you guys a beer."

"I'll get it," Jerry said and moved away.

Clark looked long after him. Pauline's voice came low and pleasantly. "This is wonderful, Clark. A city gets to be a cooped-up place, doesn't it? I'm glad you asked me to come."

It was polite, he thought, and cool. Her voice didn't give him an inch. It hadn't, since shortly after their arrival. She was clever, and intelligent, and even in a light vein the other girls could have said something to touch off a wariness in her.

Regardless, it was there. He had seen it growing beneath her manner, somewhat like the attitude of a lamb suddenly aware of the presence of shears. He wanted to tear it down, but the reputation and the mountain and the futility were so inextricably

talked easily with her, and when she mentioned she enjoyed skiing he had offered the invitation.

They had a dinner date before she accepted. That, and the long motor trip into the mountains, had let him discover more about her, and he liked all of it.

But since their arrival the doubt had stolen into her manner, and reflected against him. She had come downstairs with Gwen and a couple of other girls, and he had smiled and taken her hand. A trifle too quickly, she had withdrawn it.

A few moments later, sprawled beside her on the divan, he had rested his arm behind her. She had turned her head slowly, something faintly sceptical in her eyes; new, and enough to make him wonder. But more evident was the coolness in her voice. "You're quick on the draw, podner."

He had said lightly, "Are my fangs showing?" But he withdrew his arm, and in a moment she had gotten up and was trying the radio.

## ORDEAL BY SNOW

With one plunge over the world's rim he must salvage his pride and win a girl's respect, though disaster curled sleepily in the bright sunlight

marked together that he knew mere words would not do it.

She said, "Your friends are nice."

"Jerry?"

Fire glow danced along the strong planes and the soft curves of her face. Her mouth was a shade too wide for perfection, but he liked the generous tolerance it gave her smile. "He's a good skier, isn't he?"

"Yes. Did he tell you?"

She laughed. "I managed to gather as much."

He liked the laugh, and the gentle forbearance in it which he could appreciate. Somehow there didn't seem to be enough of that to go around.

**H**IS interest in her had been quick, and growing; so alive it had at first startled him, then touched him with a warmth and hope. It had been that way almost from the start. She was secretary to one of Clark's new customers. In the process of obtaining a large order for photo supplies, he had seen her frequently. Perhaps her smile had been a little warmer, her kindness a little more than was customary from efficient secretaries. He

Now he saw Jerry, trailed by big Art Polachek, come out of the kitchen. As Jerry handed Pauline a glass, he said to Clark, "Done any racing lately?"

Clark flushed. Art Polachek laughed, and held his glass to the light, studying the amber. "Going with us tomorrow, Clark?"

Pauline turned expectantly. "Jerry was telling me. It sounds like fun."

"Could be," replied Clark. "I'm for fun."

"We're going to tackle Sky Point." Jerry stared at him. "May be our last chance before the season folds up—if you don't want to go," he added bluntly. "I can look after Pauline."

She started to speak, then held silence as though suddenly aware of a deeper significance in this exchange. Clark blinked, and sipped his flat beer.

Sky Point was the wind-whipped summit of the mountain whose flanks served as flowing, peaceable ski runs. Those lower runs had been sufficient for Clark and the majority of others in their short week ends of skiing. Sky Point, however, towering above the pine-quilled valley like a fierce eagle hovering over a nest, was a strenuous two-hour climb above the main hill.

Only once had Clark made that journey. His face grew warm as his mind roved back those three years.

**T**HE idea of his racing was something he had always found difficult to treat seriously. He had seldom found anything he wanted badly enough to cause him to extend himself, ski trophies included.

"Ski and let ski," he had told Jerry and Art three years ago when they opened the subject. "Why should I bust myself in two for a little cup? Pretty, sure—but so is life." He had grinned. "I'm no racer. That's for you guys with all your brains in your feet. I'm not good enough. Besides, I don't see any point in it."

Art, tall and broad, had squinted at him. "Maybe you don't like competition."

"I've never had to worry about it," Clark said easily.

Jerry scowled. "You're good enough, Patterson. Nobody expects you to win, but the club ought to have more guys entered. It's the regionals, you know. If we make a good showing, it'll be in all the papers. We'll get more members."

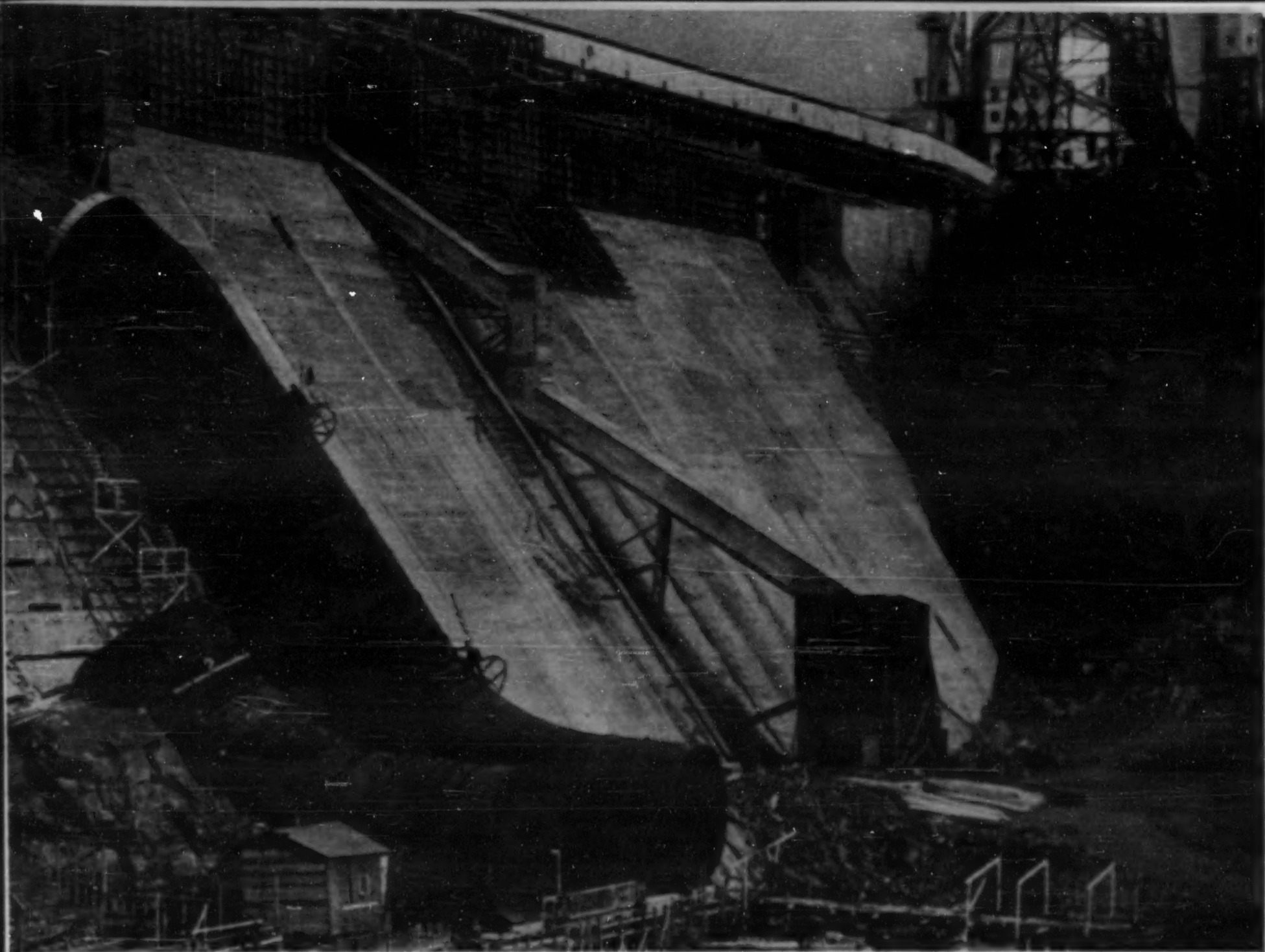
"And more money," Continued on page 57

ILLUSTRATED BY F. SCOTT WOOD





He said doggedly,  
"I don't want her  
to get hurt. It  
isn't worth it."



At Des Jochims, after three years, a giant gate has clanged across the Ottawa. Next year, a new lake and 480,000 horsepower.

a blueprint baby only a strip of deserted farmland, rock, bush and water marked the site of this future power giant. Today the baby has doffed its diapers.

An abandoned farm, skirting Highway 17, has been transformed into what is known as Camp 1. It is a small city with bunkhouses for 800 men, a 30-bed hospital, model school, police office, fire house, cafeteria, canteen, theatre, baseball diamond and portable bank which handles \$15,000 every payday.

Des Jochims—which everybody there pronounces "Swisha"—is a far cry from the roaring poker-and-crap-game construction camps of another day. Night life consists of a softball game, a few frames of bowling, a coke at the canteen or a movie. A couple of miles downstream is the sleepy little village of Des Jochims itself. Here in the very shadow of a gigantic hydro job you can buy quarter-sized beers served under lamplight.

There are two other big camps. Camp 3, home of 600 construction men, is perched high on the rocky bluffs of the Quebec side of the dam. Camp 2, where 900 men of the Atlas Construction Company live, lies at Dam No. 3 on McConnell Lake.

But it is the main dam that is attracting the visiting engineers, hydro experts, teachers, steel men, reporters, municipal officials and hundreds of sightseers.

Visitors get their best look at the main dam either from the suspension bridges slung across the gorge upstream, or from the yawning, dizzy depths of "the hole," a monstrous excavation blasted and dug deep into the bedrock of the river on the downstream side.

Keith Scott, who left a Toronto movie outfit for a job in the "Swisha" carpentry department, guided me out on one of the swaying wood-slatted catwalks. It was like trying to walk in a hammock.

Out near the centre of the gorge Scott grabbed a steel cable and pointed 70 feet straight down through space. "A couple of years ago," he told me, "one of these cables snapped and threw four men into the river. They drowned."

"Thanks," I said.

I squinted into the ringlets of heat curling up off the crown of the dam which towered 60 feet above us. Laced with scaffolding and formwork it resembled a giant honeycomb. Men teetered on ribbons of timber. Hammers clattered. And caught on the ugly hook of the cableway strung high overhead a steel girder danced drunkenly against the cloud-spattered sky.

Everything is big at "Swisha," where they're taming the mighty Ottawa. Even the tough workmen watch out for flying statistics

"You've got to be part monkey on this job," a voice said at my elbow.

It was Harry Dickson, chief carpenter. Beside him on the catwalk was Archie Gervais, his assistant. Dickson wagged a sunburned arm up toward the formwork where one of his men was walking over space on an eight by eight timber. "We don't hire nervous guys," he said, fingering the long peak of his Holsey-type cap. "You get the jitters up there and you'll wind up in the morgue."

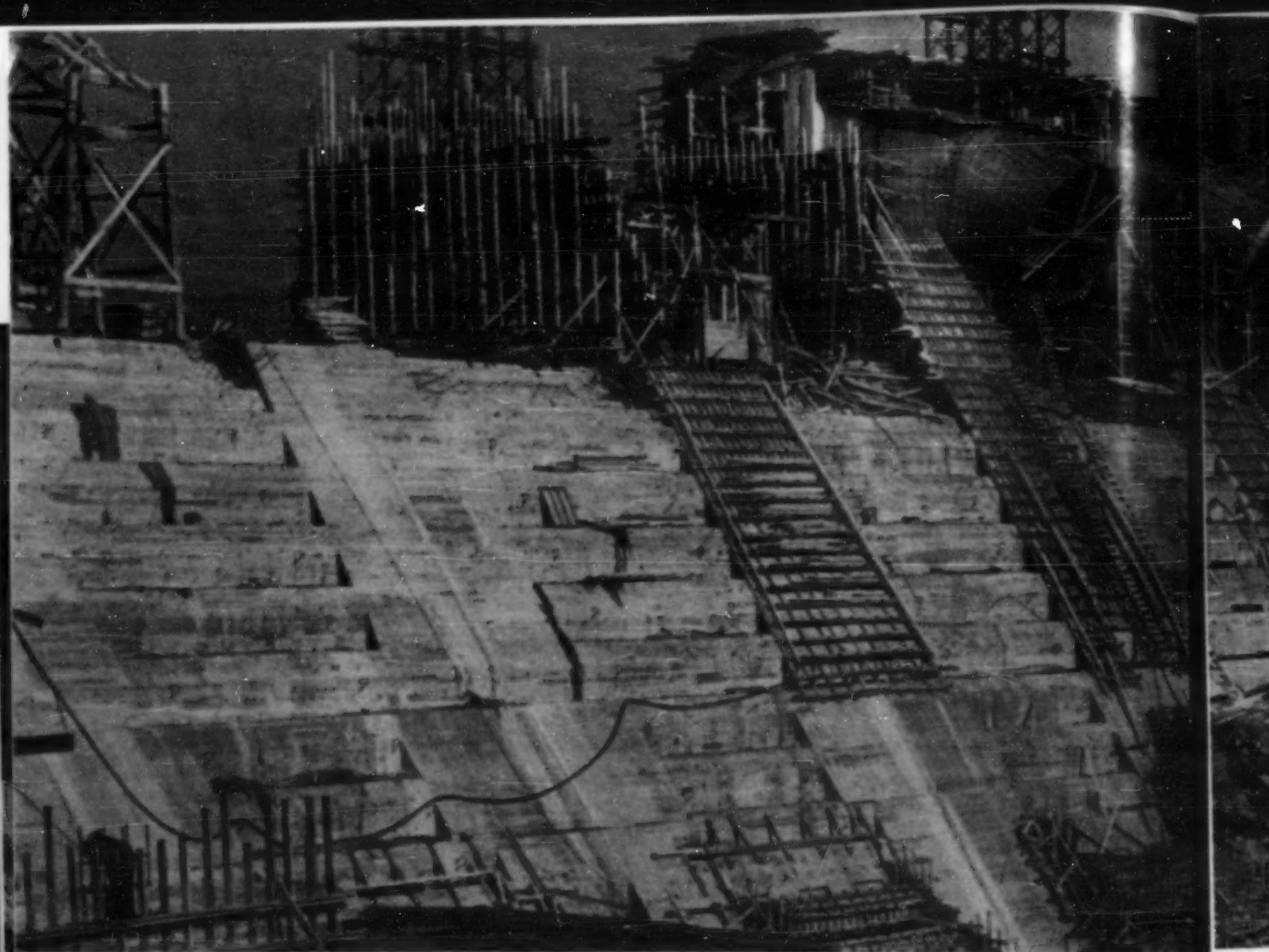
"We had one fella freeze up on us," Gervais said, rolling a cigarette. "He was up there about 100 feet when he looked down. Went stiff as a poker. Couldn't move. Had to send a man up on the hook to pry him loose."

Dickson at 45 is a wiry, greying man who has two sons on the job with him. Since 1922 he's been living wherever construction calls him. His wife says she doesn't mind the moving from job to job which has taken her to Maryland, Virginia, Rhode Island and several provinces in Canada.

Keith Scott pushed his hard hat back off his forehead and flicked sweat off the tip of his nose. "Standing here, you get an idea of how big this job really is," he said. "And why, despite all the safety precautions, we have accidents. There's always risk on a construction job. Men die or get broken up. You eat breakfast and wonder if you'll be around for lunch."

"Sometimes, though, a little luck helps. Like it did with Albert Puuk, or George Carron."

Puuk, a carpenter on the McConnell Lake dam, was climbing up scaffolding. Continued on page 32



## "THE BIGGEST DAM' DAM I EVER SEE!"

By BRUCE McLEOD

**A**RIVETER, one of the 2,500 men who have slugged night and day for three years to tame the Ottawa River for the Desjardins dam project, stopped work on Canada's biggest current construction job long enough to scratch the hair on his chest.

Then he patted the orange flue helmet tilted back off his head. "See this hard hat?" he said. "That's just in case I get hit by a falling statistic."

Everybody at Desjardins, which will eventually produce 690,000 horsepower, seems a bit statistic happy. Carpenters boast of the 18 million board feet of lumber used in constructing the camps, forms and falseworks for the project's three giant dams. "They'd fill a train six miles long," Harry Dickson, the boss carpenter, told me. "It takes two mills working full time to supply us."

Over the ear-splitting clatter of the four-story concrete mixing plant, Bill Henn, superintendent of Camp 3 at Desjardins, shouted out that before the job was done they'd have mined 800,000 cubic yards of the stuff. "Enough to build a 3,300-mile sidewalk," he roared.

In the construction offices the engineers needed no urging to talk about the power they're harnessing—enough to light one fifth of Ontario or run 3,000,000 washing machines nonstop.

The Desjardins project straddles the Quebec-Ontario border about 38 miles upstream from the town of Pembroke, Ont., in the same general area as the Petawawa military camp and the Chalk River atom project.

The main dam (with its adjoining wing dam) squats on the river like a great white wall, its feet anchored in the bedrock of the Ottawa, its framing and scaffolding lacing the frosty sky. Above it runs a Bailey bridge and conveyor system which is slowly being dismantled as the work of pouring concrete drives to an end. Here, where Champlain once paddled and savage Iroquois shot the rapids in war canoe, a new chapter is being added to the story of Canadian engineering.

The big dam is almost half a mile long (2,400 feet), 190 feet high, and will cost \$86 millions to complete. Its first units will be ready in 1950.

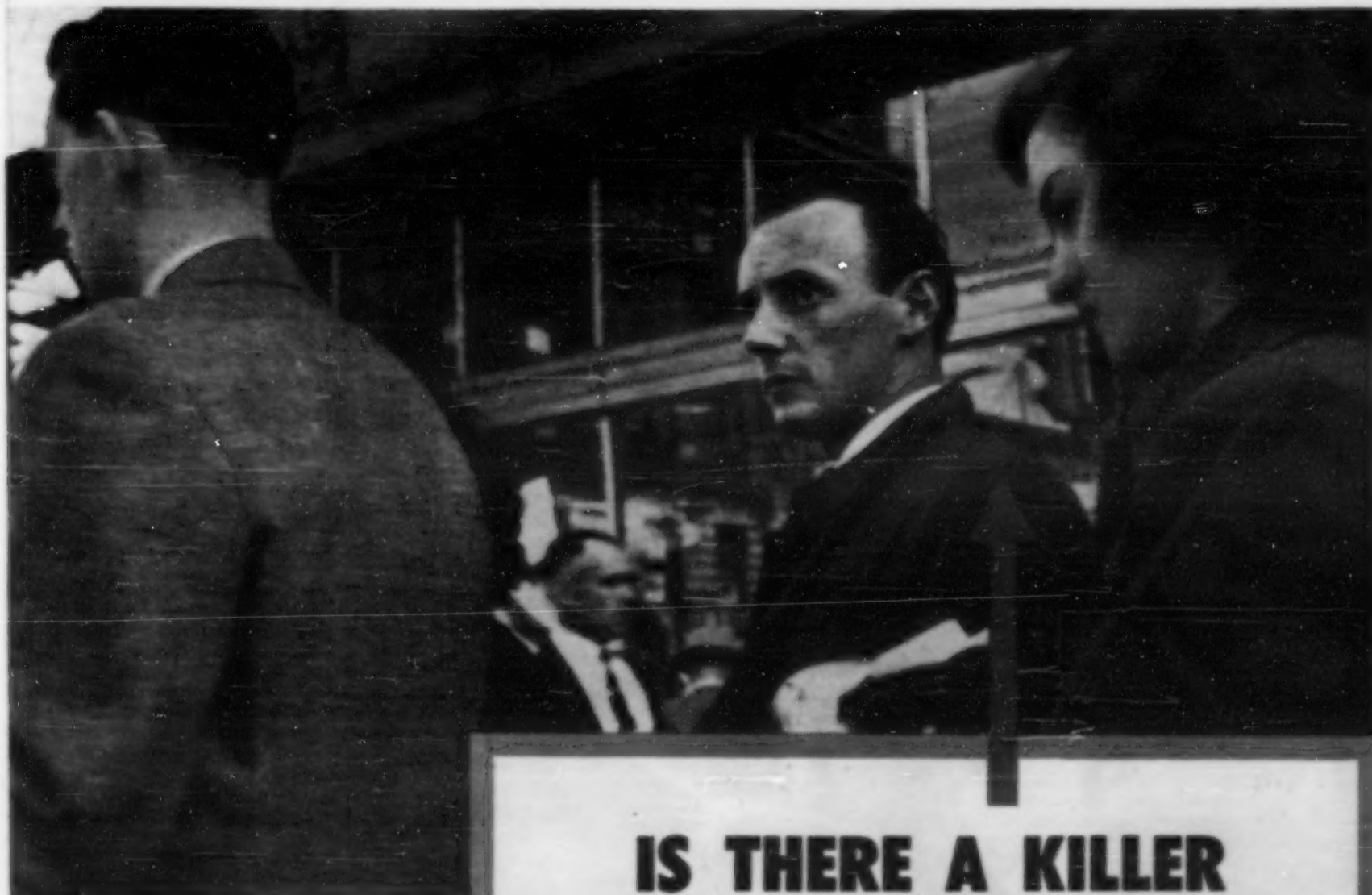
What do you do with a river when you dam it?

On September 15 the final sluiceways in the big dam were closed, cutting off the flow of the Ottawa below the great concrete wall. Hundreds of sturgeon, stranded on the black rocks, fopped helplessly until dam workers took them home to frying pans. And the river? It was shoved over into a parallel valley to the north into McConnell Lake, to spill out again into its original water course miles below the Desjardins rapids.

On this lake another dam is being built—1,600 feet long and 115 feet high. Its 40 spillways and six sluiceways will control the level of the lake and the flow of the river. It is the safety valve of the project.

When the dam was finally closed in September a great flood began to creep up the valley behind. By next May its effects will be felt upstream almost as far as Mattawa, 55 miles east. In preparation for this day 11,000 acres of ground were shorn of their forests, homes were abandoned, 23 miles of road were diverted and 12 miles of Highway 17, now swallowed by the flood, were rebuilt.

Just three years ago when Desjardins was still



ROY A. WOOD

By GERALD ANGLIN

**W**ITHIN three weeks during the fall of 1946, while most Canadians were still agog at the simultaneous arrival of peace and the atomic age, four citizens living at widely scattered points suddenly lost all interest in these world-shaking developments:

Percy Donk, ageing general store merchant of McGivney, N.B., because upon opening his shop door at the summons of a late customer he was shot twice at point-blank range . . .

Reginald Claude Price, part-time Vancouver taxi driver, because a customer whom he drove to a suburban address paid him off in lead instead of silver . . .

Theresa Decourcy, 18-year-old Sault Ste. Marie schoolgirl, because a man she met when going to a school dance dragged her into some bushes and there strangled her with a length of cord . . .

Michael Chobsey, Calgary railroad worker, because a drunk whom he ordered from his own doorway kicked him so hard in the stomach that he died soon after being admitted to hospital.

It is mere coincidence that these four strangers met violent death within 18 days, but it is a coincidence heightened by the fact that none of the four murderers have ever been apprehended. And this in turn highlights the disturbing fact that despite the best efforts of scientifically trained police, incorruptible courts and conscientious citizens sworn in for jury duty, Canadians can and do kill other Canadians almost every month of every year and go free.

There are at least 317 killers at large in Canada at this moment—and this accounts only for crimes committed in the years 1938-48, inclusive.

No reason to bar the door, look under the bed and pull your head down under the covers. Yet in our midst, undetected by pollsters and census takers, is an interesting minority group possessing

a chameleonlike ability to blend with the rest of the population while set far apart by the unique experience of having taken human life.

You live in Montreal perhaps? Do you, in your daily rounds, ever rub shoulders with the slayer of Marcelle Tessier? Montreal police found the nude body of the former artist's model flung across her bed in the little apartment on the Rue Clous, one night three years ago. Her ill-chosen companion that evening had taken her *peignoir* and knotted it so expertly about her neck that a doctor had difficulty in freeing the corpse of its silken shroud.

Police recall today that at first the Tessier case looked like "just another one of those things—a devoted lover, a sudden jealous quarrel . . ." But around the walls and in albums found in the apartment were pictures of not one but many men whom Mlle. Tessier had numbered among her admirers over a period of years—far, even though she was 40 when murdered in 1946, Marcelle still retained much of the attractiveness and charm which had won her the title of Miss Montreal 20 years before.

The murderer might be any one of these normal-appearing if more than normally handsome men. Doggedly detectives tracked down every known Tessier fan, but if any one of the men they interviewed was the killer there was certainly nothing to set him apart from other men. Is there any-

thing different about him now or, say, he drops into his favorite bar for a drink after work, then swings aboard a green Montreal trolley and buries his nose in the *Star* or *La Presse*?

You don't live in Montreal? How about Edmonton, then, where nine years ago two men set upon farmer Mervin McGlone and cold-bloodedly beat him to death? They probably still roam the same streets today. Ever run into this two-fisted pair?

If you live in the northwestern Ontario country near Minaki you will not in three years have forgotten how three-year-old Joan Smith was found, her skull crushed, just a few hundred yards from her home. There was a wild theory that a bear might have made off with the child, but police take no refuge in this. They are convinced that Joan's death left another killer on the loose.

Arriving at a reliable figure for the number of such killers is a fair detection assignment in itself. One of the most disconcerting facts encountered early in the case is that nobody in all Canada knows how many murders are committed in this country each year. The Dominion Bureau of Statistics can tell you all about murder charges and their disposal, but nowhere in all those Ottawa buildings does anyone attempt to record killings which are not followed by arrests. Few police squads will readily provide complete lists of "unsolved" cases (the

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## IS THERE A KILLER IN THE CROWD?

The man who brushes by you on the busy street—is he a murderer? Canada has at least 300 who've never been caught



At Moncton, N.B., Baxter (left) takes pledge to protect the province's game.

## I Found A New Canada

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

**T**HIS farewell letter is being started in Saint John, N.B., where 29 years ago on a bleak wintry day I sailed for Britain with a one-way passage, fully paid for, enough money to keep alive for a month in London, and a cable from Lord Beaverbrook which read: "Come at your own risk."

Now I am on the last stage of my speaking tour with only a doubleback to Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa to complete the schedule. Then on to battered London, to the fallen pound and the old Mother of Parliaments, to the great sweep of the Mall and the cockney. To the badinage of crowded streets, the dignity of the immemorial past and the exasperation of the inescapable present.

But if Bloody Mary could claim that Calais was written on her heart then I can admit that Canada is written on mine more indelibly than ever.

Yet in some ways this is a different Canada than I ever knew before. There was a time when many Canadians were divided into those who took their political thinking from Britain, and others who took it from the United States. There was always Quebec, of course, which did its thinking on traditional lines, and there were the individualists who thought for themselves; but broadly speaking Canada was the young man listening to the wise voice of old John Bull but deeply influenced by the modern philosophy of Uncle Sam.

Inevitably someone coined the phrase that Canada was the interpreter between the British and the Americans, a useful but humble role. There was, however, some truth in the description, for the Canadian did understand both the British and the American outlook and on many important occasions the interpreter was an extremely useful fellow. But the first requirement of an interpreter is that he must have no opinions of his own, a requirement which does not appeal unduly to the Canadian temperament.

This time in my travels from Victoria to Halifax I found

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# BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

## A CBC Program Nobody Likes

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

**W**HEN CBC Chairman A. D. Dunton asked for a \$5 radio license fee in his brief to the Massey commission on culture he seems to have made a tactical error.

Few people read his long explanation of the CBC's financial difficulties. That \$5 figure, on the other hand, hit the headlines right across Canada and the public reaction was immediate.

M.P.'s got a flood of indignant mail. To their horror they found most people supposed it was an announcement of government policy, or at least a deliberate trial balloon blown with government sanction.

Actually the CBC prepared its own brief; the Government didn't see the text until after it was presented. Hon. J. J. McCann, the minister responsible for CBC affairs, told a Liberal caucus: "I thought it was a good brief, but if I'd seen it in advance I'd have suggested cutting out that \$5 reference."

Caucus was unanimous. Not a single voice was raised in favor of doubling the fee; a few members wanted it abolished. Friends of the CBC were dismayed, in fact, by the tone of the discussion.

One of them said later: "The Canadian Association of (private) Broadcasters would have had a lovely time at that caucus. They'd have heard all their favorite arguments uttered by men who won't agree with the same arguments put forward by the C.A.B."

All this has led some influential M.P.'s to believe the CBC needs a bigger, better public relations job. Nothing will be done until after the Massey commission reports, but when the time comes there



will be pressure for a more positive effort to sell the CBC to its public—even if the effort costs money.

**O**TTAWA is developing a real hope that the Dominion-provincial conference, which will probably be held in January, may end in success—not, perhaps, in a perfected method of amending the Constitution, but in a new spirit of amiable co-operation which has not existed for years. They base this hope largely on the new Premier of Ontario, Hon. Leslie Frost.

Mr. Frost makes it no secret that one of his main ambitions in public life is to bury the hatchet between Queen's Park and Ottawa. His friends say that even in 1945, as provincial treasurer, he did not sympathize with Premier Drew's attitude toward the Ottawa proposals. Since then a lot of water has run under the bridge, but Mr. Frost has had no occasion to change his mind about Dominion-provincial co-operation.

Many people here believe that this is the chief motive behind his enthusiastic support of the new federal housing plan. It's also the reason why Prime Minister St. Laurent, who hasn't always been warm about housing, is a hearty backer of Hon. Robert H. Winters' bill in the federal Cabinet. Both men are thought to be aiming at the larger goal. They like and respect each other personally; neither is trying to make political capital at the other's expense. So the outlook is fairly rosy.

Of course there remains the problem of Mr. Duplessis, who has changed no spots that anyone here can notice. Premier Manning, of Alberta, whose province is moving

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Some people thought the government was using \$5 words.

power machines and a four-floor factory on Pearl Street, downtown Toronto.

She employs 145 operators, 15 office workers and 10 commercial travelers. Her agents are dotted across Canada from Victoria to Newfoundland. There is hardly a big city in the country without billboards 100 ft. long by 30 ft. high voicing the piquancy of Rose Marx French Uplift Bras against a cascade of musical crotchets and semiquavers.

She spends upward of \$50,000 a year on advertising in magazines, newspapers, radio shows, store windows, streetcars and powder rooms.

This year she has already given away to retailers 2,000 plastic busts in her hallmark colors of blue and pink to show off rayon, nylon, taffeta, satin and broadcloth bras dyed navy, orchid, maize, Nile green, tansy, black, white and nude. They cost her \$5 apiece.

Her four main designs are the French Uplift for everyday wear, the Teen Bra for schoolgirls and the Plunging Neckline and Laced Back Strapless for daring modern evening gowns. The most expensive is the Long Line Strapless retailing at \$3.50 and the cheapest is the Teen Bra which is snapped up at \$1.00 by thousands of saucy kids.

Rose started making three or four bras a week in her spare time. Today she mass produces 24,000 a week.

In Rose's large eyes there is a light of perpetual wonderment, as if she could hardly believe her good fortune; one of her most engaging mannerisms is to bring her tiny feet together in a little jump, clasp her painted fingers before her lips and exclaim hoarsely "Ooo-ohh!"

She adds: "It couldn't have happened anywhere except in a free-enterprise country." She's never heard of Horatio Alger.

Eighteen months ago Rose realized to her amazement that she was famous. A Detroit department store made a special showing of her bras. With great reluctance—for she's a shy woman—she agreed to that grand gesture called "a personal appearance." She was mobbed by 500 stenographers.

The same thing happened in Buffalo, Rochester,

**Here's the uplifting story of Rose Marx who, 12 years ago, was a refugee with \$20, now is sewing up a fortune. It could only happen here, she says**

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL

Syracuse, Albany, Schenectady and New York. In North American accents now bearing only a hint of foreign break she says, rolling her eyes, "It was terrifying! I never thought business could turn out like that."

On her return home she got a letter from a stenographer in the States which read: "On behalf of all the curve-chested, hoop-backed girls who once slumped over a typewriter I wish to thank you for yanking us upright again."

An American vaudeville act which calls itself the Hubba Hubba Girls sought exclusive rights to wear Rose Marx Bras on the stage. They got rights, but not exclusive, and they receive bras free in return for a plug.

A Winnipeg gynecologist wrote her last year for a consignment of bras so that he could point out to medical faculty students several features which he believed might prove to be of value to expectant mothers.

Down in New York a lingerie model who is used in many ads because "she fills the cups so perfectly" has become known as "The Rose Marx Girl."

Canadian models showing fashions at the recent CNE all wore Rose Marx bras.

Rose claims that the secret of this brassiere which in less than 10 years has swollen the pride of a million women lies in a wide band which encircles the body immediately below the bosom; the lace-up back, and the absence of elastic, whalebone and hooks.

Up until the middle 20's, she says, men looked first at a woman's face. Later they switched the first appraising glance to the legs. Now, she believes, it is the bust-line which gets first attention. The comet-like success of her business is strong evidence she is right.

When she talks today in the cocktail bar of her new red-brick, colonial-style, richly appointed home, Rose spreads an infectious gaiety among her numerous and frequent guests ("For heavens sake, Hy, switch off that old television . . . Has everybody got a drink?").

But when she remembers how she was once thrown out of her home as an undesirable after disdainful neighbors had reported her for sewing until 3 o'clock in the morning, and how Hitler murdered her mother and father when the Nazis got to Warsaw, tears well up through her smiles. ("In Poland people called me rames and said Hitler would soon get rid of me. I haven't go out for three months after I reached Canada because I was afraid they'd laugh at my English. Some people think I've been lucky. But it wasn't always so easy.")

Europe was already trembling to the tramp of marching feet when Rose decided to leave her father's flour mill in Warsaw. He didn't want her to go, but she was scared. She didn't believe him when he assured her that the flame of anti-Semitism would soon flicker out just as it had many times before. But when she insisted on joining her sister in Canada her father risked jail by getting her 200 Canadian dollars in defiance of currency restrictions.

With this she joined the great tide of Jews flooding westward from all the eastern European countries toward the sanctuary which lay behind the English Channel. But Rose stayed only five days in England and embarked at Liverpool. When she reached Canada she had \$20 left.

She stayed helping her sister do housework in Kitchener until the middle of 1938, then, with a smattering of English, *Continued on page 74*

Rose and Hy Marx (below at left) cut and sewed until 3 a.m. to get their start, were once thrown out of a house for manufacturing. Now they own a \$25,000 home in Toronto, a summer place, big cars, soft furs. Their single sewing machine has become a factory (right) with 150 power machines.





## FORTUNE IN A MILLION FIGURES

By MCKENZIE PORTER

**I**N THE middle of 1937, when Adolf Hitler was chewing rage between meals and shaking his little fists at his pet hallucination—The World Semitic Plot—a 16-year-old Jewish girl called Rose Starkman packed one cardboard suitcase and fled in terror from Poland to Canada.

At Montreal the immigration men saw before them a frightened, quaintly garbed adolescent who was remarkable for her exceptionally conical bust. Her tawny hair, high cheekbones, green-grey eyes and flat nose suggested Slav rather than Hebrew extraction. But she professed Jewish proudly.

She had traveled storage. She could speak Yiddish and Polish fluently, German, French and Spanish brokenly, but not a word of English. And she had \$20.

She had a married sister in Kitchener, Ont., who guaranteed her against becoming a charge on the public. So Rose Starkman was permitted to enter Canada as a refugee under the classification "domestic servant."

Today, 12 years later, and still on the right side of 30, Rose owns her own \$25,000 house on Connaught Circle in a comfortable quarter of Toronto's St. Clair Avenue, and an expensive summer place on Lake Simcoe. She drives a new Buick and travels frequently by air. Her wardrobe holds plenty of \$200 model gowns and suits. There is a mink coat there too, and an ermine cape. Her jewelry would satisfy a film star.

She has the figure and carriage of a dancer, the dress tastes of a society sophisticate, the husky voice of a Garbo and suddenly, unexpectedly, the radiant personality of a musical-comedy ingenue. She is also the mother of a six-year-old girl and a 20-month-old boy.

Did Cinderella marry a prince? By no means. Nine years ago when Rose Starkman met Hy Marx on a Jewish factory picnic and soon was married to him their pooled capital wouldn't have filled a piggy bank.

The story of Rose's rocket ride to riches stems from that two-dollar-fifty brassiere which she wears under her more costly slips. She made its prototype in Warsaw when she rebelled against the Polish teen-age custom of crushing the breasts flat with a band of toweling.

Today she is selling \$1 million worth of her patent brassiere annually to North America. Rose Marx Bras are retailed from coast to coast in Canada and in every major eastern United States city. Rose claims that here is the only Canadian brassiere sold in bulk across the border. There it has the added allure of the tag "imported" to offset heavy duties.

Since 1939 Rose has risen on the swelling boom of the "40's" from an aged treadle sewing machine in a \$10-a-month back room to ownership of 150



ILLUSTRATION BY JACK BUSH



Black-eyed Ida had a sunrise of a smile and a tempest temper. Stephen was a sailing saint. Life in this Red Cross outpost was a daily drama

## My Papooses Got Pyjamas

By HELEN ELLIOTT

THE only explanation I can give why I applied for a position with the outpost hospitals of the Red Cross is that by the end of my nurse's training I was chockful of an inspiring collection of high resolves in search of an outlet.

I had no idea where I would be sent. It never occurred to me, until the superintendent of nurses called me into her Toronto office one summer's day in 1940, that an organization would send a brand-new member of its staff, without a day's experience, to take charge—all by her lonesome—of a remote spot 1,000 miles away and so far up that it straddles the Height of Land on one of its northerly humps.

Armstrong is a tiny dot on the railroad timetable map. Once when I was 15 I took a transcontinental train trip and stared at the succession of little dots on the map which mark the settlements of the North. Each one seemed the same: a huddle of houses in a cramped clearing around the track; a woman, drab to me in complacency, standing in the doorway of each, her children around her, watching the train.

Only morons, I remember remarking to my neighbor across lower 6, would want to live there. Now I was 32 and I had become one of those "morons."

Only after I had taken over my one-nurse, pint-sized hospital (capacity four beds, including my own) did I realize firsthand that the train was the one link to civilization for those people.

Men are needed in the bush and their wives go with them; babies are born there. Children grow up; others die there. And some of the rest of us go along to help.

Armstrong is 100 miles north of Fort William, a straggling little settlement of 300, strung out along the railway track, the black forest crowding in around it.

My little hospital was spang in the centre of the

settlement, directly across from the station. The spruce and hemlock crowded into the back yard and stretched off into the north.

I suppose you could say that this hospital of mine was fairly typical of the 32 outpost hospitals that the Red Cross operated in Ontario at that time. (There are 28 operating now, and two building.) At any rate I got my share of maimed loggers, sick townspeople, and feverish Indian children.

### A Strip-act Was Convincing

IT IS about the Indians that I want to write. My early experiences were with them for they came to me in the blueberry season in August, a month after I arrived. The problem of the Indian is too big to discuss in a few words. All I can do is tell you about a few I know—a few of those who live in the great silence.

Rose, aged 15, was my first Indian patient, the first of a collection of six or seven children. The prettiest had the disposition of a snapping turtle; the only one who had ever attended English school had the manners of a gorging buzzard; the filthiest on arrival turned out to be one of the dearest children I ever nursed anywhere; and the only clean one died.

Rose was brought to the back door by her father who just grunted and pointed at the child whose face was swollen on both sides like puffballs.

The doctor had to come from down the line so I brought Rose in and put her to bed with ice to her face. Getting her into the bedroom, let alone into bed, took both persuasion and patience.

Rose was frightened as well as ill and mistrusted both the walls that were about to close in on her and the pale stranger who was trying to entice her in. Following a spate of Ojibway by the father that seemed to clear away at least some of the girl's doubts, Rose crept into the clean little bedroom and the father went back to their tent.

Here was my first lesson on how shy the Indian



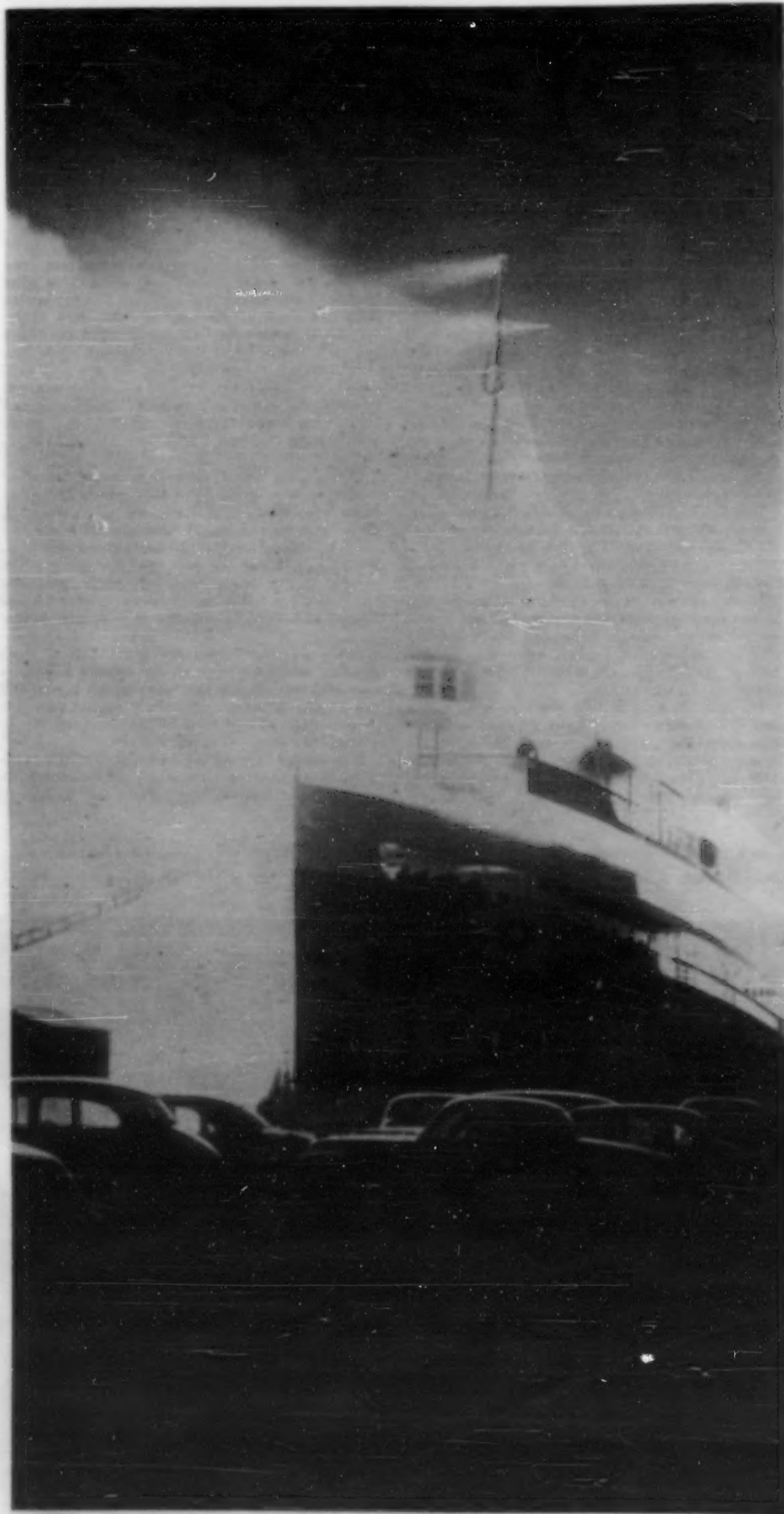
women are. Already I was wishing that the father had taught Rose his few words of English for the child knew none.

I presented her with clean pyjamas and indicated by pantomime what I wanted her to do with them, but she clung determinedly to her rags. The only other way I could show her was to give her a play-by-play demonstration of how to don pyjamas, so I stripped and put them on. This seemed to cheer her up. Probably finding out that we were approximately the same under our clothes put her at ease.

She still would not undress but at least she looked less like someone about to ascend the gallows. I dressed again and left her and the pyjamas alone together.

Half an hour later

Continued on page 38



THE TORONTO STAR

A few yards from the hell of the Noronic, safety. But 139 lives were snuffed out.

## STOP THIS FIRE DEATH SACRIFICE!

By FRED BODSWORTH

**T**HE FLAMES which roared through the 36-year-old pleasure steamer Noronic at Toronto's Pier 9 just under eight weeks ago brought an agonizing, fiery death to 139 people. They also brought a heartache and a desperate urgency to the mere handful of men and women in Canada who are trying to awaken the country to the definite danger of similar holocausts in hundreds of our public buildings.

Investigators and committees of enquiry were still busy working over the tragic whys and wherefores of the Noronic nightmare as this was written and official causes had not been established. But this can be read from the shocked survivor stories: the flames roared along the long chimneylike passageways of the ship at express-train speed; the many coats of paint on the old vessel burned like gunpowder; the installed fire-fighting equipment could not control the blaze (said a passenger: "They might have been trying to put out hell with their fountain pens").

And fire-prevention experts solemnly warn that, as you read this, fire hazard conditions exist in unnumbered Canadian hotels, hospitals, institutions, public halls, schools, and theatres which could bring the horror of a Noronic disaster to your town, to any town.

How many people must be sacrificed before all Canada will follow the lead of the few authorities who have recognized, and dealt with, this danger? After every tragedy there is a flurry of investigations as public indignation demands action. Reports are made, often shelved when costly reconstruction is involved. And when the screams of the burning victims are forgotten, the fire hazards creep back, the firetraps are baited again.

Let's look at Canada's recent fire history. At midnight, December 8, 1946, in Saskatoon's Barry Hotel a kitchen assistant, preparing for the morning rush, picked up a fuel can and began filling a small gasoline stove. A flash of blue flame shot up.

A waiter grabbed the flaming can and tried to run with it to the street. A panicky guest, trying to beat him to the entrance, bumped into him. The can, spouting flame, rolled. *Continued on page 34*

After the Noronic nightmare a new round of firetrap probes got under way. How many more must die before Canada acts?

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the face.

Pete, bearing his light to the 'gravelled ground. "I thought I might meet you tonight," said the stranger. "I heard you were on the westbound. I made it my business to find out." He paused. "I'm Lance Brady, and I'm going to give you what I give guys who mess around with my girl."

Pete exhaled slowly. Now that he had met Brady, the tension in him eased. Now that they were going to fight he was less afraid of Brady than he had been for the past week. Since last Saturday he had known this time must come, that Brady would find him and they would fight.

**PETE HAD GOT** into Harmon Mines early that Saturday morning on the 217, the speed freight westbound. He had slept at the train crew's bunk-house until late afternoon and then got cleaned up and went uptown with a fireman called Pollard. Harmon Mines wasn't exactly a ghost town, but if it hadn't been for the railroad's making it a divisional point there wouldn't have been much flesh and blood in evidence.

Pollard and Pete had a few beers, not many, because Pete was a conscientious young brakeman; they had some supper at the Chinese restaurant and went to the movie. They got out early and when Pete heard the music of Bill Temple and his Seven Rhythm Kings Seven throbbing in the Legion Hall at the end of the main street he persuaded his companion to go over and see what was doing.

It was a quiet dance—no drunks, no fights, not even much dancing. Pollard looked disgusted, said his feet hurt anyway, and went back to the bunk-house. Pete hung around. He liked to dance. With a girl who was light on her feet he had the same

good feeling he got from stepping off a fast-moving train or catching a highballing caboose with a single well-timed leap.

Take the good-looking blonde over by the handstand.

She was a tall slim girl, fine-boned and graceful-looking, even in repose as she sat on a chair, beside another girl, listening to the band. She and her companion both wore light coats as though they were about to leave.

Pete asked her to dance. She smiled and shook her head.

"I just came down with my friend for a little while to listen to the music. My brother plays the piano."

He followed the nod of her head and saw the brother grinning around the corner of the piano on-stage.

"Do you mind if I dance with your sister?" Pete asked him.

The boy shrugged. "Up to her," he said, switching his eyes quickly back to the keyboard.

"See?" said Pete, turning to the girl. "Your brother says it's all right."

The girl frowned slightly.

"He doesn't make my dates," she said.

"I'm sorry. I guess I was a little cocky. But I didn't mean any harm. I didn't mean to offend you," said Pete. "But we work for the same railroad. I'm a brakeman, and perfectly respectable, at least as respectable as a brakeman can be. I'm here just for tonight and I want to have one dance. Besides you look as though you were a swell dancer."

The girl smiled.

"I'm sorry but I'm not dancing." She turned

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD ANDERSON



to the other girl. "Come on, Sue, it's time we were going."

As she rose her brother leaned around the piano again.

"Give the guy a break, Betty, dance with him. I won't tell Lance," he called.

The girl stopped and faced her brother for a moment, resentment in her blue eyes. Then she turned to Pete.

"I'd love to dance, thank you," she said.

**IT WAS** obvious before they had gone half a dozen steps that she loved to dance; she did it well. Her name was Betty Harrison and she worked in the store department. Her father had been a road-master and she lived with her widowed mother. Her brother was married. They danced through one set and two encores and when they came back to the chair where she had left her coat her friend, Sue, had gone.

"Might as well dance again," said Pete, spreading his hands at his sides. "Nothing else for it."

They did little talking, a great deal of dancing. Pete went for her coat after the band rose and played the national anthem. Standing in the middle of the floor with the lights going down around them, he asked if he could take her home. Her manner, which had been friendly but aloof while they danced, became wary, almost hostile, again.

"Oh, I'll go home with my brother, thank you," she said.

Pete indicated the empty piano stool with a nod. "Little late, aren't you?" he said. "What's wrong, do you still think I'm a wolf?"

She reddened slightly.

"Or is it because you are afraid Lance will find out?" he asked.

She looked at him for a moment without speaking. Then: "You're the one who should be afraid of Lance."

Pete smiled.

"Should I? Suppose you tell me about it while I take you home."

Hesitantly at first and then with a rush of confidence, almost as though she had been wanting to talk to someone for a long time, she told him about Lance. His last name was Brady and he too was a brakeman running out of Harmon Mines. He and Betty had been going around together for more than a year, and someday they were going to be married. They were not actually engaged, she said.

There had been other boys who liked her ("Naturally," Pete murmured) not many, because there wasn't much selection in Harmon Mines. But after Lance had come along they had stopped seeing her. The first time she heard of Lance beating up a boy who had taken her out while he was on a run, she said she had a wicked feeling of pride that men were fighting for her. It happened again and the feeling turned to shame. She upbraided Lance and he told her that she was his girl and no one was going to take her away from him.

"Let this doesn't make sense," said Pete. "You're not married to the guy, not even engaged to him, and he treats you as though he owned you. Why don't you tell him you won't see him again?" Betty sighed.

Continued on page 26

# Beauty And the Brakeman

The movie company's script seemed a little tame when compared to the drama of two men, a girl and a railroad

By JAMES CARVER

PETE LOOKED over his shoulder and down at the dark rushing ground and then, when he felt he knew what it would be like to jump, he let go of the handrails of the ladder on the side of the moving locomotive. He ran a few steps to keep from losing his balance and then came to a stop, with the gravel spurring up like spray around his shoes, like a man adding a flourish to an intricate and graceful signature.

He stood facing the freight as it came to a slamming stop almost as sudden as his own. He straightened his shoulders and hitched up his belt

with a scissorlike gesture of his forearms. He raised his blue-and-white-striped cap by the peak and brushed back his hair and set it back at its accustomed angle. Then he began to walk back down the length of the train toward the caboose.

The moonless summer night pressed down and made a black tunnel of the narrow space between the two standing freight trains. They breathed and stirred as though easing their giant muscles after their jolting runs. It was his job to make sure, during this wait, that none of those sinews had snapped—to check the train in search of hotboxes, broken air hoses and just plain trouble.

Far ahead, at the end of the tunnel, the signal lamp on the rear of the caboose and the red and

green target lights on the switches made a bright pattern in the night. And there were other lights—the blaze of another headlight on the freight Pete's train was meeting here at West Junction. Where he walked there was only the broad white beam of his switch lamp slanting down on the wheels.

The fresh ballast between the tracks made walking difficult and before Pete had gone far he stopped to rest and light a cigarette. Up ahead there was another light now, a white one like his own, moving slowly toward him. That would be a brakeman from the drag they were meeting.

Pete slapped his gloves under his left armpit and walked on. When they were two paces apart Pete stopped and waited. He looped the big handle of his lamp over his wrist and hooked his thumbs in his belt.

"Hi!" he said.

The other man stopped, then came on. Behind his light he was big, without a face, and so far without a voice. Two steps away he halted and flung the beam of his light into Pete's face. It was a violent wordless gesture and Pete stopped back, throwing a hand up to shield his eyes.

"Hey!" he said in protest. The beam swung down and the other man spoke.

"You're Kennedy," he said. It was a statement, delivered in a deep-strong voice.

Pete raised his own light slowly until the other man's face was illuminated. Pete had never seen him before. He was about the same age as Pete, about twenty-five, but heavier and stronger-looking. The other man's features were dark and regular and now heavily overcast with anger.

"And what's wrong with being Kennedy?" asked

He caught the actor, spun him round, and hit him hard in the face.






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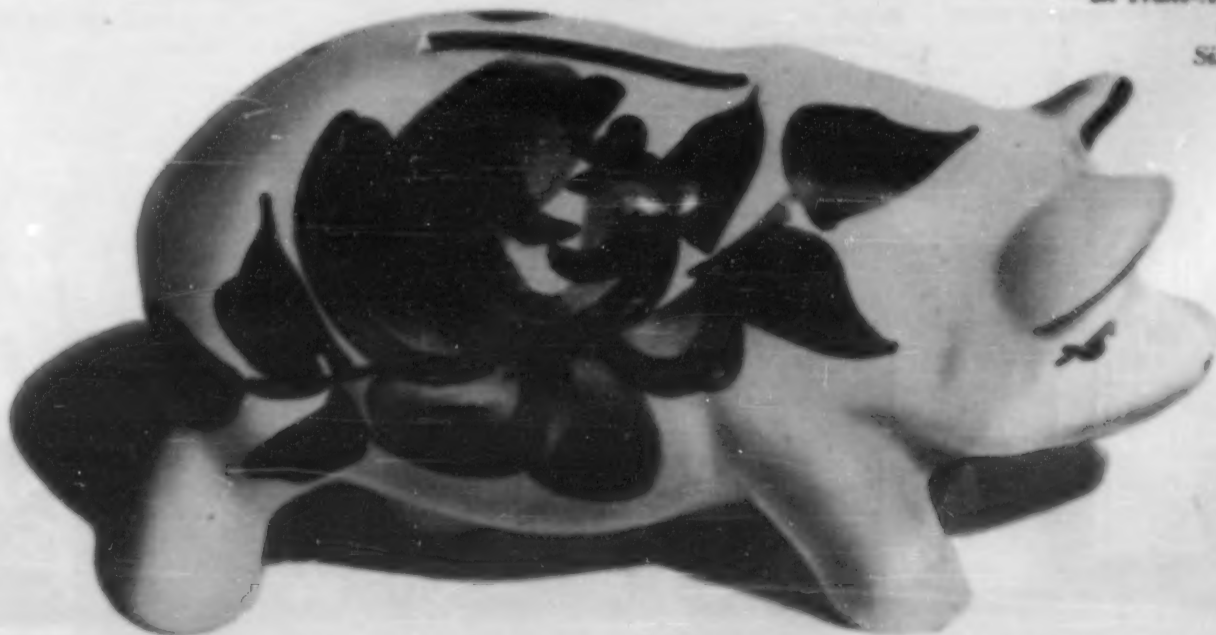
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## I'll Bet on the British

A famous American radio commentator, lecturer and author gives a firsthand report on the new Britain under Socialism

By JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

**L**ONDON—If permanence is the mark of success, Socialism in Britain has succeeded. No important measure of the Labor Government now in effect risks repeal, or even serious alteration, whatever party may next come to power.

If admonitions of bankruptcy as plain, as ominous, as the warning of a West Indian hurricane are proof of failure, Socialism in the United Kingdom has failed.

The paradox will be resolved by time, by history,

and by the British voter. Meanwhile, in an age in which almost every literate citizen from Peking to Halifax has become—however unwillingly—an amateur of high politics and even higher economics, Old England, briskly renovated, has probably become the most interesting single nation in the world.

If the carefully surveyed path between the abyss of totalitarianism on the Left and the peaks and valleys of the traditional free-for-all economy on the Right does lead to the promised land, that way may well become the common way for all mankind. If it ends in briars or a bog there will be much

heartbreak, some cheering, and the unceasing quest will begin again.

A majority (at most recent count) of reputedly the most levelheaded people of the earth are reasonably, not dogmatically, sure their cautious, bloodless, and, as nearly as they can manage it, painless experiment in social-welfare statism can be made to work.

The sense of the new Britain and the new effort is at once apparent. There is everywhere a bustle, a sound of hammers, a sense of things not merely being put right again but, hopefully, righter than before.

In Britain, uniquely, the monstrous accident of World War II was turned into an opportunity. The necessity to reconstruct was immediate and literal. On the compact target of the British Isles 4 million houses were damaged by enemy action. Half a million were either totally destroyed or made uninhabitable. Very well, they would build better ones.

In the first half year after the war's end about 16,000 new housing units were completed, most of which were "temporary," or, even worse, what in officialdom were called

Continued on page 41

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## How to Retire and Like It

Do you hate the idea of retiring? This famous U. S. specialist on ageing problems tells you how to start living when you stop working

By GEORGE LAWTON

**R**ETIREMENT is a funny thing. We all say, "Everyone should plan for his retirement," then we add, "Of course, I've never really given it a thought. Too busy, you know, and retirement is so far away."

It's not so far away.

Retirement at 60 or so has become a general practice, with more people living to older ages than ever before. Today the average man of 60 lives to be 75.

Every day this year 230 Canadians will come to the 65th milestone—the generally accepted retiring age in this country. The proportion of these older people to the rest of the population has leaped in half a century from 4.8% to almost 7%. A man of 65 today often has four times the life expectancy of a man the same age 50 years ago. He can look forward to an average 13½ years of continued good life. That's a big chunk out of any man's life.

A good question to ask yourself is this: How does one spend 15 years? What to do with almost half a working life is not quite the same as filling a free Tuesday afternoon.

The young man of 30-35 who ordinarily does not think of retirement should realize this: With ever-increasing life expectancy, his "off the job" life might be at least half as long as his "on the job" life. He should set up a rough plan for retirement at the beginning of his working career rather than at the end.

For the mistake younger men make is to think that it is as easy to launch new activities at 60 as it is at 30. At 60 there is less energy, more inertia, more responsibility, more physical limitations. When we retire we should merely increase the time devoted to interests we had launched previously.

Retirement should be optional rather than arbitrary because of age. It should depend on the individual's wishes and his capacity for continuing to do his job. We hire people selectively; we should retire people selectively. It is not surprising that many people don't want to retire. They want to work at the same job for the rest of their lives because their job is their life. Forced retirement often leads to bitterness and even personal tragedy.

As Henry H. Curran, recently retired as a Justice of the Court of Special Sessions in New York City, has remarked, "Under the law you may no longer be a judge if you have become 70 years old—out you go. That is my condition at the moment—happy, healthy, sound in mind and limb, and mind, too, but suddenly 70 and out."

We have in public life many examples of two contrasting attitudes toward retirement. One person regards it as simply a change in activity, not a retreat to the sidelines. We see this attitude in Herbert Hoover, Bernard Baruch, Winston Churchill, Eleanor Roosevelt; they are people who will be active and vital all of their days, if not at one kind of useful activity then at another. Such people are agiles.

Connie Mack at 85 is still an active manager

of the Philadelphia Athletics. But his son Earl, 56, formerly coach of the same baseball team, is another story. Earl belongs to the race of human beings who grow old. About a year ago Dad had to officially relieve his son of coaching duties "because he is getting too old for that job."

But please remember that you have a right to set up your own pattern of living. This may mean full- or part-time jobs for money all your life, whether after retirement or not. Or it may mean retirement plus a daily routine which is entirely reflective (reading, walking, fishing, playing cards).

### Have a Goal and Live

**T**HERE isn't only one way you can be happy. But I do insist for your own sake that you decide far ahead of time whether you will retire or not, whether your retirement life will consist of activity, for pay or not, or whether your retirement will be inactive.

There is little left in life for a man without a goal. One big Canadian company recently found that its men were dying off at an average of 18 months after retirement. A Gallup survey of the problems of old age claims that one of the surest ways to die before your time is to retire without having an active interest in any other pursuit. The evidence seemed so overwhelming to Dr. Gallup that he decided then and there to die with his boots on, at his desk.

Here, in general, are the things everyone needs after retirement:

Continued on page 59

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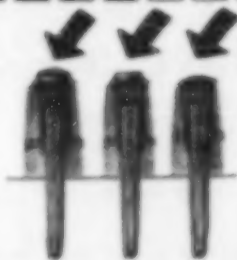
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## Beauty and the Brakeman

Continued from page 21

"I tried that once and it was terrible. He hung around the house, called me at all hours of the day or the night. We made up and it was just as bad as before."

"You're not in love with him, then, you're afraid of him," said Pete.

The girl walked for several steps without answering.

"I suppose I am afraid of him. I'm all mixed up and unsettled about it." She turned to Pete. "And I hope, just because we danced together tonight and I've loaded you up with all these troubles that you must think I stole from a soap opera plot, you won't get into trouble."

"You mean he'd get more about this?" asked Pete.

"Furious."

"But we just danced together, and I've walked home with you. He wouldn't know about that, would he?" Pete was beginning to hope Lance wouldn't.

"You know what small towns are like and there always seems to be someone anxious to keep him up-to-date on what I do while he's away," she said.

"That's why I didn't want to dance with you tonight. It's better that way. Maybe some day I'll love him enough to marry him or get enough courage to tell him to get out."

They stopped by the gate of the white house.

Pete said firmly. "I'd like to know you better. Can I see you again, on my next trip?"

"Why should you get mixed up with this?"

"You mean you don't want to see me again?"

"Yes I would—I guess," she said, then hung her head. "But it's not worth it. Lance will be in a rage—no, he never abuses me, that would make up my mind fast enough—because of tonight. Yes, I'd like to see you again but it'll just mean trouble for you."

Pete licked his lips which were suddenly dry.

"I'll be back here Thursday. How about going to the movies with me that night? Seven-thirty, okay?"

"Are you sure you want to? Or are you doing this because someone says you mustn't?" asked Betty slowly.

"I'm going to see you again because I want to," said Pete firmly.

But as he walked back to the bunkhouse he wasn't sure why he was doing it. He liked fun but he had always steered clear of trouble, particularly big mean trouble like Lance Brady with fists. The reason could be that Betty Harrison was a pretty girl and he liked her very much. He could confirm that Thursday night. In the meantime all he could be really sure of was that sometime, sometime soon, he would meet Lance Brady and would fight him.

ALL WEEK the faceless image of Lance had bulked large in his thoughts and now, out of the dark of West Junction into the pool of light cast by their lamps, the man himself had walked, ready to fight.

"No lousy beauty's going to mess around with my girl behind my back, Kennedy," he snarled as he moved in.

He moved fast for a big man and the first punch came out of the dark as though a chunk of one of the shingles had exploded in Pete's face. The first caught him above his left eye and drove him back against a journal box. Pete slipped getting to his feet and pummed on all fours. He was still holding his lamp. He threw it on the ground and rose slowly to a crouching position.

Brady had knocked all the fear out of

him with that first punch. The fear that had been living with him, the doubt that had been plaguing him had gone. The feeling that he must fight Lance Brady had been justified in a way that was somehow satisfactory and complete. He brushed his brow with the back of his hand to knock away the sweat. His hand came away wet and red.

Lance rushed again. This time Pete held his ground. His left pierced the flailing fists of his attacker; there was the good hard hurt of his own fist meeting bone. Brady slipped in the loose gravel, and when they squared off again their positions were reversed.

The two men locked in the churned-up gravel and traded blows until they broke apart from sheer weariness. Pete's arms were heavy from pumping punches and his face was numb from those he had taken. They rushed together again. Pete was sure of only one thing. He was not going to be beaten. He was tired and he was hurt, but he knew Brady wasn't going to knock him out. Brady seemed to feel complete victory slipping away because he pushed heavily through the gravel, and one wild desperate swing at the end of its arc and with most of its power spent, did catch Pete on the side of the head. He went back and down; he lay for a moment before he got up and as he rose there was a roaring in his ears. Perhaps that last punch had hurt him. Perhaps he wasn't as fresh as he thought he had been. The roar was louder now. He staggered to his feet and stepped back. The trains were moving. Both of them were picking up jolting speed.

Lance was facing him swaying a little himself. He crouched slightly, as though for another rush, and Pete moved in to meet him. Enveloped by sound and bracketed by death in the jolting wheels they fought until Lance stepped back out of the fight.

"C'mon, Brady," Pete mumbled through lips that hurt. But the big man stooped and groped for his lamp. Then he turned and looked up the track. Pete spat and picked up his own lamp. The fight was over, he told himself. He shook his head to clear the fog in his battered head and out of the mark within, the night without, he saw the rear lanterns rushing toward him. He was dimly aware of Lance lunging at the other train.

Then he put out his hands and began to run with the train. The curved grabiron was under his fingers. His feet stuttered along the end of the ties and then the thrust of the train and his own leap sucked him in and he was scrabbling to stay on the rear step. He stood for a moment. Far down the track the lights of the 216 were dropping into the darkness. On the rear platform he could see the light of a switch lamp.

Pete sat for a long time in the end rush of air, then rose stiffly and went into the caboose. He got as far as the cupola and sagged against the wall.

PETE GOT into Harmon Mine early in the morning and went to the train crew's bunkhouse and to bed. He woke up late in the afternoon and had a shower and changed into the white shirt, dark slacks and sports jacket he carried with him. He put a fresh piece of tape over his cut eye and felt rested and fine.

He had some supper at the Chinaman's uptown and walked up the city path to the Harrison house. He walked slowly so he would get there about seven o'clock.

Betty came to the screen door wearing a house coat. She had a dish towel in her hand.

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Continued from page 26

"Ready for the movies?" asked Pete. The smile hurt but he managed it.

"Lance," she said dully.

Pete pulled open the door.

"It's not your fault," he said. "Besides, I'm all right." "Don't stand there crying. Get ready to go to the movies," he said brusquely. He was getting impatient now. After all he hadn't taken that beating for nothing. He still wasn't quite sure why he took it, but he did know he was going to take this girl to the movies. After that perhaps he would go back to railroading, perhaps he'd stop trying to help good-looking blondes, straighten out their lives.

"Save your tears for the movies," said Pete more gently. "It's all right. Really it is."

"Pete, this is all my fault," she said.

He glanced at her.

"Come on, let's get going to that movie."

He followed her into the house where she paused uncertainly at the bottom of the stairs.

"What's that about the movies, Betty?" a woman's voice demanded from the kitchen. "Are you going to see that man from the movies now?"

"That's my mother," said Betty, walking quickly through the half-open door at the end of the hall to the kitchen. She returned with her mother, a small grey-haired woman with a bird-like brightness in her features.

Mrs. Harrison and Pete sat in the living room and talked while Betty changed to go to the movie. Pete listened to the older woman's clinical comments on the weather and her own health for a few minutes, then asked her, "What's this about a movie man and Betty?"

"Oh that," she said, laughing, "but I'm not supposed to say anything about it."

"It's all right to tell me," said Pete, nodding his head reassuringly.

"Well," began Mrs. Harrison hesitantly, "There are more people here from Hollywood making a moving picture. This man saw Betty on the street one day and he said she was the prettiest thing he had seen for months and would she like to take a screen test?"

"This fellow's okay, is he?"

"Perfectly. I was with Betty at the time," said Mrs. Harrison. She leaned over. "Just think. She might become a movie star."

"Just think," said Pete. "I'd like to talk to this guy. Maybe he's all right. Maybe he isn't. When is Betty going to see him?"

"But that's the trouble," said the woman, leaning closer. "That's why I wasn't supposed to say anything. Betty says it's all silly. She's not going to see him."

They both looked up as they heard Betty's step on the uncarpeted stairs. Outside the house, Pete said abruptly, "Of course you're going to see that movie guy."

"Mother shouldn't have told you that," said Betty.

"Look, don't you see this is your chance to get out of this place and get away from—well, a lot of things, if you want to."

"But, it's just crazy," said Betty. "Things don't happen like that. It's only in movie magazines."

"You're going to take this test," Pete said firmly. "I promise this is the last time I'll try to help you. But we're going to see this guy."

**HIS NAME** was Frank Foster. They found him in the lobby of the Nugget Hotel, talking to a couple of old prospectors. He was a middle-aged chunky man with a curly tussle of

fair hair, heavy barred glasses and a quick expansive smile. He took them to a corner of the small lounge and pulled up chairs.

"Sure, this is on the level," he told Pete. "We're always looking for people who might make good in the movies. We test a lot of them, some of them even prettier than Miss Harrison, if you believe such a thing can be possible. And most of them get exactly nowhere. There's a lot of luck in it, but if it's riding your way"—he shrugged his heavy shoulders—"who knows. It's a nice gravy train if you ever get on board."

"But it could be a big deal," said Pete.

"Sure, sure. That's how some of the stars got picked. I'm not saying Miss Harrison's name is going to be in lights in a year but if she'd like me to run a test I'll be glad to do it and send it down to our shop on the coast. She says she has done some acting, amateur stuff," said Foster, looking at Betty.

She nodded.

"I was in a young people's society play once," she said.

Foster ducked his head and grinned. "That could be enough for a start if they like the test. It's something like lightning. It could strike you. And it's a lot nicer," he said.

"What's the deal?" said Pete. "Miss Harrison would like to take the test."

"We're shooting a scene on the station platform tomorrow morning if it's a good day. Could you be there about ten, Miss Harrison? We'll run off a little scene from this picture we're making around here. I'll get one of the youngsters in the company to play it with you. Wear a dark dress and your ordinary make-up. We'll help you with that, too, if it needs any fixing. Okay?"

It was fine with Pete. Betty nodded. He took her by the hand when they were on the street.

"I'll call for you tomorrow morning," said Pete. "I'll book off the trip back because this is important."

"Pete, it's no use," said the girl. He sighed.

"Maybe not, but you're going to try it. When I stay to help someone, I really help them or make such a mess of their life they'll never be the same again."

She held his hand hard all the way home.

**THE** cameras were set up, and the movie company was assembled when Pete and Betty arrived at the station the next morning. Foster, who had been sitting on the edge of the platform working on a script, pencil in hand, rose and greeted them. He took charge of Betty, and Pete strolled over to the dispatcher's window, out of range of the cameras. He leaned against the sill and talked to some of the railroaders who had been attracted by the movie company.

Pete listened while Foster outlined the scene to Betty. It was a simple fragment of the western they were shooting. It called for Betty to occupy the platform alone for a minute or two while she looked up and down for someone. She was to be assisted in the test by George Moran, one of Foster's young actors. When he arrived, complete with bush clothes and a knapsack, he and Betty discussed a long-lost old mine and the schemings of an obviously evil character called Curby. The scene was to end with his taking Betty in his arms.

The dispatcher tapped on the window as the two of them began to run through the scene. Pete went inside to see what he wanted—would Pete bring him a bottle of Scotch from West Junction on his next trip? When he returned to the platform the little

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Two. They're going to give me a contract and Foster says I'm a cinch. Not much of a contract at first, because I got a lot to learn, but Foster says I'm a cinch."

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"Going alone?" he asked Lance.

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But Pete was still wary.

"I thought you liked her pretty well, yourself. You certainly gave me to understand that."

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"Yes, it's Pete," he said, a little breathlessly. "I just saw Lance. Sure. I'm all right. Remember we never did get to the movies. I think this would be a good night to go. A sort of a nice way to celebrate." ★

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Two off-duty firemen who had been watching had Lance by the arms and were pulling him away.

"No lousy actor's going to maul my girl," he yelled over his shoulder. When he saw Pete he thrashed his arms to free himself, but his bodyguard restrained him, exchanging slightly worried looks as though they weren't quite sure how they would eventually free the enraged man.

**W**HEN Lance and the pair flanking him had gone around the corner of the station in the direction of the main street Pete walked over to Moran. His jaw was scraped, but he didn't think it was broken. In fact Foster seemed to have been hurt far worse than anyone else.

"What's wrong with that guy?" he asked Pete. "All I was doing was giving the girl a screen test, maybe the chance of her life. You'd think I was a white slaver."

"I'm sorry," said Pete. "It was all my fault."

"You should be sorry. That big guy comes busting in here and slugs Moran and—what do you want now?" asked Foster.

"I was wondering if you'd let me know how the screen test came out," asked Pete. "I don't expect to be seeing her again and—well, I wanted to know."

Foster confronted him, hands on hips. "He asks me how it came out. You saw it, didn't you? You were here, weren't you? In fact you arranged it. Get out, now, before you get us all killed. G'wan, go back to your train." Foster turned his back on him and stamped away.

Pete walked slowly back to the bunkhouse and called the yard office. He spoke to the yardmaster and asked for a run. A special was due out for the east at 12 o'clock and the head end brakeman that the yard had called had booked sick. The job was Pete's.

Then he wrote Betty a note. It didn't take many lines or many minutes to write what he had to say. He was sorry about the way things had worked out. He had tried to help her because he had liked her, but all he had done was to get a beating himself and bring on a scene that disgraced her in front of the whole town. It might as well have been the whole town, the way news traveled in Harmon Mines. He said he hoped the screen test went to Holly-

wood and she was a big success and got what she wanted.

By the time he had finished the letter, mailed it, and had something to eat, it was time to go to work. He was glad. He couldn't get out of town fast enough. And he never wanted to come back.

**B**UT HE did return, three weeks later. He had booked off the good job on the time freight just to keep away from Harmon Mines but he was called for a work train job that brought him into Harmon Mines about eight-ten o'clock on a Tuesday night.

It was a soft, lightly purple evening that even the coal dock and the dark blot of the roundhouse could not spoil. Pete walked slowly from the caboose, his duffel bag and his switch lamp in his hand, on his way to the bunkhouse to wash up and have a long sleep without any flat wheels in it. He was beginning to feel like himself again. The marks of his fight with Lance were gone; even the jibes from the other men had almost faded away. He felt almost happy again, happy and a little cocky again, just like the Pete he liked to be.

The way to the bunkhouse led across the yards and down through the rip track between two long lines of boxcar under repair. Halfway down this alley of cars Pete stopped suddenly. Approaching him through the dusk, was a big-shouldered, loose-gaited man dressed in railroader's clothes. Pete swallowed hard. He thrust his head forward a little to make sure. It was Lance Brady.

Pete turned. No, once was enough. He was a changed man. He felt this was a wise decision to make before he was permanently changed. His reasons for getting mixed up with Lance the last time had been good enough, he felt, but vague. There was no point in causing Betty more trouble now. He quickened his pace.

"Kennedy," Lance called.

He stopped, turned, and waited. It was Lance all right. And he was grinning.

"What's wrong, Kennedy?" he asked.

"Left something at the caboose," said Pete.

"I wanted to see you before I left. I've been down saying good-by to some of the boys," said Lance. "I'm going away—for good, I hope."

Pete couldn't see how his departure could help being good, but he kept his silence while he looked Lance up and down. Gone were the railroading clothes. He was dressed in a stylish tweed sports jacket, dark slacks, a gaudy sports shirt. His thick wavy hair was plastered down and shining.

"I'm getting out of this racket—for good, I hope. Or did you know?" asked Lance.

Pete shook his head. Lance dug into a pocket and pulled out a telegram. He handed it to Pete. It was addressed to Foster and read: "Forgot about the girl. Send us that big dark guy. He's better looking than Peck, manner than Rogart. We can use him even if he can't act. All he's got to do is be that ornery in front of a camera. Congratulations, Monty. Peerless Films."

Pete looked at the telegram and then at Lance.

"This is you?" he said, nodding at the buff paper.

Lance was grinning broadly.

"Sure, that's me. Remember that screen test where I made such a chin of myself. Well, the guy let the camera run on and got all that stuff about me socking Moran and—well, they liked it down in Hollywood."

Pete wanted to say he was glad they liked it somewhere, but he didn't want to start anything now.

"I'm leaving tonight—on Number

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Pete tore loose from the dispatcher, but a clot of men had gathered around the storm centre and he couldn't get close to Lance. He saw Betty running; he heard her sob, and then Foster was walking down the platform waving his hands in the air and shouting, "Hold it, hold it. What's going on here?"

Two off-duty firemen who had been watching had Lance by the arms and were pulling him away.

"No lousy actor's going to maul my girl," he yelled over his shoulder. When he saw Pete he thrust his arms to free himself, but his bodyguard restrained him, exchanging slightly worried looks as though they weren't quite sure how they would eventually free the enraged man.

**WHEN** Lance and the pair flanking him had gone around the corner of the station in the direction of the main street Pete walked over to Moran. His jaw was scraped, but he didn't think it was broken. In fact Foster seemed to have been hurt far worse than anyone else.

"What's wrong with that guy?" he asked Pete. "All I was doing was giving the girl a screen test, maybe the chance of her life. You'd think I was a white slave."

"I'm sorry," said Pete. "It was all my fault."

"You should be sorry. That big guy comes busting in here and slugs Moran and—what do you want now?" asked Foster.

"I was wondering if you'd let me know how the screen test came out," asked Pete. "I don't expect to be seeing her again and—well, I wanted to know."

Foster confronted him, hands on hips. "He asks me how it came out. You saw it, didn't you? You were here, weren't you? In fact you arranged it. Get out, son, before you get on all killed. G'wan, go back to your trains." Foster turned his back on him and stamped away.

Pete walked slowly back to the bankhouse and called the yard office. He spoke to the yardmaster and asked for a run. A special was due out for the east at 12 o'clock and the head and brakeman that the yard had called had looked sick. The job was Pete's.

Then he wrote Betty a note. It didn't take many lines or many minutes to write what he had to say. He was sorry about the way things had worked out. He had tried to help her because he had liked her, but all he had done was to get a beating himself and being on a scene that disgraced her in front of the whole town. It might as well have been the whole town, the way news traveled in Harmon Mines. He said he hoped the screen test went to Holly-

wood and she was a big success and got what she wanted.

By the time he had finished the letter, mailed it, and had something to eat, it was time to go to work. He was glad. He couldn't get out of town fast enough. And he never wanted to come back.

**BUT HE** did return, three weeks later. He had booked off the good job on the time freight just to keep away from Harmon Mines but he was called for a work train job that brought him into Harmon Mines about eighteen o'clock on a Tuesday night.

It was a soft, lightly purple evening that even the coal dock and the dark blot of the roundhouse could not spoil. Pete walked slowly from the caboose, his duffel bag and his switch lamp in his hand, on his way to the bunkhouse to wash up and have a long sleep without any flat wheels in it. He was beginning to feel like himself again. The marks of his fight with Lance were gone; even the jibes from the other men had almost faded away. He felt almost happy again, happy and a little cocky again, just like the Pete he liked to be.

The way to the bunkhouse led across the yards and down through the rip track between two long lines of boxcars under repair. Halfway down this alley of cars Pete stopped suddenly. Approaching him through the dark, was a big-shouldered, loose-gaited man dressed in railroader's clothes. Pete swallowed hard. He thrust his head forward a little to make sure. It was Lance Brady.

Pete turned. No, once was enough. He was a changed man. He felt this was a wise decision to make before he was permanently changed. His reason for getting mixed up with Lance the last time had been good enough, he felt, but vague. There was no point in causing Betty more trouble now. He quickened his pace.

"Kennedy," Lance called. He stopped, turned, and waited. It was Lance all right. And he was grinning.

"What's wrong, Kennedy?" he asked. "Left something at the caboose," said Pete.

"I wanted to see you before I left. I've been down saying good-by to some of the boys," said Lance. "I'm going away—for good, I hope."

Pete couldn't see how his departure could help being good, but he kept his silence while he looked Lance up and down. Gone were the railroading clothes. He was dressed in a stylish tuxedo sports jacket, dark slacks, a gaudy sports shirt. His thick wavy hair was plastered down and shining.

"I'm getting out of this racket—for good, I hope. Or did you know?" asked Lance.

Pete shook his head. Lance dug into a pocket and pulled out a telegram. He handed it to Pete. It was addressed to Foster and read: "Forget about the girl. Send us that big dark guy. He's better looking than Peck, manner than Bogart. We can use him even if he can't act. All he's got to do is be that ornery in front of a camera. Congratulations. Mooty. Peerless Films."

Pete looked at the telegram and then at Lance.

"This is you?" he said, nodding at the buff paper.

Lance was grinning broadly. "Sure, that's me. Remember that screen test where I made such a chip of myself. Well, the guy let the camera run on and got all that stuff about me socking Moran and—well, they liked it down in Hollywood."

Pete wanted to say he was glad they liked it somewhere, but he didn't want to start anything now.

"I'm leaving tonight—on Number

wired right. Some are drilled as deep as 21 feet and once, into 650 holes, Karliski packed three and a half tons of dynamite. "A big lift," he says.

Often blasts are touched off within inches of dam structures. "A single bad shot," explains Ruston, "could make an awful mess of things."

Like most big construction jobs "Swisha" is packed with interesting people. There's Steve Mahut, a carpenter foreman. Steve, whose grandfather was a Hindu, came to Canada from Warsaw a year ago. He's 28, a veteran of the Polish underground.

In the machine shop, which looks like an airplane hangar, I met Ed Jordan, quiet-spoken, greying blond hair, large brown eyes. Ed's family is in New Liskeard, Ont., but he's been at Des Jochims for two years. He's followed construction jobs all over the north since 1907 and has watched most of the north's great mining towns being built.

"If it's made out of steel," a hydro official told me, "we say, 'See Ed Jordan.' Anything from a turbine part to a fishhook."

### Brother, What a Life!

"It's push, push all the time," Jordan says. "We service everything on the job—tractors, the (Uke) trucks, bulldozers, cement mixers, steel parts for turbines, the screening plant, crushing plant, shovels. Everybody's in a rush. Brother, what a life!"

Down below the rapids where they're launching a new coffer dam in preparation for the tailrace excavation I met Alphonse Laframboise who is 73.

"Got to block off almost a mile of river," he explains, "pump 'or dry and then the rock boys will tear out 1,500,000 cubic yards of rock. She'll be 7,000 feet long, 30 feet deep and 175 feet wide. It'll take about 10 months. Yep, quite some job."

The tailrace, an engineer explained, is a channel which will carry water away from the powerhouse after it has passed through the turbines. The river

as it now stands isn't big enough to handle the discharge.

Laframboise is now the oldest man on the job. He inherited the title from 83-year-old Howard Lowry, of Toronto, who was in charge of concrete inspection. Lowry has just retired.

Among the many new Canadians on the job you find a former opera singer shoveling rock, a Viennese surgeon, nervous as a child, struggling to utter a simple English sentence at the basic English classes supervised by Victor McIntosh, of Ottawa.

### No Wallflowers at Swisha

Over in the ultramodern four-room school I talked with Walter Hougham, of Toronto, the principal. We watched the children of the new Canadians romping at play with their French-Canadian and English-speaking classmates. "We started in September, 1948, with 38 pupils," Hougham told me. "Today we have 130 and are thinking of a fifth room."

This is no ordinary grade school. "They come from many countries; speak seven different languages," Hougham told me. "Many display remarkable ability."

Supervisor of female personnel is smiling Anne Boylan, a former Nova Scotia schoolteacher who came to Des Jochims in 1947. Anne is "mother" to the 65 girls on the stenographic and cafeteria staffs and sets up a rigid set of rules for her girls to obey. "We hand-pick our girls after careful screening," she says. "Applications come from all over Canada."

With only 65 girls to 2,500 men romances blossom freely. "Unlike their city sisters," chuckles Anne Boylan, "our girls never need to worry about a date. Diamond rings fly like snowflakes and Des Jochims is one place where there are no wallflowers."

It's an old rule on construction jobs that men only work as well as they are fed. And at camp No. 1 Hossair, "Rocky" Savard of Dolbeau, Que., wears his white chef's hat like a crown. A former ship's cook he and his five cooks, two butchers, two bakers, two pantrymen and 13 waitresses have dished up 2,500 meals in one day. At one record meal 1,050 diners passed through the cookhouse in 45 minutes.

### \$35,000 a Month for Food

I watched one cook chopping barrels of carrots; another shredding 250 pounds of cabbage for salad. On large trays were 350 pies and 700 rice puddings and fruit salads.

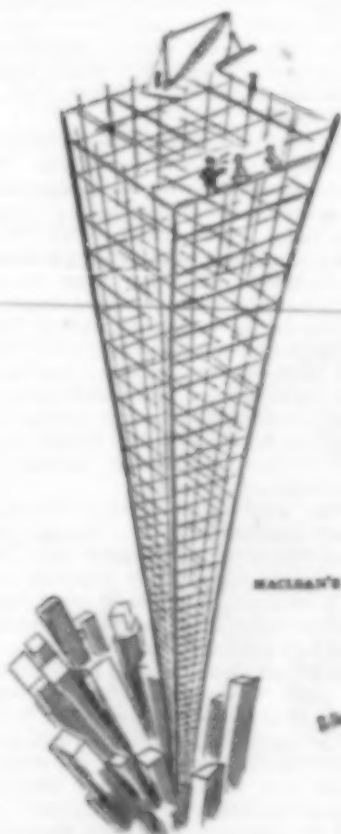
Thursday is steak night and more than 1,000 sirloins and T-bones come sizzling off the battery of stoves. In case that's not enough there's 125 pounds of cold ham as a teaser.

At breakfast time 150 pounds of bacon and four cases of eggs go down the hatch. For a typical night meal dessert "Swisha's" cooks whip up 19 slabs of cake each a yard long, 100 pounds of cherry Jello and 150 pounds of plums. Milk is a favorite drink—225 gallons a day; 300 pounds of butter a day is normal.

It costs the Ontario Hydro Commission about \$35,000 a month to feed its men, but good food pays off. Des Jochims is running ahead of schedule.

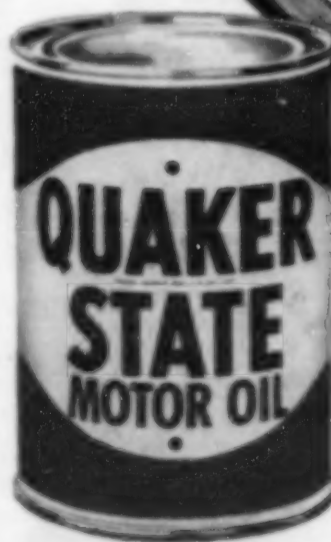
Despite all the statistics flung at me, despite all the eye-popping things I saw during my visit, it was a little French-Canadian bartender in the village of Des Jochims who described the project in the shortest, most explicit sentence of them all.

Swishing bottle marks off a tabletop, he nodded at me, said, "Big, M'sieu? Oui, she is big. Biggest dam' dam I ever see!" ★



"I told you a dozen times — count up to sixty and slap on the roof!"

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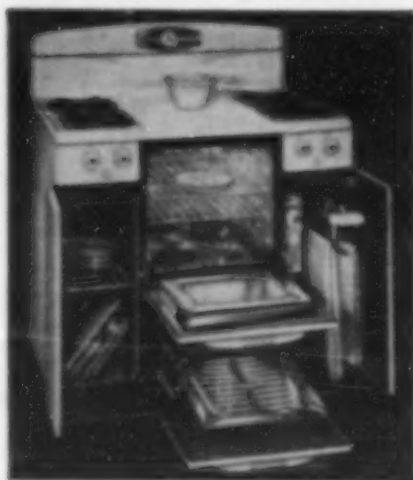


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## "The Biggest Dam' Dam I Ever See!"

*Continued from page 13*

one day using steel wing nuts as hand-holds when he slipped and fell 107 feet. Doctors gave up trying to count his broken bones. He spent two months in a hospital but lived.

Carron's brush with death happened on a sultry July afternoon last year. Carron was sitting near a tower of a Bailey bridge which had been pushed 1,100 feet out over the gorge. Farther out, over the raging rapids of the interprovincial channel, six riggers were waiting for the quitting whistle.

### 100 Pounds on His Head

"Suddenly," Carron says, "the section seemed to 'rainbow' upstream. There was a terrible crack. I threw myself on my belly and grabbed the tower. I saw the other six tumble 130 feet into the river. They never had a chance."

The next morning Carron was back treading steel on the "death bridge" with the stoicism typical of construction men.

Olaf Naas owes his life to his hard hat. He was working inside a wooden form when a 100-pound key box fell 25 feet right on his head. "My knees buckled," Olaf grins. "But I'm still here."

Today his dented hat hangs in the camp cafeteria alongside the key box—a grim reminder to all workers that it takes more than a hard head to stay alive at Des Jochims.

In the steaming noisy hell that is "the hole" I talked with Jack Ruston and John Karlinski. Here, where one channel of the Ottawa had been pumped dry behind protecting coffer dams, 180 men working day and night tore a gaping hole more than 50 feet deep into the solid rock bed of the river.

Huge steam shovels grunted and screeched as their steel jaws mauled massive chunks of dynamited rock. Twenty-ton Euclid trucks, exhausts thundering like aircraft motors, lumbered along the dirt roads. Drills, biting into solid rock, bounced crazily in the hands of the grey-dusted drillers. And clinging to the steel sides of a huge draft tube, curled down the wall of the main dam, half-naked men pumped rivets into metal.

### Rock Gets in Your Blood

"Let's get out of here where we can talk," Ruston shouted, his voice a whisper in the din. Trickles of sweat gouged runs in the dust caked on his cheeks. "Rock work's always like this. Noise enough to hurt your ears. You drill it, blast it, get it out. But rock gets in your blood. It's my job and I like it."

At 35, Ruston, who comes from Sudbury, Ont., has spent 15 years in construction and mining jobs. He's a rock specialist who looks a bit like Cary Grant in a pith helmet.

Karlinski, a native of Poland, is Ruston's drill foreman and powder boss. He's a chunky man with a square jaw, high cheekbones and pale blue eyes. He's spent 23 of his 49 years in Canada, is married, has three boys and two girls, owns a farm in Manitoba. The burned skin of his cheeks crinkles into a grin when you ask him how he likes working with explosives.

"Dynamite okay," he shrugs, "if you don't fool with it. I set many big blasts. Never hurt a man yet. Never scratch myself."

Karlinski has seven powder men and 50 drillers working under him. It's his job to see that holes are loaded and

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inspector found it latched with a bolt seven and a half feet above floor level. A small Whitchurch township hall was decorated with 1,400 rolls of crepe paper.

The most tragic fires occur often in hospitals, homes for the aged and nursing homes. Though most large hospitals are safe acres of smaller hospitals and homes for the aged are hazard-ridden tinderboxes of wooden partitions and open stairways with inadequate alarm and extinguishing equipment.

In 1948 Canada had 73 hospital fires; in 1947, 70; 1946, 81; 1945, 95. Six Canadians died in these fires during 1947, three in 1946, seven in 1945. An inspector of the Canadian Underwriters' Association told me: "Every hospital in Canada could now be made practically fireproof with automatic sprinklers and other fire prevention devices. It would be expensive, but in many cases reduced fire insurance premiums would cover the cost in 10 to 20 years."

An old persons' home at Medicine Hat, Alta., burned in January, 1948, and five crippled inmates, all over 70, lost their lives. Fire Commissioner A. E. Bridges admitted that the one-story building, a converted RCAF barracks, was improperly laid out for fire safety. Walls and ceilings were highly inflammable and an unbroken 150-foot hallway permitted flames to sweep the full length of the building.

Today the building has been reconstructed with noncombustible ceilings and partitions; the hazardous hallway has been cut off with fireproof partitions to check the spread of any future fire. But five persons had to die first.

In December, 1945, in the little hospital at Maple Creek, Sask., fire broke out in a dumb waiter, swept up the shaft, gutted the building. Seven elderly third-floor patients, too weak to move, died in their beds.

At the Saskatoon hotel fire which took 11 lives an attempt was made to arouse guests by the fire alarm system. According to the report of the National Fire Protection Association, it didn't work—the batteries were dead.

A Canadian underwriter's inspector told me that recently in a large Ontario school he found an electric fuse which had blown out during an evening meeting and was then short-circuited by the caretaker with two lengths

of wire to restore lights. The caretaker intended to obtain a new fuse next day, but had never thought of it again. Hundreds of pupils were sitting for months atop an overburdened network of wiring which might have flashed into flame at any moment.

Fire Marshal Sam Hill inspected Toronto hotels in 1947 and found hundreds of minor, easily corrected fire dangers. Of 122 hotels, 48 had inward-opening exit doors. Scores locked exit lights or had lights in which bulbs were burned out. In 42 there were no fire extinguishers in the kitchens. In 36 fire escapes opened off private rooms to which doors were locked, or off windows too tight to open. There were 15 stairways and passageways blocked with boxes, baby carriages or furniture. In 18 kitchens stove canopies or fans were clogged with inflammable cooking grease.

In 40 hotels Hill found toilet seats of a substance so inflammable that a spark could ignite them. "You'll find them in hotels and theatres across Canada," Hill told me.

Despite the harsh and tragic lessons of experience the fire hazard picture across Canada today still isn't one to be proud of. Here are some of the blind spots, from Halifax to Vancouver:

**THE MARITIMES:** Newly appointed P.E.I. Fire Marshal D. H. Saunders says there are two wooden hotels in Charlottetown and two in Summerside, each of three or four stories, only one of which has an outside fire escape. Most P.E.I. schools have open stairways.

In 1944 the Home and School Associations of Saint John, N.B., labeled fire conditions in the schools as "frightening." They found assembly halls on top floors with single exits and narrow wooden staircases; inward-opening exit doors which could jam shut and imprison fire-panicked children; windows leading to fire escapes nailed shut. Some corrections have been made but Saint John's schools, some of them 60 and 70 years old, are still criticized by worried parents. Some Saint John hotels have coils of rope in each room in lieu of fire escapes. Says one insurance executive: "In the winter when they put storm windows on with small panes, Houdini himself couldn't escape that way."

New Brunswick's Parliament Building has been called a firetrap. Its interior is wooden, old, tinder-dry and a

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By Simpkins



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CALGARY, VANCOUVER, VICTORIA

## Stop This Fire Death Sacrifice!

Continued from page 18

into the lobby. A river of fire trickled across the thick carpeting.

In many hotels this fire could have been confined to the lobby, but in the Barry there was an open stair well from the lobby to the roof three floors above which opened with no enclosing doors which opened with no enclosing doors. Flames were caught by the updraught of this stair well, raced to the roof and mushroomed out into each floor as they passed. An hour later 11 were dead, and 18 injured when they jumped from windows.

The Barry had been known as a "fireproof" hotel. But investigators combing through the ruins said its old-fashioned open stair well made it actually a firetrap enclosed merely in fireproof walls.

Modern safety devices and fire prevention know-how could have prevented the Barry death toll. Forty to 50 Canadians die every year in fire in public buildings because public apathy, haphazard inspections and inadequate laws permit scores of firetrap buildings to continue opening their doors each day to thousands of Canadians.

Many of these are so-called "fireproof" buildings. (The Barry Hotel correctly merited this title.) Actually few people know what this word means. Fireproof construction is a child of the fire insurance business which is primarily interested in property damage—not lives. Fireproof means that fire can rage within at a temperature up to 2,000 degrees for four hours before roof or walls are in danger of caving in. That's not much comfort for the people inside. A consultant of Underwriters' Laboratories has said: "A furnace is fireproof. But it would make a hot bedroom."

### Ten Floors in Three Minutes

Open stairways such as the Barry's, frequently timberboxes of veneer trim and varnished railings, and elevator shafts coated with grease and dust are the commonest and most serious fire hazard in public buildings. They act as huge wind funnels through which the fire whistles at express train speed—as it did through the long hallways of the Noronic.

The National Fire Protection Association in a recent study of 546 fatal Canadian and U. S. fires in apartments and hotels summed up: "Structural conditions which permitted fire and smoke to spread through the buildings before occupants could escape (open stairways, elevator shafts, laundry chutes, and dumb waiters) were responsible for more than four fifths of the 1,107 deaths in these properties."

Fire can shoot up a wooden stairway 10 floors in three minutes. Some Canadian municipal bylaws prevent such structures being built. But the laws are rarely retroactive. They either exempt existing buildings or merely require stairs and elevator shafts to be fireproofed "the next time extensive repairs are undertaken." A witness at the Noronic federal enquiry charged that the ship was exempted from certain safety regulations so as to spare the owners expense.

On February 12, 1947, fire started in an elevator motor in the St. Louis Hotel, Quebec City, shot up the shaft for six stories and mushroomed out through upper floors and a wooden roof. Most guests were absent attending the opening of the legislature and the few inside escaped. But fire officials said

accents would have been trapped if the fire had occurred at night.

There was no such good fortune when St. Patrick's Orphanage, at Prince Albert, Sask., burned on the night of February 1, 1947. Fire from an overheated furnace swept up open stairways. Six children and one adult died.

Stairways caused the loss of two lives in the Lindenlee apartment fire of Winnipeg, on December 23, 1944. Said H. E. Puttee, Manitoba fire commissioner: "It simply wasn't built for the safe evacuation of so many occupants."

In Edmonton, in April, 1941, another apartment with open stairway was swept by fire. Two died.

The odds were stacked against fire departments which rolled out to these fires, as they will be in future against other fire departments in other towns where open stairways exist.

Some recent U. S. fires illustrate even more tragically the threat of the open stairway. This construction was chiefly responsible for the death of 119 persons in the Hotel Wincoff in Atlanta, December 7, 1946. When a small fire in Chicago's LaSalle Hotel in June of the same year broke into an open stairway 61 persons died, some of them 20 stories above the fire's source.

### Hall Exits Were Locked

In December, 1942, fire in a hotel at St. John's Nfld. killed 99 people. A horrified Canadian public began hurriedly looking over its own public halls. Inspectors trembled at what they found. In hundreds of dance halls paper streamers hung amid most-union who jitterbugged with a girl in one hand, a cigarette in the other. Halls usually had surplus exits locked, some even nailed shut. One had four of its five exits nailed with six-inch spikes. (Seven years later Noronic survivors told investigators they found some of the burning ship's exit doors and windows jammed.)

Scores of halls across the country were closed. Toronto checked 97, closed 25. Vancouver levied stiff fines against four operators who were tardy in carrying out inspector's orders. Decorations were raised, fireproofed. Exits were fitted with panic locks. Gradually the closed halls were allowed to reopen.

In Hamilton, Ont., Mayor William Morrison confidently announced: "We have inspected all our halls and made them safe. It can't happen here." That was early 1943. On May 23, 1944, dairy employees were holding a dance in Hamilton's second-floor Moose Temple. Revelry was suddenly tragedy. A flash fire swept through the hall "like the explosion of a box of matches." The hall had one exit, a narrow stairway, and no fire escapes. In seconds a dance floor jammed with people became an inferno. Human torches leaped from windows. Ten persons burned to death, 41 were injured.

Once more the cry went up: "It must never happen again." Though less than two years had passed since the cleanup of fire hazards following the St. John's fire, an Ontario royal commission found that scores of Ontario halls had already reverted to firetraps. One witness testified that in hundreds of small communities no one was responsible for inspecting public halls. Municipal police commissions said that under the law they had no authority to refuse hall licenses "unless the applicant was not of good character."

A fire prevention engineer described 16 Ontario halls which he considered firetraps. Many had only one exit, with others locked. A Barrie dance hall proprietor claimed his emergency exit was ready for immediate use, but it

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wooden circular stairway runs from ground floor to dome. Its sprinkler system protects only those spots where fire is most likely to start.

But N. B.'s Fire Marshal H. M. Armstrong says churches are the biggest fire hazard: "Some are in very bad shape. But when we try to get them to reduce the hazard we are told they haven't any money."

**QUEBEC:** When Maclean's pulled underwriters and fire chiefs the general opinion was that 50% of this province's public buildings lack adequate fire protection. Quebec has more churches and institutions than any other province. Practically all such buildings outside of Montreal that are more than 15 years old have wooden interiors and open stairways.

An inadequate water supply in many of Quebec's small towns where religious orders operate large hospitals and nursing homes adds to the danger.

The situation is better in Montreal where lower insurance rates have encouraged the installation of sprinkler systems, but authorities say that 15% of Montreal's hotels, hospitals and institutions are still hazardous.

**ONTARIO:** A 1943 architect's report on Toronto public schools disclosed that 58 out of 97 had open stairways "providing openings in all floors for the quick spread of fire and smoke." In 48 schools every passageway was open, leaving hundreds of pupils no protected escape-way. Says ex-Fire Marshal Hill: "There has been little improvement since 1943."

In St. Thomas, Ont., firemen four years ago condemned an old hospital wing. Its wooden interior, open stairway and elevator shaft with grillwork doors made it a firetrap. The building is still in use. "It's still the same except for one new fire escape," a St. Thomas fire inspector told me. "Doorways and halls are often blocked with beds. I shudder every time I inspect it."

Windsor authorities recently revealed that most schools, and two out of the city's four hospitals, have open stairways.

**THE PRAIRIES:** Winnipeg's wooden Amphitheatre is sprinklered only in part. Frequently 5,000 people jam into it while firemen stand watch.

Edmonton's fire chief James Macgregor says that all but a few of the newest hotels, apartments and schools in his city contain hazardous, fire-spreading open stairways and nonfireproof elevator shafts. Only two Edmonton hotels boast properly fireproofed stair wells. The housing shortage keeps several small frame hotels—admitted firetraps—running full blast. About 15% of the city's hospital patients are in older wings where officials recognize the fire hazard is serious.

### Four Ways to Safety

The one bright spot on the prairies is Saskatchewan which, since the tragic losses of the Barry Hotel holocaust, has cleaned up many long-standing fire hazards. (The open-stairway threat has been practically eliminated from Saskatchewan hotels.)

**BRITISH COLUMBIA:** Although B. C. is enforcing stricter regulations, especially in public halls and hotels, Major E. A. Young, fire prevention officer for veterans' hospitals, declared in August that there are no fireproof hospitals in the province and that many older, smaller hospitals are serious hazards.

"I lie awake at night wondering how we could evacuate patients in case of a big hospital fire," he told a convention of B. C. fire chiefs. They nodded in agreement.

What must we do to cut the toll of public building fires? There are four

requirements: 1. Eliminate open stairways and elevator shaft dangers; 2. Make fuller use of modern prevention devices, principally automatic sprinkler systems; 3. Centralize and bring up-to-date Canada's present fire prevention machinery which, excepting possibly Saskatchewan's and British Columbia's, is a haphazard patchwork of inadequate laws and conflicting municipal and provincial authorities; 4. Develop a keener public awareness that most public building fire tragedies are preventable.

Saskatchewan and British Columbia are proof that dangers of the open stairway and elevator shaft can be eliminated quickly when the public demands it. Sometimes it involves costly renovations but the resultant drop in insurance costs goes a long way toward defraying the cost.

Ceiling sprinkler systems, which automatically douse a fire with water when fierce heat causes them to open (sometimes also ringing in an automatic alarm), are a reliable and highly effective safeguard when kept in repair. Sprinklers for the Noronic were once discussed by Canada Steamship Lines, never installed.

Insurance experts say that if sprinklers were required by law in all older institutions with wooden interiors a large percentage of fires would be extinguished before life was threatened.

### The Public Must Wake Up

A study by the Canadian Underwriters' Association of 2,001 fires in hotels with sprinkler systems over the past 20 years reveals that 97% of the fires were prevented from becoming serious blazes by the ever-ready sprinklers. The three per cent of failures were due to neglect in upkeep or to the fact that the sprinkler system covered only part of the building involved.

Canada's present fire prevention setup is still too loosely organized. Municipal fire departments, building departments, city fire marshals and provincial fire marshals all have a finger in the pie and one finger doesn't know what the other finger is doing. Conflict between different agencies, political interference and back-biting are weakening our fire prevention effort.

Last year a Toronto fire prevention inspector checked the Royal Conservatory of Music, gave it a clean bill of health. A few months later a provincial inspector looked it over, called it hazardous, ordered \$30,000 be spent enclosing stairways and installing alarm system. (This has been done.) Said Ontario Fire Marshal William J. Scott in a letter to Toronto Fire Chief Peter Hord: "Either your system of fire inspection is crazy or ours."

But before Canada can have anything like complete fire safety in its public building the public must be made to see the existing unnecessary hazards and demand improvement.

Fire Marshal H. M. Armstrong, of New Brunswick, told me: "The chief cause of fire deaths is the fatalistic view taken by the public that nothing much can be done. The same view was taken years ago about some of mankind's worst diseases, but we learned that with a little common sense and knowledge these diseases could be prevented. This applies also to fire prevention."

And the National Fire Protection Association of Canada and the U. S. pointing out recently that 500 Canadians and Americans die every year in hotel fires alone, said: "Conditions which make such a record possible would not be tolerated if the public rightly understood the reasons for such disasters." ★

Indian would take her back where she belonged.

My next difficulty was clothes for her. The days were sunny and warm enough, but it was now September and snappy cold after sundown. All I had for her were the two cotton dresses (ragged but now clean), and the rug (now free of livestock). The blanket I had burned.

I pinned one dress on to form pants; the other continued as a dress. Then with safety pins, I fashioned from the rabbit skins a cape with hood that had the air of a custom-made product.

I took Ida over to the train where she flashed smiles right and left and many a wayfarer turned for another look. She was worth it. With her black hair and eyes, the tawny rose-tinted skin and natural grace, the child was beautiful.

There were never two children with me at the same time. Stephen, nine years old, was brought in by his father one night on the late train. But the train had been only the last few miles of a long journey which included 250 miles by canoe.

Stephen had an infection after an injury and was an extremely sick boy. The first to get wind of them—literally—was Nippy who started to raise the roof even before they reached our path.

I had thought that nothing could be filthier than Ida but Stephen was, by far. Poor child, he was as frail as a wisp of smoke and about as limp. He was much too ill to go through anything more, but cleaning him up was necessary. His straight black hair was an uneven Buster Brown cut, with every sticky strand thick with nits.

I hastily donned my armor and my appearance did nothing to allay Stephen's fear of this white woman, the first he had seen. I had to add to his terror by going straight at his head with a pair of scissors, but the little fellow was game and there was never a whimper out of him as I snipped away.

When that was done, he went into a tub of bichloride of mercury. It is the truth that that tub had a solid scum of dead lice over it. Call them pediculosis if it makes you feel more genteel, but they were lice to me.

#### Modern Miracle: The Bluebag

Stephen was so ill that the effort of the cleaning up should have made him worse. Instead, he slept like a lamb all night and in the morning had already begun to improve. One of the nicest presents I ever received was Stephen's smile that morning.

Stephen's smile was not bestowed lightly, and later, when I knew the boy better and saw how seldom he did give one away, I realized I had received his highest compliment.

The father returned to the wilds and I had instructions to send Stephen back to Ombabika (northeast of Lake Nipigon, when he was better, from where he would be passed along the trail back to his father).

The boy was with me for three weeks. I never enjoyed any patient anywhere more than I did Stephen. He was obviously happy in his new environment. When he was able he would wash himself until he glowed. I gave him a pair of blunt scissors and the old mail-order catalogues and he spent hours cutting out pictures.

One day when he was on the porch I took out a tub of water and started him boat building. On a sudden thought, I went for the bluebag and blued the water. Stephen's slow smile spread from his mouth clear into his eyes as he pointed to the water and then at the sky.

He had wonderful hands that were a joy to watch. With applicators for

masts and tongue depressors for hulls, we made ships rigged with string. Stephen never tired of his fleet which sailed the washtub manned by paper men from the catalogues.

The time came when Stephen, too, had to be put on a train with his name pinned to him, and each hand clutching a paper bag—one with his treasures, the other with food.

I can still see his eyes as they watched me while the train pulled away—such a little boy, still not understanding what was being done, but always ready to accept whatever came.

He was a fine child and no matter what dirt there may have been on the outside, he was a clean little soul within.

#### "Squaw Stopped to Have Baby"

Indians are very fond of their children; most of the youngsters are spoiled. There is one exception to this: twins are regarded as an ill omen. I saw two scrawny mites dying in hospital as a result of neglect—they were twins. In the same family were five other children, all regarded affectionately.

I never had enough to do with the women to feel I knew much about them. They babbled happily among themselves but they were shy of the rest of us. The papoose (and usually one per woman at all times) is laced into one of those contraptions that hang down the mothers' backs called a *tikanagan*. There the child rides like an Easter bunny poking out of an egg, fat and contented, and not changed according to the accepted standards. Around Indian shodds you will notice quantities of moss drying—this is the equivalent to our diapers.

Don't look at a chubby Indian baby and go off with the notion that it all goes to show how well babies thrive without all our newfangled ideas. That one is doing all right but what about some others?

Once an Indian family came en masse to see me about something to do with the mother. The husband named Mike could speak English and I asked him how many children she had had.

"Eleven," said Mike.

"Eleven?" I asked counting heads (you can be sure the whole family is along like the tail of a kite). "I see only five. Where are the others?"

"No others," granted Mike.

"Six dead? What happened to them?"

"Nothing happened—just died."

This family lived the year round several miles out in the bush and used to come in every summer for supplies. Their arrival was nearer to schedule than that of the trains but one Saturday they were late.

Mike stamped into the store decidedly grumpy. He marched up to the counter and grunted, "Hub, late this morning. Wife had to stop and have baby." There they all were—wife and brand-new baby as well. She had just stopped at a stump on the way and had it all over in no time.

The last of my Indian children was Peter. He died. His death came in September between the trickle of summer patients and the avalanche of winter work. He was 12 and was brought in by his Cree parents, one Friday on the local from 60 miles down the line.

Peter was beautifully dressed—a good suit, snow-white shirt handmade with tiny stitches, handknitted socks, and moccasins so soft and fine they must have been doeskin.

The father carried the boy across from the train; and put him down at the doorway, for he could still walk a

*Continued on page 41*

# BARRYMORE

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## For walking your pup: \$200 a month!

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**Today**

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ASSURANCE COMPANY  
HEAD OFFICE — WINNIPEG

## My Papooses Got Pyjamas

*Continued from page 19*

I poked in again to see how things were going, but, unluckily, picked the very time she had screwed up enough courage to get out of her own clothes. She had only her dress off but at the sight of me, she flushed under the bedclothes like a woodchuck into its hole.

This setback took hours to overcome and it was not till evening that Rose parted with her clothes, which I immediately drowned out back.

Long before this, in fact within a minute of her arrival, the house reeked, but to bathe her in the state she was in would have required force. When she had at last undressed and the ice and pills were doing their stuff, I filled the galvanized tub.

How to get Rose into it and washed? I had no intention of doing another strip so I indicated with a pointing finger that she was to step into it. Any of you who have tried to get a bucking calf through a doorway can picture Rose being got into that tub.

She was pathetically thin, appallingly thin, and so pretty when the swelling came down, with cheeks the rose of her name, and dark patient eyes.

Her teeth were nothing but rotten stumps and had to be extracted—all of them. The doctor frequently had to be dentist. But he was suspicious of more wrong than teeth, and it was arranged for Rose to go to the city for a chest X-ray. She was riddled with tuberculosis so she was sent to the sanatorium, far from her own people.

I never saw Rose again but I have a head belt given to me by the father. I heard of Rose once more. She was unhappy and her family were lonely for her. How to make them understand the need for the long, weary treatment—without even the comfort of a visit or of letters? I do not know what became of Rose, but I doubt if she is still alive.

### Ida, Sour as Cider

Little Ida was a different sort. She was as pretty as a red poppy in the sun and had the sweetest smile and the sourest disposition in Northern Ontario.

One morning at 5.30 I was awakened by a continuous pounding on the door, while Nippy added to the din as he aimed his barks at the keyhole. The west train was in and it had brought me two Indians with a stretcher made of two poplar poles and someone's coat.

Lacking English, they just pointed with an air of saying they had done their part—now it was up to me.

Propping my eyes open, I could see nothing but a bundle of rags and some rabbit fur. I looked questioningly at them but received only a grunt so peered at the bundle again. This time from out the fur, snapped two black eyes.

Here I was with Ida, aged eight. They had brought her from 50 miles down the line because of injuries which included a dislocated elbow.

I motioned them to bring her in, but a better look at the bundle in the light of the lamp and I hustled them out onto the veranda again. It crawled.

Only Stephen later surprised Ida for dirt. Before I dared touch her I put on a doctor's gown and wrapped my head in a towel.

The only clothes she had on were two cotton dresses that could have stood alone (and probably walked away). They went into Lynd. Ida herself was ducked into a tub of bichloride of mercury, including her head—very definitely her head.

And before I was well started I was

more, in spite of my armor, that I to was crawling from head to foot.

Ida was too badly hurt to cut up and dust—then. By the time the doctor saw her she was clean, rested, and as set to use her smile on anyone as thought she could wangle anything out of. And what a sunrise of a smile this little brat could produce.

That night the elbow was set, a cast put on and Ida slept from exhaustion.

Next morning no father appeared to take charge of her so I began to inquire about him. Oh, he had gone back on a freight and when Ida was better I was to send her along on any train that happened to be going that way. Talk about being left holding the baby!

Ida was sturdy and determined and definitely of the opinion that she was being held captive by this strange, pale woman. When she was once over the pain she picked up fast, but the better she felt the worse was her temper.

And she was determined to escape. I had to put a bolt on the door across the very top to keep her in, and I found her—plaster cast and all—trying to shimmy up the door after it.

### From Rabbit Skins, a Cape

And every morning at the crack of dawn Ida opened her mouth and howled. It was a long, drawn-out wail—half despair, half rage. There was no sleep for me from then on.

On the third morning of this I showed some temper myself. Ida couldn't understand English, but she knew the meaning of a two-foot stick that I shook under her nose. My own eyes must have been flashing sparks by then and I ended the demonstration with a mighty whack on a nearby chair. It dented the chair but it would have been worth smashing it for the peace that followed.

Ida and I at last knew how to get along; she was no angel but she knew now that I wasn't either, and from then on there was neither wailing at dawn nor attempted escapes at eve.

I used to put a cup of milk and two slices of bread beside her after she was asleep and in the morning she was happy with these until I got up. I left the stick on the chair as a reminder in case of any backsliding.

One day when I could at last concentrate on any good qualities the child had it occurred to me that she was a beauty. Color had come back into her cheeks which were deep tinted; her hair was as smooth and shiny as a black mirror. Her looks were against all reason—at least, against all the reasoning of what the well-fed child eats; Ida treated all fruit and vegetables with the mistrust she might have reserved for a dish of arsenic.

All she would have was meat and bread, not even a potato. At first she scorned milk but came to like it. But for three meals a day, every day, it was meat, bread and milk. And she blossomed fit for a poster for a child health conference. (But remember Rose without teeth at 15.)

When Ida was able to get outdoors, I kept a wary eye on her the first day for fear she would head straight for the bush. But all she did was take a deep breath of the clear air, and then sit down in the middle of our so-called grass. And there she sat and sat and sat, hour after hour, perfectly content, with her hands folded in her lap and her eyes on the distant bluff.

The time came when she should be going home, but I could not put a child on a train to have her dropped off in the middle of the bush even though the doctor assured me she would be all right. I thought I was left with Ida for life when word came to me that another

*Continued from page 39*  
little. As the boy came into the room I saw that he could not walk straight but turned left and would have crashed into the wall had he not been stopped.

Letting the sick child walk was not callousness on the part of the father. He was terribly concerned about his son, but they could speak no English whatever, and the only way they could explain what was wrong was to let me see for myself. I sent for the doctor.

Peter had meningitis. He had first become ill six weeks before. The parents had sent word out for a doctor but no one troubled to go. The boy had begun to improve, but suddenly he was worse.

Peter became much worse the first night in the outpost hospital and the next day I sent for the priest for I thought the lad was dying. He received the last rites, but did not die that day.

It took 10 days and 10 nights for Peter to die. Only someone who has watched helplessly through such a terrible death can know what it is like. Each morning he couldn't live until night, and each night it was impossible for him to last until morning.

At first he could speak a few words in Cree but soon his speech went. Then,

as the disease pulled his neck backward until the back of his skull touched his spine, and his backbone bowed backward like a hoop, he could no longer swallow.

Through all this the child was alert and conscious every minute, and never once was he anything but patient. The only muscles he could move were his eyes which grew softer and clung to me every second I was within his sight. Peter's dying eyes gave me what was probably the truest benediction I ever had.

He died in the middle of an afternoon. In a few minutes another Indian came to do what he could to help. I needed help badly. A coffin had been shipped out but I did not realize until I saw it being carried over from the station that this part, too, was up to me.

The coffin was brought into the wardroom and laid across two chairs, and I dressed Peter in the beautifully made clothes he had come in and in which his parents wanted him buried.

We put Peter into his coffin but the white satin lining seemed cold and friendless to a little Indian boy, so we covered it with hemlock.

We screwed down the top and Peter was ready for his journey Home. ★

## I'll Bet on the British

*Continued from page 22*

"temporary temporaries." Month by month the rate was accelerated.

By March 1949, 635,000 new houses were finished; and the job goes on to the stirring tune at present of 20,000 freshly completed dwellings a month, only 84 of which in one recent month were of the temporary type.

It is a record no other country has approached. Almost without exception (as was to be expected in a more ingenious decade) the new houses are handsomer, more roomy and convenient than those the Germans with such unconscious philanthropy smashed.

I put that most positive achievement first, for none is more conspicuous. Nurtured as most outlanders are or tales of British austerity, of Socialism being a device to distribute not wealth but poverty, and on Sir Stafford Cripps' discouraging statistics, the enquiring visitor expects on arrival to be enveloped in a gray fog of discouragement. Instead, on almost every urban street in England he must look lively to avoid piles of new bricks, a paint splash from aloft, or a smart spraying from the steam guns of a crew cleaning some public or private structure.

A people building do not seem, cannot seem, a people discouraged.

Construction workers, with at least a million houses to go are working to the limit of their individual capacity, not to limits fixed by union leaders.

One corps of bricklayers, I was told by the Minister of Health, Aneurin Bevan, has currently distinguished itself by laying three times more bricks each day than the prewar average. Bevan found their performance interesting for a particular reason. They were engaged in erecting fire walls for a group of ingeniously designed, prefabricated houses put out by a Liverpool manufacturer. Far from being sullen, or resisting the innovation, they found the speed with which each house was completed downright exciting. The sense of accomplishment spurred them to a record effort.

Whether as a result of war, Socialism, or some third unknown factor, it is undeniable that in England some new quality of energy has been released. Possibly other forms of energy—the

force which drove certain men for example to make great private fortunes and sometimes enrich a host of others in the process—have been quenched. The Conservatives say so.

But no one who knew England between the wars can fail to note that millions of people are today healthier, better clothed, even, incredibly, better fed than they were then. Whatever may be their individual occupations they share the sense of building (not of replacing; the difference is important) something new and, they think, better.

### The Britons Feel Safer

After the forgotten economic insecurity of the '30's and the bodily insecurity of the '40's, the great mass of Britons feel safer. Not altogether safe, of course, but safer. Inevitably those millions, with that double weight lifted, for the time being feel freer.

The British working class is happier in 1949 than it has been for a full century.

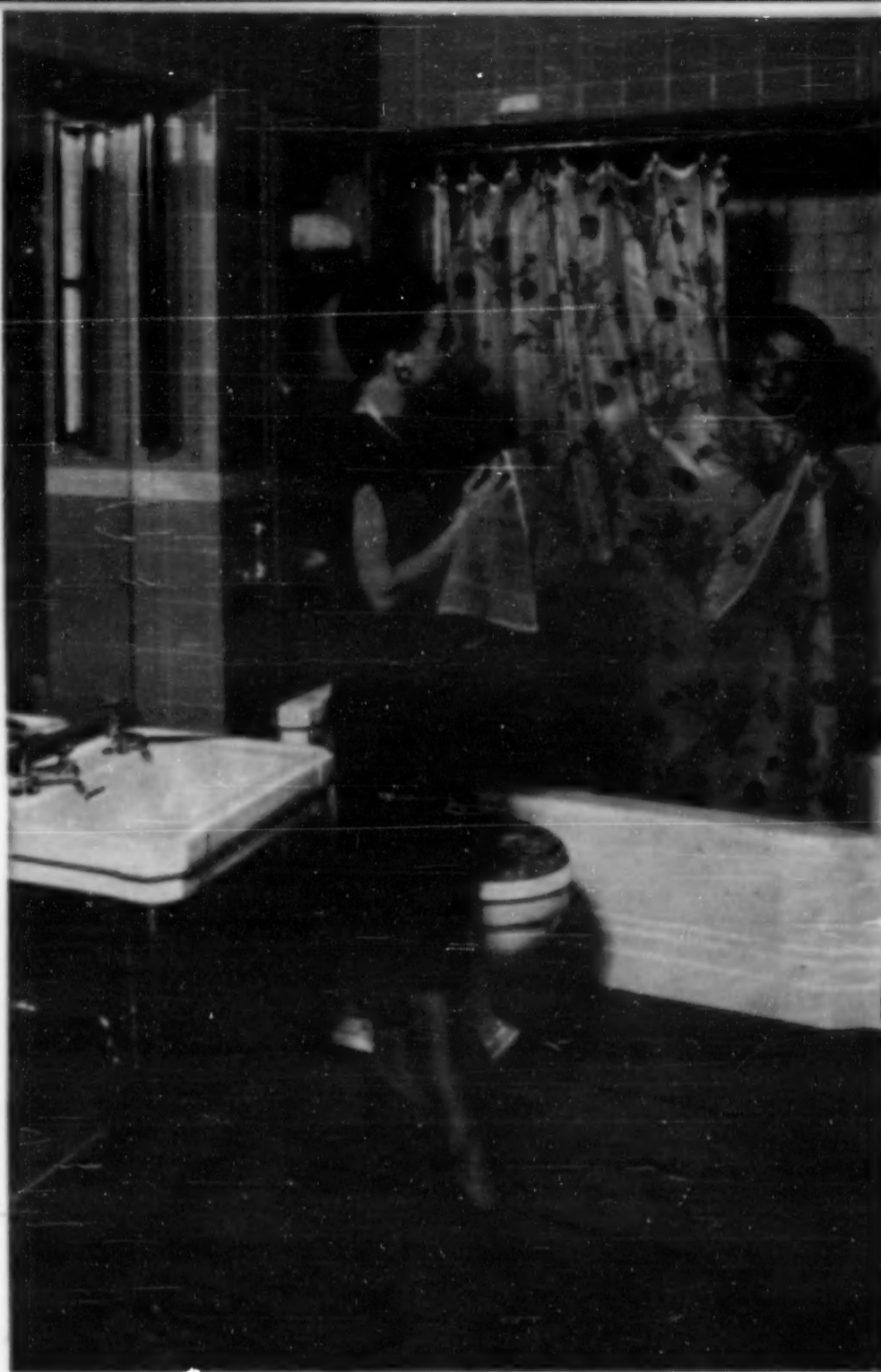
The reverse of the medal is that the upper class and an undetermined proportion of the middle class just as clearly are not happier.

Mile End Road is in fine fettle. Mayfair, pocked with blasted houses their owners do not hurry to repair because they could not afford to live in them if they were repaired, is gloomy. Birmingham is cheerier than Tunbridge Wells.

Socialists say the decline of the "better" people is not their fault. The real blame for that widespread phenomenon, they say, must be ascribed to those twin plagues of the 20th century, Kaiser Wilhelm II and Adolf Hitler. To which Conservatives reply, in similar vein, that the immense improvement in the lot of the working class was an equally inevitable process.

Political discussion, however, except among professionals, seems to an American singularly tepid. Criticism is plentiful, but there is a want of issues. With a general election less than a year away the most rousing promise yet voiced by the Conservative Party on race posters posted on fences or the walls of bomb-sites is: "Was national housekeeping by the Conservatives will lower the cost of living."

By common consent talk is given



## a Floor of colour and convenience

Warm and cheery in colour . . . warm underfoot, too . . . and so convenient. Marbolexum in the bathroom answers many problems. It is resilient, as cork is one of its chief ingredients. It's tough — almost everlasting — and so easy to keep clean. A little waxing and polishing now and then . . . that's all Marbolexum asks to smile and smile again for years. So, if you're planning to build a new house, or to remodel an old one, make the bathroom floor "welcome-saying" with Marbolexum.

### Damolite Plastic for Shower Curtains

A new home convenience, illustrated above: Shower curtains made from Damolite Plastic. Colourful, exceptionally strong, easy to clean, need no ironing. See the delightful patterns available at your neighbourhood stores.

Marbolexum Patterns illustrated above: M/93 and M/94, with black interlining.



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PLYMOUTH QUALITY CHART

All these features are STANDARD equipment on Plymouth	97 Horsepower Or Higher	Automatic Electric Choke	Automatic Ignition Key Starting	4 Rings Per Piston	Low-Pressure Tires (Standard)	Full-Pressure Engine Lubrication	Oil Bath Air Cleaner (Standard)	Floating-Type Oil Intake	Hatchback Drive	Chain Camshaft Drive
Low-priced PLYMOUTH	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
Low-priced Car "A"	YES	NO	NO	YES	NO	YES	YES	NO	YES	NO
Low-priced Car "B"	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO

*Plymouth is built in Canada*  
**BY CHRYSLER!**

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY to judge car value, and that is—**check and compare!**

The Quality Chart at the left shows 10 important VALUE features that are STANDARD on Plymouth. Plymouth owners have enjoyed most of these features for years, yet only now are some of them being made available on either car "A" or car "B".

**"Plymouth likes to be compared"**

But this is only part of the PLYMOUTH VALUE story! Your Chrysler-Plymouth-Fargo dealer has a complete Quality Chart which compares all three low-priced cars with higher-priced cars. Check this chart—you'll see that out of 21 quality features found in higher-priced cars, PLYMOUTH has 20—car "A" has 14, car "B" has 4.

**Yes! "PLYMOUTH likes to be compared"—for VALUE!**

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Here is the Westinghouse "Rideau"—the distinctive new Radio-Phonograph Combination created especially to bring *all* the finest in modern music to your home.

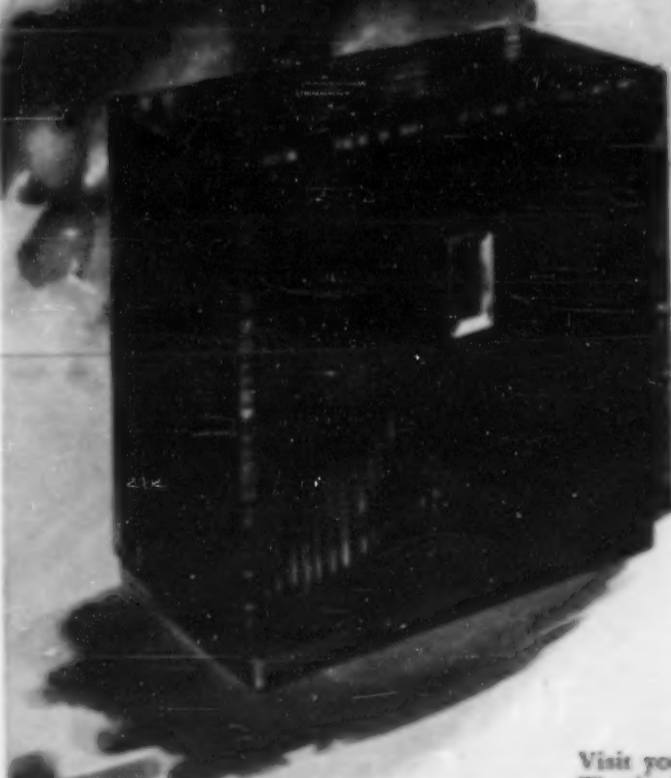
In it you will find all the latest electronic achievements—the marvelous new three-speed record changer—the superb Armstrong Patent "FM"—and the many advancements made both in radio and record reproduction since you bought your old set.

Its handsomely styled cabinet—made in four finishes—is typical of the fine craftsmanship which distinguishes

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Westinghouse prices too will please you—Combinations of the finest quality as low as \$149.50—and a fine variety of Westinghouse quality table models and portables as low as \$29.95.

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Rideau (above) \$295

Visit your Westinghouse dealer. . . . Ask to hear the new Westinghouse Polyphonic Demonstration Album—especially the unique high-fidelity London "ffrr" recording of musical reproduction at its best.

\* "ffrr" full frequency range recording

Prices subject to change.

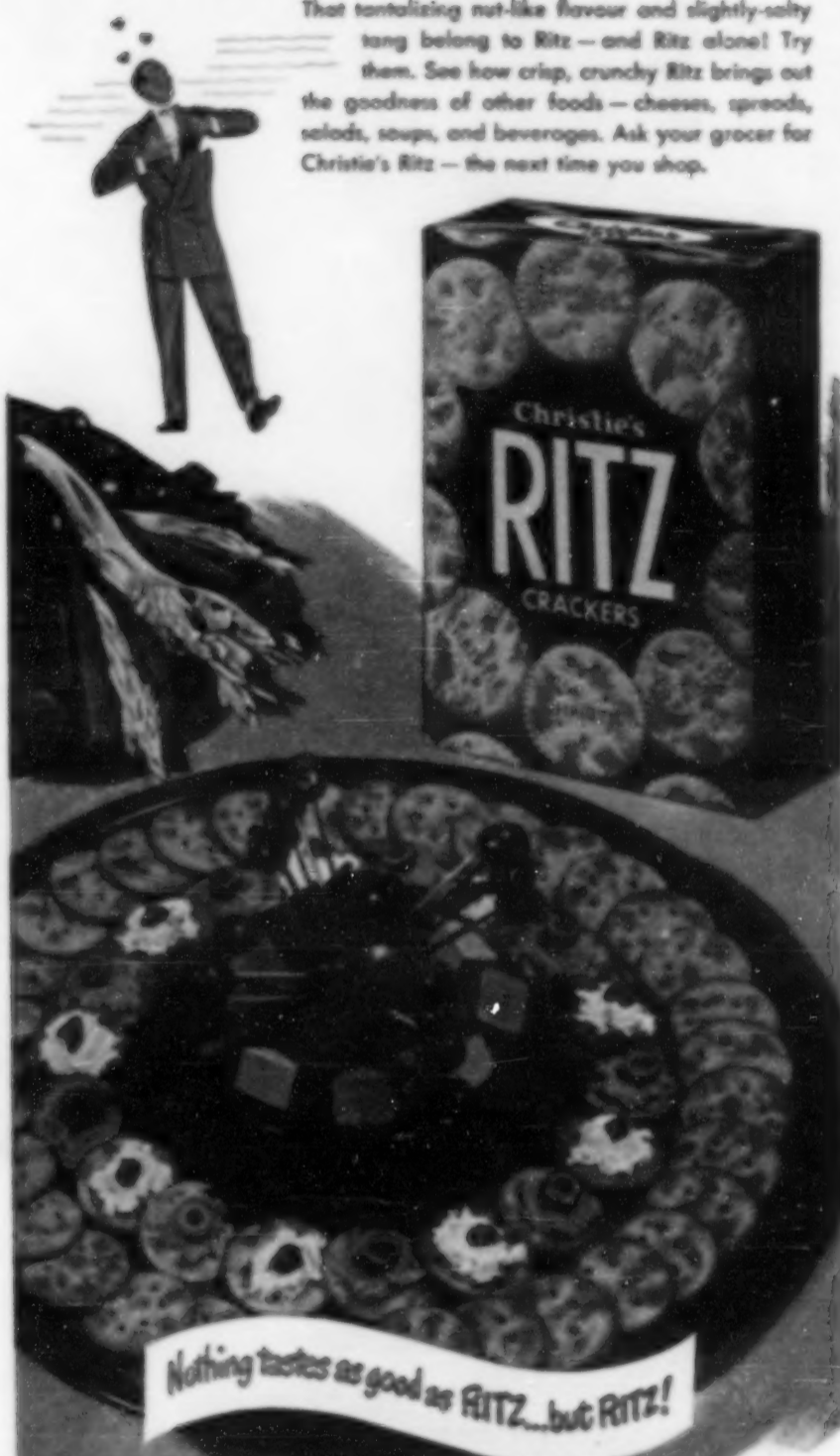
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## When you savour that 'come-on' flavour... it's **Christie's RITZ**

That tantalizing nut-like flavour and slightly-salty tang belong to Ritz—and Ritz alone! Try them. See how crisp, crunchy Ritz brings out the goodness of other foods—cheeses, spreads, salads, soups, and beverages. Ask your grocer for Christie's Ritz—the next time you shop.



## Christie's BISCUITS



Keep a supply of Christie's Premium Soda Crackers on hand—they're always dependably crisp and fresh. And don't forget Christie's Graham Wafers, baked the Christie way with that real Graham flavour.

CHRISTIE, BROWN AND COMPANY, LIMITED

second place. It has been reckoned the war (it is futile to consider the present except in light of the recent past) cost Britain \$100 billions, of which nearly a third "came out of capital." It has been made obvious to everyone from the dullest Bristol dock-wallpaper to the most flea-brained lady in Belgravia that there is only one way to emerge from such a plight, and that is to work out of it.

The first of the national—as it is the first of human—problems, is to eat. The British Isles are small, the population large. In the effort to balance that difficult equation agricultural output has already been pushed 30% above prewar levels. The Socialists expect that within two or three more years, by further increase of productivity, home fields will yield half the food needs of the population.

Surprisingly, British farming is now the most highly mechanized in the world. In what's not, shall we say, the friendliest of climates, English wheat land now yields 2,240 pounds of grain to the acre, compared with 784 pounds in Canada and 674 pounds in the United States.

Paul Reynaud, in a recent broadcast from Paris meant to encourage his fellow countrymen to greater efforts, made this observation: "A French peasant feeds five persons, a German feeds seven, a Belgian nine, an American 13, a Dutchman 16, and an Englishman 17."

### Some Dividends Still Soar

Despite the accusations made by both sides there seems little inherent difference between the output and efficiency of the nationalized industries and the overwhelming majority of manufacturing and industrial processes which are still in private hands. Both are spotty.

Coal, which had been limping along for years under private ownership, continued to limp when Government took over, but this year seems to have turned the corner. Better than 4 million tons are coming to the surface each week; the Coal Board for the first time has shown a profit; and ton-per-man are higher. But absenteeism continues to plague the industry. Nor, in spite of more lures than are offered trout, are as many young men entering the mines as old men leaving them. Neither Capitalism nor Socialism, in short, has yet thought of a way of making digging coal attractive.

The steel industry, slated for nationalization if the Labor Party gets the voters' go-ahead in the next election, has on the other hand done so brilliantly well under private management as to earn the public praise of Sir Stafford Cripps himself. Steelmaking is at an all-time high (nearly 15 million ingot tons last year) and is still rising.

Readers of the financial columns in British papers are bewildered to see that many free enterprises, even after heavy taxes and the setting aside of large sums for reserves, are paying extremely high dividends. Others are doing badly.

Taken as a whole British industrial production is 25% higher by volume than in 1938. Exports in the first four months of this year were half again greater than in '38. Unemployment is less than 2% and there are more available jobs listed than there are names on the unemployment rolls.

The average working week is just over 45 hours and average earnings (still not remarkable from a New World viewpoint) are about \$18 a week, instead of a mean of \$10 a week 10 years ago. With full allowance for higher prices, that still represents a substantial gain in the standard of

living for a great portion of the British working population.

Debate rages in other countries about Britain's various social welfare schemes, loudest of all about the unbelievably complete National Health Service. Except in detail those measures, which are the very essence of the Socialist promise and the Socialist accomplishment, are no more debated on the spot than are the Alps in Switzerland. You may not like them. (For that matter you may not like mountains.) But they have come to stay. On that consent is universal.

### 20 Cigarettes are 50c

There is no longer anything novel about "social security." What distinguishes the British system as finally rounded out by the Labor Government is its simplicity and its completeness. In many countries part of the population is insured against certain of the common disasters of joblessness, injury, old age, ill-health, maternity ("disaster" perhaps isn't just the word there) and the rest. In England, since July 5, 1948, all people are insured against all such excessive though common burdens on the personal budget.

Practically every individual, with the exception of men over 70 and women over 60, whether employed, employer, self-employed, or nonemployed, makes a payment to the national insurance fund of from 31 cents to \$1.01 a week. From that fund, on demand, the insured receive such varied benefits as 75c a week for each child after the first; a maternity grant of \$8 plus \$5.40 a week "assistance" for the first 13 weeks after the baby's birth; and the same sum per week if ill or unemployed. A final \$40 is then handed over to close the account—for burial.

Since the costs of both living and dying in England are high the sums are not lavish. Contrary to the often-voiced opinion there is little incentive to loaf at Government expense or to stop saving and planning for one's own hard times. Few have shown inclination for so Spartan a life of leisure as can be afforded for 80c a day in a country where 20 cigarettes cost 50c and a pint of beer of the very feeblest alcoholic content costs 17c.

Though few realize it, even the beneficiaries themselves, the National Health Service benefits are not met by the weekly insurance payments—not nearly. Government has found out that its doctors' bills are much bigger than it thought—and hoped.

"Free" medical care for the British people is just now (there is reason to think the figure will diminish) costing around £350 millions, or the equivalent of \$1,074 millions a year. Only \$123 millions of that total is provided from the National Insurance Fund. The rest comes out of general taxation revenue.

For those visible and invisible contributions everyone is entitled to medical attention of a degree of completeness it is difficult to comprehend. It works like this. You select your own doctor. He may be any one of the 93% of the British medical profession who have signed up for participation in the scheme. He may accept you or refuse you. Other than that each practitioner is limited to a maximum of 4,000 patients, there is no compulsion, no "assigning by the State," on either side. If a patient for any reason becomes dissatisfied with his physician he can change.

Prescriptions are filled by any chemist and the Government pays. If an operation, a stay in hospital, a wooden leg, false teeth, eyeglasses, or, if the family mechanism is thrown out of gear

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from illness, even domestic help, are required, the bills are impersonally met out of the purse of the whole British people.

The chief complaint is that there are not enough doctors, dentists, nurses and technicians to go round. Nearly 42 million people have signed up for National Health Service care. Eyes, teeth, conditions of health neglected for years because of fear of bills, all are demanding attention at once. In one year 8 million pairs of spectacles were applied for.

Britain's notoriously too few dentists are working to the point of exhaustion and, since they are paid by work done and not by a "capitation fee," are earning sums which are the envy of all other branches of the medical profession. Dentists who are grossing \$1,500 a month, and even more, are not uncommon.

But, say the enthusiasts, demand will eventually assure supply. Today more young men and women are seeking admission to the medical schools (with which there is no state interference) than ever before.

### The Opposition Keeps Mum

It is significant that the Opposition has not made political capital either out of the evident shortage of doctors or out of the conspicuous fact that the Government grossly underestimated what the costs of the National Health Service would be. The feeling is that what has chiefly been demonstrated has been the previous shocking neglect of the health of the British people, and that it would not be wise for the Conservatives to point it out.

The majority of people seem satisfied. Many, very many, are enthusiastic and declare NHS is the greatest boon ever conceived and put into execution by and for a whole people.

Contrary to the impression abroad the British Medical Association—having waged and won its long fight against Labor's original plan to put general practitioners on salary—seems satisfied. The BMA is now officially convinced that what is still wrong will be put right and that the vital basic freedoms of the profession can be preserved. The Association also points out that, far from having blindly fought against a health service, it has fought for something of the sort for nearly 40 years. The almost rabid conservatism of the American Medical Association is viewed by its British counterpart with amused astonishment.

Since the highly publicized misfortune of Thomas A. Dewey in the United States there is a tendency in all nations to tread very, very lightly in matters of political prediction. It is still difficult in England to get even money on the chances of a Labor defeat at the next election. It is conceded the Government will lose seats, but its present majority is so large it could afford some losses.

Some middle-class voters who have waried of austerity and heavy taxes have plainly lost their first enthusiasm for the social-democratic formula. On the other hand Labor experts believe the habitually Tory countryside has moved lately toward the Left.

What then is wrong? Why is there open talk of Britain suffering national bankruptcy? What forced the devaluation of sterling two months ago? What does this all add up to?

Last March in the dizzy realm of statistics, all was optimism. Exports were mounting. The yawning gulf of the dollar deficit had narrowed. By June the clouds of gloom had gathered so thickly over Whitehall as to seem all but impenetrable. In September

sterling tumbled, dragging a dozen other currencies with it.

So far as the life of the average British citizen was affected, nothing much had happened. There were plenty of jobs. Wages were better than they had ever been. The social services were performing their functions with no more hitches than time, patience and a politically highly conscious citizenry could someday right. The productivity and skill of Britain were increasing, therefore the true wealth of the nation was increasing. Things, broadly speaking, were perhaps getting just a little better every day. The newspapers were tiring of World War III in which few Europeans had ever believed anyway.

But the world of men, sadly, is not the world of high finance, high politics, or international exchange.

What happened—all too simply—was that in the great dollar country of the United States purchases of British goods were cut. The colossal uninjured lands across the sea grow and make what the people of the British Isles must have for sheer survival, have never bought in this market as much as they have sold. That is why, for common salvation, the dollar areas have had to arrange loans to Britain and juggle finances to aid her recovery.

North American production caught up with surplus demand, financial nerves grew shaky, shoppers more attentive to price tags. Whatever happened, British exports to the U. S. suddenly diminished like a snowman in spring sun. Canadian purchases in Britain were maintained, but that was all.

Dangerously for us all, most things the New World buys from the Old are luxuries, duplications—rarely absolute necessities. What the Old World must have are the raw materials of very life, industrial and private life alike. Obvious and often repeated though that plain truth is it is the central dilemma of our time. There is no easy answer.

### Where Marshall Funds Go

In ordinary, human terms there is "money" enough in England, as there is in France, in Italy, in Norway. But that "money" is almost valueless in Missouri or Manitoba, in Hamilton or Houston.

In simple justice it appears pointless to blame Socialism for all of Britain's economic troubles. Generalissimo Franco's dollar problems are at least as grave. Nor is the statement often heard in the United States that Marshall Plan funds are—"paying for" Socialism, though true by chance, true in essence. In 19 countries U. S. funds and generous Canadian credits, translated into food, machines and raw materials from many sources, are helping to "pay for" 19 different kinds of government, each of which, from a monarchy in Greece to a social-democratic-regency in Belgium, would be subject to change without notice if supplies from the Western Hemisphere were greatly reduced.

On one thing all observers whatever their political coloring agree. There is at any rate no people, no nation, anywhere which is trying more earnestly or working harder than in Britain to put its sorely damaged house in order. It is the effect not of a party but of a people.

Today that effort is taking place within the framework of an intensely anti-Communist, democratic Socialism. If the British voters decide on a change of housekeepers that effort will continue without slackening next year and the next under whatever party is in power. ★

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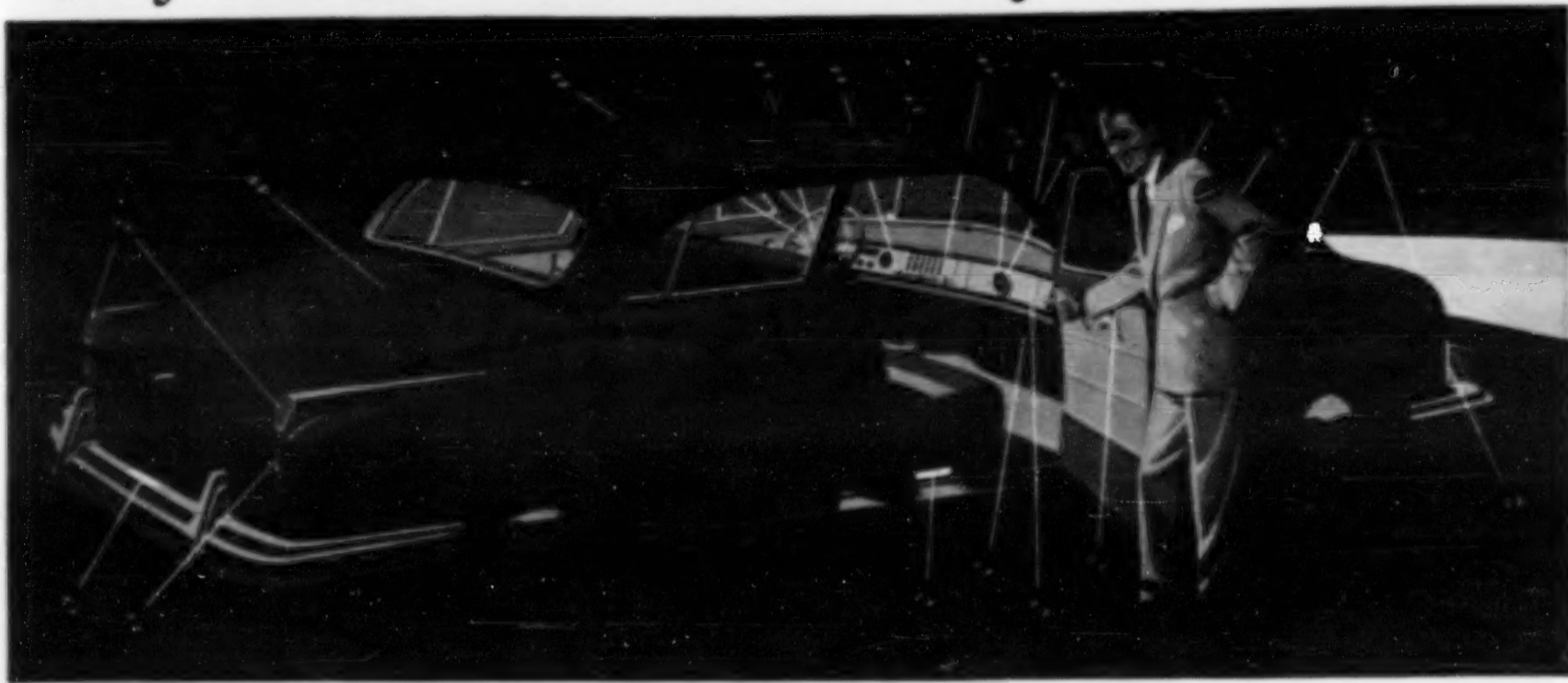


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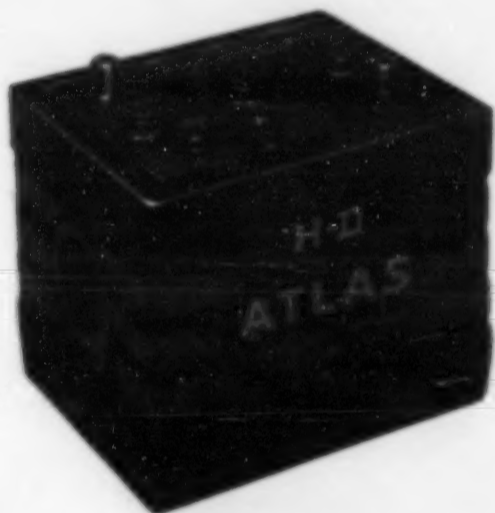
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"I am insatiable in my appetite, photographically speaking," Karsh says, "and therefore with much apparent diffidence I asked the great composer if I could come back on the following day and continue the sitting."

Sibelius smiled. His smile is always readily forthcoming. "This is my last hope of having a good photograph," he said. "Yes, you may come tomorrow. For I see you are an artist and I understand." Under the glass-topped table in the library was a copy of Karsh's "Faces of Destiny." (The library is the only "modern" room, with deep, grey-covered chairs, grey-green rug, the glass table and a big Telefunken radio.)

#### "Best-Dressed Artist"

The next day, a Sunday, Karsh asked Sibelius to change from his light suit coat to a dark one. He was deeply impressed by the composer's immaculate appearance. "The best-dressed artist—not to say person—I have ever seen," he reports.

Sibelius went upstairs to change from a well-cut white coat to a still nattier blue job—something in the style of a perfectly tailored higher naval officer's jacket. As he came into the room his eyes twinkled. "Well," he said, "how do you like the sailor?"

That day another daughter, Mrs. Margareta Jahn, was also at her girlhood home. There is a story that the cook, Helmi Vainikainen, who has been with the family since 1907, has always had a specially soft spot for this second youngest of the six (five living, one died very young) Sibelius daughters, and so, whenever Mrs. Jahn turns up, the dinner table groans with

the weight of good things. Sibelius has been known to say, time and again, eyeing the feast, "You really must visit us more often, my daughter."

The inherent simplicity of the home to the eye of a North American visitor is, in a way, an illusion. Here are many of the art treasures of Scandinavia, with special stress on Finnish folk art, painting and sculpture. Sibelius himself knows the painters and the paintings he owns. He has a couple of favorites. One a Kasper Jarnefelt oil of a sunset, another a small occasional scene by a great Finnish painter Gollen-Kallela, and still another dreamy, drifting thing of swans by Lennart Segerstråle.

The music master will lead his visitors around to these, point at them for a moment and often regret the light isn't right. "A painting is entirely dependent on its lighting," he'll say. "Each painting lives for that half an hour in the day when the right light awakens it."

Once, speaking of his home with its dignified, comfortable, uncluttered air, he remarked, "Sorrow makes home a home. It is as though a man might forget those deep rich happy moments he knows with his family. But all the difficulties, all the sorrows which through long life and the multiplying years, we share among our own, give birth to our love of our home. We—why, we've lived at Ainola for 40 years." The significance lay in the suggestion.

As a matter of lifetime habit, Sibelius only begins to work after dinner. But he may go on until four in the morning in his bare, wide, upstairs workroom. Even when not working, he never retires before one. He will work long hours for days, only seldom confirming chords and sequences on the piano.

Though he still works consistently, no one outside of his wife knows what he is working at. And she is as silent as a mountain, as the Finns say. His last known work written in 1929 was a concerto for violin and piano. It has not been published. (His concerto in D minor for violin and orchestra is one of the world masterpieces, heard often with symphonies here.) His last published symphony came out in 1927. His last public appearance was just before the bitter Finnish winter war of 1939-40 when he directed a concert radioed to North America.

#### Introductions Last

As Karsh's second visit neared its end after two and a half more hours of work the Canadian photographer presented his host with the autographed Vaughan Williams symphony score he had been given to take along when he photographed that British composer. "I've listened to this composition over the radio and now I am happy to have the score," Sibelius said, cheerily.

Karsh had also brought Sir Ronald Storrs' autographed copy of his RAF books—Storrs had been a recent visitor—a box of cigars and a bottle of whisky from some Canadian visitors and a letter of admiration from the American music critic Olin Downes. These were supposed to have served in way of introduction. Karsh preferred to stand on his own feet and brought them out last.

To Karsh perhaps the most satisfying personal thing about the long meeting was that he had not wasted the great master's time. He had been given a thoroughly generous lot of it, in which to try to take a true photograph, and when he came to look at his many shots he found that the final shot was the great one—the one ap-

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M.M. 19

## How Karsh Got His Greatest Picture

Continued from page 9

fields beyond by a man-high spruce hedge. The main rooms face south, allowing in a vast flood of light.

Over the years, Sibelius (and an admiring nation) have added to his lands—mostly woods where he takes the walks he dearly loves in the solitude of nature or where he can sit under the birches in his chair made of roots watching a fine sunset.

There is a wide porch on the north side of the villa and here Sibelius, at Karsh's ring, came to meet him, smiling. Even at 84, Sibelius is a straight-backed, strong figure, with an almost patriarchal air. His hands shake a little since his illness, but his walk is firm, his conversation to the point, and often humorous. With Karsh he spoke part of the time in halting English, partly in much more fluent French.

Karsh said, "This is a very great moment for me."

Sibelius said, "Welcome. Would you have some refreshments?"

### More Power for Sibelius

He took his visitor to the drawing-room where a baby-grand piano and the simplified white nordic version of Louis XII furniture stood upon unpolished, unstained, pine-wood floors. Here and there an occasional Finnish hand-woven rug was placed to best effect and one of these, in muted colors, was hung on the wall.

They stood about having coffee, cakes and cognac and then Karsh took some 45 minutes to set up his apparatus.

Sibelius said, "Take all the time you want for preparation. I am ready when you are."

The electric current wasn't strong enough for the floodlights. Karsh, having run into this before, had brought with him an electrician who telephoned the power company and obtained special permission to tap the main line. After all, as the company official said, this was for a photograph of Sibelius!

For three hours that Saturday afternoon Karsh worked over photographs. The atmosphere was of good, jovial cheer. There were many laughing asides by Sibelius to his daughter (Mrs. Eva Palohelimo) who was there to translate, if necessary. Every half hour refreshments came and though the composer himself did not partake of much, he would insist on looking after his guests' welfare. Sibelius would toast with an empty glass, "You see, I never drink before dinner," he explained.

"He accepted the fact that I knew my business," Karsh recalls. "It seemed to me he was pleased with my direct approach, and complied with simplicity that carried great dignity. And when you spoke to him his answers came with thoughtfulness as though nothing was too small to give his full attention to."

"But," Karsh continued, "he was very jovial too. He pointed with laughter to the fact that his teeth were his own but for couple of missing upper ones. 'Je suis un jeune coquet,' he said with twinkling eyes.

"I replied he had every reason to be proud and that his touch of coquetry could not compare with Shaw's, for Shaw maintains that the best picture he has ever seen of himself is when he looks in a mirror. Sibelius promptly retorted, 'Moi, je suis un jeune coquet. Mais Shaw est un vieux coquet.'"

Karsh's routine was picture, conversation, picture, conversation. "I asked


him: Do you think music and the art of playing an instrument should be a compulsory part of all child education? He answered: 'Yes, perhaps it would be a very good thing but, on the other hand, there are some who have no talent at all. Such efforts would be in vain.' And then I'd take another picture."

Once when the photographer noticed that his subject was tiring he told a story about the Finns in a north Ontario lumber camp during the days of the Finnish-Russian war. Output decreased with the increasing bad news from the front. Finally the foreman hit upon an idea. He put "Finlandia" by Sibelius over the loud-speaker system. The woodmen doubled their output.


Sibelius gave a hearty laugh at this, Karsh reports, and said, "You are fantastic. One does not get tired working with you, for you generate energy."

Karsh says, "Once I expressed the hope that he wasn't getting too tired and he reminded me that it was not so long ago that he had drilled his orchestra for almost four continuous hours of rehearsal. I said I would very much like to have Dr. Sibelius adopt me as his son, since we have this energy in common. He laughed at that and replied, 'Vous me flattez.'"

The afternoon was growing late. Karsh still kept on introducing questions as well as poses (a great many of these) and Sibelius with unfailing courtesy answered. The photographer commented that since Sibelius had been described as the Beethoven of the twentieth century, did he feel special sense of kinship with Beethoven's music? "Yes," Sibelius said, "great deal of kinship."



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The party was ushered to a vast library dominated by almost a wall-wide fireplace, and offered grapefruit and sherry. Beaverbrook was in rollicking humor and joined Madame Karsh in recalling the naughtier antics of some mad, lusty and fabulous Armenian financier, keeping an impish eye on Karsh, meanwhile.

Said Karsh, sighting the camera, "Which do you consider the three most successful newspaper enterprises of our time?"

Beaverbrook: "Henry Lane's magazines, Wallace's Reader's Digest, and my own Daily Express." He went on to point out that all three had been started and were run by sons of Presbyterian ministers.

Between shots Beaverbrook would answer his phones. These, scattered liberally in every room, rang frequently. He would discuss editorial policy, make abrupt decisions. Refreshments were brought out to the terrace. He expected the party to stay for lunch. This was, Karsh recalls, gastronomically the most interesting meal he had in England.

The Karshes came away with some handsome shots, impressed with the attention and utmost care their host receives from his household, and with the tidings that Beaverbrook thinks Churchill will again be the Prime Minister.

In London Yusuf Karsh photographed those two amiable enemies Sir Alexander Korda and J. Arthur Rank. Karsh conversationally asked Korda whom he'd like to be if he weren't himself. "Myself," said Korda, "at the age of 28."

"Would you not make the same mistakes again?" Karsh asked.

"No doubt," said Korda. "And more."

Rank said somewhat pensively that the only reason for not making films in Canada was lack of dollars.

Air Marshal Lord Tedder had to come in from his country place two hours out of London to be "Karshed." He had been reluctant to have himself photographed in the first place. And when he arrived, at 8.30 a.m. a few minutes late for the appointment, he introduced himself crisply, thus: "Here

I am, 8.30, and I am late and I hate your guts." Karsh had particularly wanted to get this picture because, when he was compiling his "Faces of Destiny" collection, Tedder had always been on operations.

So the Karshes, their Chrysler, and their vast amount of luggage wandered through Britain and the Continent for the three golden months of the past summer. There was little rain, much sun, and an incredible number of celebrities and men of significance to welcome them. There were memorable occasions from Ainola in the north to Vatican in the south.

#### Reunion in a Monastery

But perhaps the simplest memory will keep the warmest in the heart of Yusuf Karsh, the boy from Armenia, now man from Canada.

En route from Rome to Venice Karsh decided on a short pause at the Adriatic Island of San Lazzaro, for George Mardikian of San Francisco had told him that there lived there in an Armenian Monastery a priest from Mardin, the town where Karsh was born.

The two townsmen met by the still, white chapels on the vine-green island with the Adriatic breeze scudding the clouds about the hot sun. The quick, energetic Canadian, in his natty suit, and the slow-moving, long-bearded monk, his long robes swinging, hurried to embrace each other like long-lost brothers. "Yusuf Karsh!" "Father Sarkisian."

They remembered the Arabic they had always spoken as children in the mountain village of Mardin, they remembered the echo of the marmecres, and the taste of melons—there were nowhere in the world melons like the melons of Mardin!

Even after 30 years Yusuf Karsh could taste them, sitting there at the common refectory table of the sun-bright dining room of the San Lazzaro Monastery, having bread and milk. The peace of the place somehow bridged the years, and the sorrows, the struggles and joys, to that other world and other life that was no more and could never be again. ★



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It is a strong rugged picture with the monumentalism of the man coming forth in the stern outline of the jaw, the nose, the deep-set eyes and the thought-lined forehead.

In an odd way, Karsh has caught in the portrait the sound of Sibelius' music, the deep unanswerable call to the truths of eternity and man's longing for reassurance through faith. Something of the humanity of Jean Sibelius—his love of laughter, of children, of lakes at sunset, of sun over spring-flowered meadows—has been lost here. But the photographer has caught a more latent truth. Here is Sibelius' deeper heritage. Here the melancholia typical of his countrymen; the searching after that inherent quality which through suffering, love of earth, love of someone else, hearts' pain, might for a brief moment present to us the sense of God.

Karsh has always claimed that careful study of his sitter was an essential part in capturing the man and his most characteristic mood. Here was proof. He had done his work well.

The last thing Karsh remembers of his days with Sibelius is a small blond child, a great-grandson, who kept wandering around barefoot after the great man and who always crossed his hands when he looked up to address him.

"The little fellow expressed my own feeling," Karsh says. "Reverent and worshipful."

### The Unco-operative German

Karsh began his European tour in England, went to Italy (where he photographed the Pope), then back. With him were Solange, his wife, and Monty Everett, his assistant. The entire trip, except for the flight to Helsinki, was made by car, a steel-grey Chrysler he had brought with him from Ottawa. It was quite a sensational sight on the European roads, loaded to the last inch with luggage and photographic equipment and the three passengers.

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The party was ushered to a vast library dominated by almost a wall-wide fireplace, and offered grapefruit and sherry. Beaverbrook was in rollicking humor and joined Madame Karsh in recalling the naughtier antics of some mad, lusty and fabulous Armenian financier, keeping an inquisitive eye on Karsh, meanwhile.

Said Karsh, sighting the camera, "Which do you consider the three most successful newspaper enterprises of our time?"

Beaverbrook: "Henry Luce's magazines, Wallace's Reader's Digest, and my own Daily Express." He went on to point out that all three had been started and were run by sons of Presbyterian ministers.

Between shots Beaverbrook would answer his phone. These, scattered liberally in every room, rang frequently. He would discuss editorial policy, make abrupt decisions. Refreshments were brought out to the terrace. He expected the party to stay for lunch. This was, Karsh recalls, gastronomically the most interesting meal he had in England.

The Karshs came away with some handsome shots, impressed with the attention and utmost care their host receives from his household, and with the tidings that Beaverbrook thinks Churchill will again be the Prime Minister.

In London Yousef Karsh photographed those two amiable enemies Sir Alexander Korda and J. Arthur Rank. Karsh conversationally asked Korda whom he'd like to be if he weren't himself. "Myself," said Korda, "at the age of 28."

"Would you not make the same mistakes again?" Karsh asked.

"No doubt," said Korda. "And more."

Rank said somewhat pensively that the only reason for not making films in Canada was lack of dollars.

Air Marshal Lord Tedder had to come in from his country place two hours out of London to be "Karshed." He had been reluctant to have himself photographed in the first place. And when he arrived, at 8.30 a.m. a few minutes late for the appointment, he introduced himself crisply, thus: "Here

I am, 8.30, and I am late and I hate your guts." Karsh had particularly wanted to get this picture because, when he was compiling his "Faces of Destiny" collection, Tedder had always been on operations.

So the Karshes, their Chrysler, and their vast amount of baggage wandered through Britain and the Continent for the three golden months of the past summer. There was little rain, much sun, and an incredible number of celebrities and men of significance to welcome them. There were memorable occasions from Ainola in the north to Vatican in the south.

#### Reunion in a Monastery

But perhaps the simplest memory will keep the warmest in the heart of Yousef Karsh, the boy from Armenia, now man from Canada.

En route from Rome to Venice Karsh decided on a short pause at the Adriatic island of San Lazzaro, for George Mardikian of San Francisco had told him that there lived there in an Armenian Monastery a priest from Mardin, the town where Karsh was born.

The two townsmen met by the still, white chapels on the vine-green island with the Adriatic breeze scudding the clouds about the hot sun. The quick, energetic Canadian, in his natty suit, and the slow-moving, long-bearded monk, his long robes swinging, hurried to embrace each other like long-lost brothers. "Yousef Karsh!" "Father Sarkisian."

They remembered the Arabic they had always spoken as children in the mountain village of Mardin, they remembered the echo of the massacres, and the taste of melons—there were nowhere in the world melons like the melons of Mardin!

Even after 30 years Yousef Karsh could taste them, sitting there at the common refectory table of the sun-bright dining room of the San Lazzaro Monastery, having bread and milk. The peace of the place somehow bridged the years, and the sorrows, the struggles and joys, to that other world and other life that was no more and could never be again. ★



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peering on the cover of Maclean's this issue.

It is a strong rugged picture with the monumentalism of the man coming forth in the stern outline of the jaw, the nose, the deep-set eyes and the thought-lined forehead.

In an odd way, Karsh has caught in the portrait the sound of Sibelius' music, the deep unanswerable call to the truths of eternity and man's longing for reassurance through faith. Something of the humanity of Jean Sibelius—his love of laughter, of children, of lakes at sunset, of sun over spring-flowered meadows—has been lost here. But the photographer has caught a more latent truth. Here is Sibelius' deeper heritage. Here the melancholia typical of his countrymen; the searching after that inherent quality which through suffering, love of earth, love of someone else, heart's pain, might for a brief moment present to us the sense of God.

Karsh has always claimed that careful study of his sitter was an essential part in capturing the man and his most characteristic mood. Here was proof. He had done his work well.

The last thing Karsh remembers of his days with Sibelius is a small blond child, a great-grandson, who kept wandering around barefoot after the great man and who always crossed his hands when he looked up to address him.

"The little fellow expressed my own feeling," Karsh says. "Reverent and worshipful."

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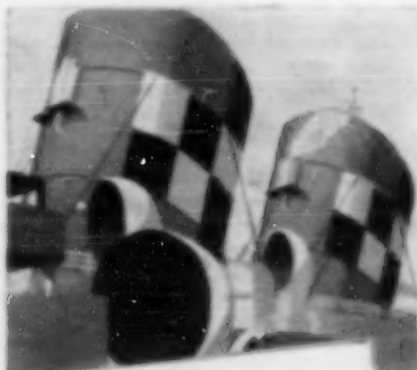
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today is often far more vigorous than  
his father at the same age.

Of first importance is the regular  
physical examination. Recognized in  
time, handicapping ailments can be  
dealt with before they do too much  
damage. The question of proper diet,  
of exercise and general personal reg-  
imen are matters for the physician to  
regulate for each individual.

There is no escaping the possibility  
of bifocals, hearing devices, artificial  
teeth, grey hair or no hair, as we pass  
into our 50's and 60's. Some disabling  
and incurable illnesses do come with  
ageing. These cannot be avoided. If  
they strike us the important thing to  
say to yourself is: "This particular  
illness cannot be cured and so must  
be accepted. Very well. What is it  
preventing me from doing? What can  
I still do despite it?"

That's the attitude of Elmore Phil-  
pott, a man in his late 50's, crippled  
by arthritis so that he has to walk  
stooped over with two canes, but who  
still manages to write a daily newspaper  
column, go on speaking tours and run  
for Parliament in New Westminster,  
B.C.

### You've Got to Keep Active

With the added leisure that comes  
with retirement there will be more time  
to notice the minor disabilities that had  
passed unnoticed when we were busier  
people. They made little real difference  
then. They will make little difference  
now if you fill your life with satis-  
fying activities that you have chosen  
yourself.

**Still Belonging to the Community—**  
As long as we live we need to be  
needed. However, as the years pass,  
opportunities to be needed lessen in our  
family circle and in our job. If we  
are wise we will now turn to the  
community for that is one place which  
will need us as long as we live. When  
you retire all you retire from is your  
job. You don't retire from the human-  
race. No matter where you live or  
what your circumstances, you can  
make a worth-while contribution to  
community welfare.

Jackman Dudge, who is the retired  
general manager of the Bank of Mont-  
real, fills his days as Commissioner of  
the Boy Scouts for Canada. H. H.  
Norton, the retired traffic manager of  
CNR's Atlantic region, has recently  
taken over the general management of  
Playtime Projects Ltd., a non-  
profit voluntary organization formed in  
Moncton, N.B., for the promotion  
of recreational facilities for the citizen.

A more dramatic example is the case  
of Cecil Grosskurth, of Weston, Ont.,  
a greying man with gold-rimmed  
glasses who ran a dry-goods store before  
he retired. A volunteer member of  
Weston's volunteer fire department (he  
used to leave customers standing in his  
store when the alarm sounded) he has  
now devoted most of his retired days  
to its welfare. Says Grosskurth: "A  
man has to keep active when he's  
retired." He follows this rule himself.  
He's president of his church men's club,  
ran its auction for a war memorial, ran  
the Rotary convention for Ontario in  
Toronto, spent last winter collecting  
and refurbishing old furniture and has  
just been appointed liaison man be-  
tween Rotary and the Rotary-spon-  
sored Maphurst Maternity Hospital,  
in Weston. "I'm as happy as ever,"  
he says.

Here are a number of ways in which  
you can be useful in your community:  
You can take part in church activities,  
teach Sunday school, become a senior  
adviser in a boys' or girls' club, or in  
the Boy Scout or Girl Guide move-  
ments. There is always a call for  
women to serve as nurses' aides, for

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carefree... my week's washing done  
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**but a Bear  
for dirt!**

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at your Coffield dealer. Ask  
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greater operation for  
many exclusive features to  
be found only on a Coffield.  
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Coffield gives you. Only  
have the seal of  
"Certified Quality".  
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motor models.

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sanitised in the Sun-E-Day way with a  
Coffield Hamilton Automatic Clothes  
Dryer. Your Coffield dealer will gladly  
demonstrate.

# Coffield

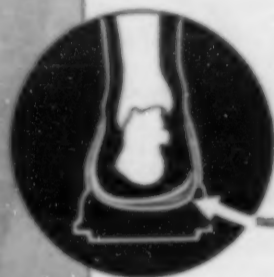
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## How to Retire and Like It

Continued from page 34

1. An activity to replace your job. It may be part time, may or may not bring in money, but it must bring in self-respect.
2. A modest income.
3. Fairly good health.
4. A sense of still belonging to the community and of being important to it.
5. Friends.
6. A half-dozen arts and crafts and hobbies.

These are in general order of importance. What each would mean for you, especially when you retire, is something that you will have to decide. The sooner you settle on the relative importance to you of each of these needs the more you increase your chances of a successful retirement some day.

I propose to consider these requirements one by one.

**An Activity to Replace Your Job—**No job should ever be allowed to take all of a man, possess him and make him its creature. He must find other interests besides his job. To make sure you do the things after retirement that you have often dreamed of doing, make a start five years before your retirement. Work out the main details of your retirement life, actually start on certain phases of it.

This ad which appeared in a New York newspaper a few years ago illustrates a common retirement dilemma of executives: "I retired at 48, five years ago, after 25 years of public relations work, with an assured life income of \$35,000 per year. I regret this retirement. I am in perfect, vigorous health, and I am tired of golf and play, and north and south resorts, and I find that my efforts at 'do-gooding' do not keep me keen and interested. I wish again to work, and work hard, at business. I do not, however, again wish to have my own firm."

Some men have solved this problem by extending their own line of work into their private life. Ex-Inspector E. C. Hammond, who worked with the criminal investigation department of the Ontario Provincial Police for 25 years, is a good example. After he retired a few years ago he got himself a private investigator's license and is now a successful private detective.

### Money Isn't Everything

B. T. Chappell, the retired general superintendent of CNR's Manitoba district, also licked the retirement problem in the same way. His favorite hobby today is securing traffic leads for the CN; he is now considered the No. 1 business getter for the CNR among those who are retired.

Prof. H. E. T. Haultain, retired head of the University of Toronto's mining department, now does research work into mining machinery on his own.

Many men make the big mistake of thinking that retirement means abandoning all the activities and interests, all the clubs and organizations that they knew before. But growing older is not a question of withdrawal and abandonments. It means transferring from one activity to another, from one interest to another.

**A Modest Income—**Men have told me, "Just let me have enough money and retirement will be no problem at all." As a psychologist who has specialized in adjustment problems of men and women in the second 40 years I have found that when a man has given little thought to his future money alone will not lead to a good retirement. Yet we must prepare for the economic side of retirement.

There are no Canadian figures but in the U. S. 39% of people over 65 are dependent on public or private assistance. In Canada there are 229,158 persons over 70 who need the old-age pension.

Sooner or later we have to sit down and face as realistically as possible what our financial situation will be when we leave our job. Next we must make a major budgetary decision. Either we cheerfully accept a reduction in our spending—this may or may not mean a reduction in our standard of living. Or we maintain our overhead by finding some way to supplement our income from pensions, annuities, and so on.

A friend of mine, Pete Downing, found this solution: By the time he was 50 Downing's son and daughter were both married and out of the house. One evening Downing had an idea and presented it to his wife: "How about pretending I've retired now and that we have to live within my new income from now on? We'll reduce the budget and save the money left over, which can be an extra nest egg later on. That way, when I quit the job, instead of having to go from a higher to a lower standard of living, we'll be coming out of a lean period into one of plenty." They tried it and it worked out successfully for them.

### From Fiddle to Furniture

A concert violinist, over 50, during a nervous breakdown was urged by his physician to do something with his hands, like making furniture. The fingers that had been so agile on violin strings and bow had never been used for anything as crude as saw and hammer, but the man was willing to try. Soon he acquired such proficiency that he was able to replace in his large house every table, lamp, and wooden chair with modern equivalents of strikingly original design. He went on to make art objects of wood: trays, small cabinets, boxes for cigarettes and jewelry, for which select shops are offering fancy prices.

When Dr. George Meylan, former Columbia University medical director, retired after 26 years of teaching, he settled on his 200-acre farm. At 75, he grows 31 kinds of vegetables, 3,000 strawberry plants and 180 fruit trees, and in addition raises his own beef and pork and has 850 chickens.

I know a woman of 78 who retired 20 years ago. Ever since retirement she has been running her own shirt hospital. Taking in 300 shirts a week she has set up a small shop on one floor of her private house and employs several girls to help her. The business yields her a good living, especially necessary now that her husband is gone.

One grandmother, who had had four children and 12 grandchildren, was hired as a saleslady in the infants' wear department of a large store. Another, at 68, opened her own retail infants' wear shop and was so successful, her husband quit his job and joined her.

There is one important thing to remember: no person who retires should take his pension money or his savings and invest it in a new business. He might use the income from these funds, or a small portion of the principal under very special circumstances. A man or woman should go into his own business only after a great deal of careful planning, and only if he knows this particular business and has enough money laid aside to tide him over the difficult early periods.

**Fairly Good Health—**No one can guarantee that you will be in perfect health at retirement time. But is any one, at any age? Statistics show, however, that the 60-year-old man



1856



1949

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 MONTREAL • SAINT JOHN, N.B. • HALIFAX • ST. JOHNS, P.Q.

men to act as orderlies. You can become a member of the board of directors of the "V," the library, or other local institutions. You can be helpful in local politics where there is always a call for disinterested and intelligent activity. If you are a retired engineer with most doors closed to you you can now think in terms of larger vistas: public health, city planning, slum clearance, transportation and communications.

If you love children and your own have gone their way you can get a vast amount of satisfaction in taking everybody's children under your wing. You can help supervise children's play in parks, in nursery schools; you can read to them and play games with them if they lack parents or are confined to a hospital bed.

The key to success after retirement is this: how can we maintain or even increase the sense of integrity, belongingness, and usefulness that we had prior to retirement? Any man when he retires can be executive director of Excavation Spectators, Inc. But better than this is doing something for other people. Sleeping and lying in the sun would be fine if we could spend all our time doing this and still keep our basic self-respect.

### Don't Be a Rufus Jones

Friends—As we get older we need to work harder at making new friends, because the longer we live the greater the turnover in friendships. See what happened to Rufus Jones. Nearly everyone in the Excelsior Company where he worked was his friend. Outside of Excelsior personnel Jones had only a few acquaintances. When he retired the first thing he missed was the daily "hello." He began to visit at the office and at first everyone was glad to see Rufus Jones again. But they were busy and their talk was about the organization and the events of their working day. These interests were slipping farther and farther away from Jones all the time. After a while he felt as if he were no longer part of things at the office. Then he began to feel as if he were no longer part of anything.

Unlike Jones we should not limit our friendships to a single source, especially not our business or profession.

Retired farmers and businessmen in Bowmanville, Ont., have found an answer to this problem. Twenty-seven years ago a number of them found themselves gathering at a local implement agency to talk about everything from politics to raising chickens. This grew into a formal club, called "Wood Senate," which now has its own headquarters, a library of reference books to settle disputes, and 100 members. Inside the group there exists a core called "The Evergreen Club" made up of men over 60. One member lived to be 100, another passed on at 96.

There is one thing we have a tendency to forget: when a man retires he rarely retires alone. It is generally a husband and wife who retire. After retirement you and your wife will become more dependent on each other than ever before.

Where you live is important. In a relatively small community you will have more friendly and easy contacts with your neighbors than you would have in a large city. And it is wise to spend your retirement time where you have the closest social ties.

For city people, friendships after retirement present a different problem. You may know your neighbors (many city people don't) and you may have relatives with whom you are in contact; you may even retain some friends from your job—but these people are likely

to be scattered and it will become more and more of an effort to keep in touch with them. The most rewarding friendships you will make in later life will come from your postretirement activities and hobbies.

Arts and Crafts and Hobbies—However much some of our abilities may deteriorate with aging, the one attribute that remains unchanged throughout the years is the imagination. That's why it is so important that as we approach retirement we learn an artistic skill. Art is self-expression. The self that gets expressed is the important thing.

We will also need something else if we are retired: protection against boredom and loneliness. We need to do something with our own hands, our own minds, our own imagination. Arts and crafts are the best possible medicine.

We don't have to become an expert in any one of these. An art or craft is an avenue to enjoyment, a form of personality development and enrichment.

When Clifford Elvins, advertising manager of Imperial Life in Toronto, had a heart attack nine years ago, it took him away from work for two years. Actually, it was a blessing for it gave him a hobby which has enlivened his life since his formal retirement in 1945. One winter, on a trip to Florida, he picked up a few sea shells. Thus began an intriguing hobby which has led to a collection of 600 different kinds. It takes all of Elvins' time—for he must pick and choose his shells carefully, boil them and treat them with acids, answer the letters of fellow collectors who trade shells with him from as far off as Switzerland and Australia, and index his growing collection. At 70 he's vigorous and healthy and obviously a busy and a happy man.

There is no better insurance for a happy maturity—early, middle or late—than creating forms of beauty through the use of your hands.

Retirement can be a curse or a blessing. It can make you feel your usefulness in life is over, or it can open up new doors of experience and accomplishment. It's all a matter of planning; planning now. For if you live long enough the time will surely come when you will be faced with the question: now that my working life is over will the coming years be worst or best? If you'll take my advice they'll bring you a real second chance at life. ★

### Dead Centre

In summer, winter, spring or fall

The corner loafer's in position.

Not only holding up the wall

But buttressing a long tradition,

This geographic point, he's found,

Lets no grim thought of work intrude

And makes a perfect meeting ground

For latitude and longitude.

—P. J. Blackwell.

## The Canadian Family owes much to... Belgium



FOR OVER TWO centuries, Canada has been the land of opportunity to settlers from almost every country in the world. Much of our strength and vitality stems from this blending of racial and cultural heritages.

It is a matter of pride to all Canadians that so many races, without sacrificing their national characteristics, have united themselves into one great citizenship — the Canadian Family.

Gallant Belgium, whose poppy-carpeted fields of Flanders hold tender memories for many Canadians, has sacrificed much in the cause of freedom. Comprising two

distinct racial groups — the Flemings and the Walloons — she has given many of her sturdy sons to Canada.

Among them have been many distinguished figures in Canadian arts and sciences. The majority, however, specialize in agriculture and have done much to stimulate tobacco-growing in Ontario and Quebec. In the mid-west many have become successful dairymen.

A devout, thrifty and dependable people, they have earned the respect of their fellow-citizens for their contribution to Canada's progress.

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Calvert, Secretary of State to King James I, and head of the famous Calvert family, founded one of Canada's first colonies in Newfoundland in 1622. Calvert and his descendants fostered the principles of religious tolerance and democratic freedom and thus helped sow the fertile seed of democracy in the New World.

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Patented governor controlled motor delivers Full Power at all speeds. Beaters never vary their speed as batter flows out or thickens up whether set Slow or Fast, for EVEN mixing.

Enjoy new freedom from the tiring arm-work of mixing, mashing, whipping, beating, juicing, creaming, blending—and 101 other everyday meal-getting tasks. Only the new Sunbeam Mixmaster gives you all the special advantages you want and deserve when you buy a food mixer. So be sure the mixer you get (or the one you receive as a gift) is the original and the ONLY Mixmaster. There's only one by that name. Mixmaster puts that EXTRA deliciousness, EXTRA success into every recipe. Over six million enthusiastic owners are its best advertisements. It is also the mixer for which you can obtain such marvelous attachments as the combination Food Chopper-Meat Grinder, Hi-Speed Drink Mixer, and others. On sale wherever good electric appliances are sold. See your dealer.

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TORONTO 9, ONT.

New AUTOMATIC  
JUICE EXTRACTOR

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New AUTOMATIC  
SPEED CONTROL

A push button on one of the beaters turns bowl automatically keeping beater speed and bowl speed UNIFORM. You never need turn bowl or bowl down by hand.

AUTOMATIC  
BEATER EJECTOR

To the hand-meat drop beater. Individually, for easy cleaning. No pulling. No messy fingers.

PORTABLE

It's the only one of its kind.

## I Found a New Canada

Continued from page 14

a Canada that had come of age. Everywhere I talked to men who are thinking for themselves and for their own country, yet it was impossible not to be deeply stirred by the understanding which Canadians are showing toward Great Britain in her present grey unhappiness.

Most of the men and women whom I met were politically opposed to Britain's Socialist Government but they did not deny the right of the British people to choose their own rulers, nor has this weakened their basic affection for the Old Country. In fact I was discovering in Canada that almost forgotten human quality of tolerance.

Speaking to Canadian audiences I found myself in a rather complicated position. I did not wish to abuse Canada's hospitality by criticizing the Government of my adopted country and yet as a Canadian I wanted to speak what was in my heart and my mind. Again I found the greatest degree of fair-mindedness, not only in the audiences but in the newspaper reporters who came to interview me. I talked openly to the reporters and there was not one who seized upon some phrase which might have embarrassed me. It is true that the Vancouver Sun declared my speech irresponsible and malicious but then boys will be boys and even the Cronies will grow up.

I am returning to Britain with the firm conviction that Canada is a world power in her own right. Strategically she now reaches far into the Atlantic as well as into the Pacific. Politically she reaches out to the whole world. Canada has definitely come of age.

Yet beneath these broad conclusions are a thousand impressions which one could not dispose of in an entire issue of Maclean's. It was fun to reach Calgary on the evening of Labor Day and wander about the crowded streets alone, listening to the mixture of dialects and feeling the vibration of a city where the horse is still a feature of life and not merely a medium of gambling. I was due to go out on the night train to Edmonton and come back to Calgary to speak two days later so there were no kindly folk to look after me. Therefore, I stole into a cinema and, to my delight, saw what the Americans call a horse opera.

### Edmonton Goes to Your Head

So on to that boom town called Edmonton! There is no false modesty about Edmontonians. In the course of the day I discovered their city is the Crossroads of the World, The Gateway to the North and now the Oil Capital of the World. The audience at lunch was so lively and responsive that I had to guard my tongue for fear of saying something injudicious. Edmonton is apt to go to a speaker's head.

They took me out to the fabulous oil fields and we saw men drilling down through the earth to the bubbling wealth a mile below the surface. It was incongruous and yet dramatic to see the invasion of the oil derrick into the pastoral lands where farmers continue their ancient calling, almost oblivious of the onslaught of big business.

They are great romantics, these oil men. They told me that once upon a time, perhaps 2 million years ago, Alberta must have been covered by a sea, and that this oil is the result of the subsequent fermentation over the centuries. Who am I to deny it? But

how thrilling to see a vast new development of its kind with the brains and sinews of men pitted against the reluctance of the earth. And what a fortunate provincial government which can watch the wicked ogre of private enterprise building roads, erecting machinery and sucking revenue from the resources of the earth for the provincial treasury.

There is no boom in Regina, or at least I discovered none, yet the people there are also taking wealth from the soil even if it is not the kind that can be listed on the stock exchange. There is not a tree in Regina which grew by the will of nature. The people have planted them until Regina is becoming a city of lovely trees. And in the park that faces Parliament Buildings they have created flower beds that make one almost feel that it is Versailles. The Prairies are awe-inspiring rather than beautiful but the Regina's or Regina's (whichever is the right word) have made the prairie bear leaf and give forth flowers. As a lover of beauty I salute them.

The Canadian Conference of the Blind was meeting in Regina and before I left for my train at night I spoke to delegates for half an hour. There was a young woman with almost the loveliest face I have ever seen. Perhaps because she has never looked on ugliness she can only reflect beauty and sweetness. But the courage and cheerfulness of them all was at once an inspiration and a reproach.

### A Red Army in Toronto?

Since this letter is more than usually personal I must thank my old friend Judge (Lieut.-General) "Price" Montague for meeting me at Winnipeg in the early hours at the station and seeing that nothing was missing to ensure the pleasure of a day's visit. No one knows how the Judge ever got the nickname of "Price" but it is isolate now to start excavations into the past.

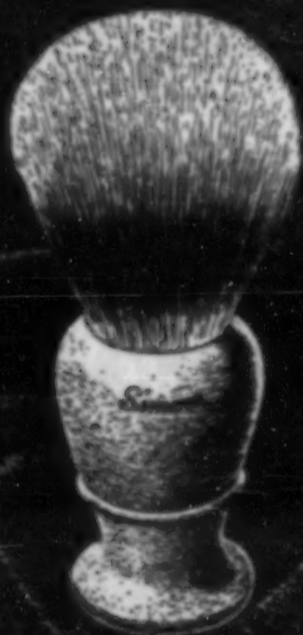
Something has happened to Winnipeg. It was always strong-minded and determined to air its own opinions but now it has become . . . not chic exactly . . . not sophisticated (for that requires intellectual weariness) but alert, self-confident and surprisingly smart. I don't want to start a civil war but when I stood up to address a thousand Winnipeg women they were the best-dressed crowd I have ever seen. When I mentioned this to some of my Winnipeg friends they admitted the soft impeachment. "You are quite right," they said. "Winnipeg is the fashion centre of Canada." They went farther. They said that if I would watch the shop girls coming out at 6 o'clock I would see that they are smarter than the shop girls of any other Canadian city. Unfortunately "Price" had arranged for us to go racing at the sensible hour of 4.30 so I could not deliver the judgment of Paris.

And now for Toronto, back to the old home town, to Toronto the Good and the Misjudged, to the Loyal, True-Blue, Orange-Ordered Queen City set like a glowing jewel in the sapphire waters of Lake Ontario!

Toronto has everything—beautiful homes, an island and a bay, golf clubs which delight and humble the spirit, churches which proclaim the triumph of the spirit over the body, a great university and a throbbing vitality. Toronto has everything—except a plan. University Avenue, intended by nature and man to be a second Champs Elysées refuses to flower, and not even the headquarters of Maclean-Hunter can soften the astonishing variety of architecture that marks and mars the avenue. To drive along the waterfront

Continued on page 56

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man  
who insists  
on a  
clean,  
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## Ordeal by Snow

Continued from page 11

Clark pointed out, "For you race characters to spend on trips."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing," answered Clark, "from your standpoint."

Art said, "The course is going to be set on the main hill. You ski that all the time. It'll be easy."

Jerry stared at Clark. "You owe it to the club."

That nettled him. "I keep my dues paid. I don't leave my skin in the hall. I turn off the lights when I leave and I don't throw rocks at paying guests. I figure that keeps me square with the club." He weighed the obvious scepticism in their expressions, and sighed. Sometimes, caring what people thought could be a dubious virtue. He wasn't afraid, but there seemed no other way to convince them. "All right," he said. "I'll race."

He had admitted to some mingiving when he learned that an unusual breath of warm weather had made the high face of Sky Point the only area in which snow conditions were suitable for the race. He had never skied Sky Point. He had never had a moon.

The mountain dropped sharply away, a perilous chute glistening beneath the pale rays of winter sun. The day of the race had turned bitterly cold. As he looked down that awesome plunge he gripped his poles tightly, feeling a numbness coming to his face and a stiffness through his legs.

A friendly gesture, a brief word might have chased that from him. It was only nervousness. But he had been alone except for the two thoroughly chilled officials who were too intent on getting him started to offer encouragement. He was the last to start down—and had fallen almost immediately.

He had floundered for fleeting balance, then rolled for a blinding, fearsome eternity that shocked the breath and wavering faith out of him. Cold and wet, he had regained his feet, only to sprawl and slide again on the icy facing. Panic ran through him as he felt a ski catch, felt the traplike grab of the mountain on his leg, felt the ski break free at the almost final moment.

He scrambled erect, still trying. Just once more, he thought desperately. In the next instant he had crouched quickly in an effort to regain control but was too late. Sitting in the snow, lungs gasping, humiliation flooded over him. He unfastened his ski bindings with fingers that shook. Head down, he walked heavily through the snow. In the group that met him stood Jerry and Art.

Jerry's face was stony. "If you were hurt, it would be different. You quit."

Clark had been badly shaken, and immediately read the expressions on Jerry and Art as speaking for the others. The contempt he saw hit him hard, but the fear still was fresh in him, at that moment overpowering his pride. He tightened his lips, and turned away. Behind him he heard Jerry say, "Did you see that? He just quit."

Someone else said, "It was pretty rough."

And Jerry said, "He quit."

If it had been merely a fear, he could have conquered it. But added to it was the shock of complete humiliation. Too many had seen and heard, and he placed value on the opinions of others. He was proud, and thus could be shamed.

He had brought Gwen that week end. Later, in the lodge, she had gravitated toward Art, who was flushed with his victory. Clark had taken her home, driving in a thick silence, for

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THE MAN WHO USES A FLASHLIGHT EVERY NIGHT



### POLICEMEN KNOW

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Men who test results insist  
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Here's PROOF that "Eveready" Batteries are packed with more power for more hours of brighter light. Men who use flashlights every night... men who know the performance of all batteries... insist on "Eveready" brand Flashlight Batteries.

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# NO "Pot of Gold" BUT... A WEALTH OF Extra FLAVOR IN THIS DELICIOUS COFFEE



● The "pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow" is just a fanciful description of the contentment we are all seeking. Wise people look for it daily in the simple pleasures of life.

For instance — you'll find a wealth of contentment in Maxwell House. For this superb coffee has extra flavor . . . a delicious, distinctive flavor unmatched for rich, mellow smoothness and full-bodied goodness.

Maxwell House adds enjoyment to all occasions when coffee is served. See instructions on the container for making perfect coffee.



SUPER-VACUUM TIN  
Drip & Regular Grinds



GLASS-LINED BAG  
All Purpose Grind

## Maxwell House Coffee

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*"Good to the Last Drop!"*

★ Contains choice Latin-American coffees for extra flavor  
★ Blended by Experts for finer Flavor  
★ Radiant Roasted for fuller Flavor  
Yet it costs only a fraction of a cent more per cup than the lowest-priced coffee sold!

Continued from page 54  
from the Exhibition Grounds to the foot of Yonge Street is to feel that the Red Army must have recently marched through.

As the heart and centre of Ontario Toronto has grown so swiftly that it is rapidly becoming like Los Angeles — six suburbs in search of a city. But perhaps Toronto is only having growing pains. We may yet see noise squares and crescents in the centre, with the City Hall surrounded by a park, with children, dogs and fountains, all playing at once. Our ancestors gave Queen's Park to the city and we should be humbly grateful, but I hope their ghosts do not wander on such festive nights as the 12th of July from College Street down through the centre of town to the waterfront.

But after all it is the citizens that matter and Toronto is well graced in that respect. Whenever there has been a crisis that threatened the survival of the British people the voice of Toronto has rung out, clear, dynamic, compelling. If the secret history of Canadian politics is ever written it will be seen how great a part Toronto played when destiny demanded an answer. Roll on, roll on, Toronto!

### Too Modest—the Maritimes

We motored to London, Ont., to speak and then made a detour to visit my old friend and benefactor Colonel J. B. Maclean who in his 87th year had gone back near Galt to spend the summer in the modernized edition of what was his father's manse. What a story it is—the story of the sons of the manse. It was good to see him mentally vigorous and as full of philosophy and anecdote as ever. I wonder if it is only fancy that makes one feel that they had more giants when "J. B." was a boy.

Next stop, the Maritimes; this time a mere flight between breakfast and dinner. I shall never quite get used to this miracle of wings which science has grafted on to mankind, but the airway system of Canada has no equal in making the whole proceeding seem as safe and natural as going for a walk.

The Maritimes are too modest. Travellers from Britain go to New York or Montreal and then turn their faces to the West, but I am not at all certain that the real enduring Canada is not in the East. The harbor at Halifax is a thing of beauty and who can withstand the fascination of a port that looks out upon the ruthless sea?

The past is not forgotten in Halifax. It lingers over the ancient city with the mellowness of sunset, twilight and evening star. The stately houses were not built yesterday nor last year, nor were the pictures on the walls ordered with the furniture. In quiet tones but with twinkling eyes Premier Angus Macdonald told me what I should have known, that Nova Scotia was the first colony in history to win responsible government. Here in this Maritime city there is time for thought and good conversation on topics that are ageless.

I hope that Halifax will take the statue of Queen Victoria which stood for so many years in Dublin in the courtyard of what is now the Dail. A few months ago Premier Costello of the Irish Republic showed me the spot where I had often seen it in the past and displayed some satisfaction that the little Queen was no longer listening at the doors of the Irish Parliament. It would be a grand thing if she came to rest in Halifax, if only to remind us of the frightened men who came from Britain in authority and planted the seeds of liberty and responsibility in this favored land.

A pleasant day at Moncton with a

lively meeting and then to Saint John. At the evening meeting of the Women's Canadian Club there was heavy rain and just as I mentioned Lord Beaverbrook the lights went out. So we all sat in the dark for a while until the lights came on, but I saw that I must go carefully with the immortal Max.

Next morning I was driven 90 miles to Fredericton. There is a magnificent driveway which stays by the river the whole way. For absolute, sustained beauty it is hard to think of anything to equal it. In some ways it reminded me of the road from Belfast to Portrush that hugs the seashore.

Fredericton is a miniature Ottawa, dominated by the Parliament Buildings, the University of New Brunswick and a very modern hotel called The Lord Beaverbrook. There is no un-trying to leave the Beaver out of any story about New Brunswick. He has given to the university a superb gymnasium, an extension of the library, a residence for male students and now a residence for girls.

Premier McNair came to lunch at the university in the quarters of President and Mrs. Albert Trueman and again the conversation was of timeless things. President Trueman is a man of fine purpose and much charm. The impact of the University of New Brunswick upon recurring generations will go far beyond the borders of the province.

We had a wonderful gathering of men in Saint John that night, an audience to make a speaker give everything he had. There was nothing that generosity or thoughtfulness could do that was not showered upon their guest during his visit.

• • •

Now I am in Montreal, that polished metropolis of superb hotels, of cathedrals and horse-drawn cabs, of the musical cadence of the French language, and the shop windows tempting the female eye with lovely furs. In St. James Street rich men are working late at night doing their sums in devalued currencies and wondering if the answer is correct. Those splendid Empire figures, the one-legged Brigadier Hamilton Gault, straight from the pages of Dumas, and the quiet-voiced Colonel John Gale gathered a goodly company of the Royal Empire Society this afternoon. This was an audience which gave its heart long since to the sprawling masterpiece of the British family of nations and we were of one mind.

It has been a wonderful experience to come home like this and I would be less than human not to feel honored by the official reception given to my wife and myself by the Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, for the courtesy shown me by Premier Frost in Toronto, and by the intimation that the Governor-General will attend the meeting the day after tomorrow in Quebec.

Yet these kindnesses and courtesies will have to fight for first place in my memory against the thousand glimpses of Canadian beauty . . . a full moon over the Rockies so dazzling that the cyclide were forced down like a curtain . . . a mountain stream of light grey-blue gurgling its story as it went . . . sunlight dancing upon the water against the misty background of an island in the Pacific . . . a solitary bark canoe on a northern lake paddled by an Indian stripped to the waist as if the white man had never come . . . New Brunswick's countryside crowned with garlands of wispy clouds as we soared above them in the plane . . . the lights of ships reflected on the water as midnight came to Halifax . . .

I have been home . . . among my own people. ★

"I hope you'll be comfortable. It's a big lodge. But if you'd rather be alone, there's a room down the hall—"

He saw her expression, and was suddenly stricken.

"Sometimes," she said gently, "I think you hurt people without knowing it. Even yourself."

He realized what she was thinking, and frowned aloud. "Pauline, it's not—I wasn't—"

"Force of habit?" Her tone was cool. She paused, and looked away. "I—I guess I wanted to be the one exception," she said, as though she were a very little girl making a very big and impossible wish. She sighed, and stepped inside, and the door closed softly in his face.

**S**HORTLY before bright midmorning, they left the chair lift and attached the climbing skins whose bristles would give them traction against the steeply rising slopes. Clark's heart pounded as he straightened and looked into the glistening distance.

They were below timber line. Closely ranged pine trees strayed in a green, ragged formation for perhaps a thousand feet above them. The route lay through these trees and up onto the hard white shoulder of the mountain. Along that open, higher path, disaster curled sleepily in the glaring sunlight. From the shoulder, rising into the forbidding peak of Sky Point, steep sides plunged away into pine-darkened ravines.

Beside him, Pauline said softly, "It's beautiful."

"Great," he said, without enthusiasm for the sight, or for the plan in his mind.

"Light and shadow," she murmured, gazing through the pattern of the trees. "Now say that's life," he suggested dryly.

Her face was sober. "But—it is."

They began climbing. Through several weeks, the snow had melted and frozen, and had settled well until it had a glazed appearance. It was not crusty, but more like shaved ice.

They paused to rest. Clark set his skin sideways into the slope, and sat on them. Tiny rivulets of sweat trickled into his eyes. His shirt was sticking to his shoulders. He said flatly, "Grim, isn't it?"

Pauline's smile was full. "I'll be stiff for a week. But it's perfect. Look at the trees down there. So green against the snow."

"Hit one of those pretty green trees," said Clark with a sidelong glance, "and you'll be stiff a lot longer than a week." It was effort to keep on with this, but he had told himself this was the only way out, and now he tried to believe it. "This mountain is treacherous."

"Really?" Her eyes clouded. "It's steep," she admitted, "but Jerry said—"

"Jerry's an expert," he broke in. "And you haven't skied much this season. But don't worry. Wait until we get to the top. Then, if it looks too tough, I can bring you down another way. It takes longer, but it's easier."

"Oh." She paused. "The road?"

He tried, but couldn't quite meet her eyes. "Yes. There's snow on it."

She was silent. "We'll see when we get there," he said, not looking at Pauline, not daring to look at himself.

**B**ADLY wished, they removed their skin on the narrow plateau atop Sky Point, and rested. Presently Jerry came toward them. To Pauline he said, "You'd better follow Gwen. She'll take it easy. Start slow, lots of turns; even snowplow, if you have

to—" He glanced at Clark. "Let's go."

"This might be too tough for Pauline," Clark said with a thoughtful air. "I don't know. I had forgotten how steep this thing was."

"Forgotten?" echoed Jerry, as though such a possibility strained credulity. He laughed.

Clark felt the blood pounding through his face. He said doggedly, "I don't want her to get hurt. It isn't worth it."

"But—I don't want to ski the road alone," Pauline said slowly.

It was his chance; the way out. Jerry and the others could never know whether taking the road had been Clark's choice—or Pauline's. He drew a breath.

Behind them, Gwen spoke. "It isn't so bad, Pauline. We'll make plenty of short stem turns. Let these schumbomers take it straight." She smiled. "I think they bring us along just as they can display their courage."

At that moment Art Polachek let out a wild, confident shout, and pushed over the brim of the chute. He dropped like a stone, snow powdering behind him in a wind-curved wake. Four or five others promptly followed, knifing in a slight arc across the face. Even to them, a straight plunge down Sky Point posed too great a test of skill and courage.

Cold despair coursed through Clark. Jerry said impatiently, "Well, Pauline?"

She looked straight at Clark as she said slowly, "I don't know."

Jerry stepped into his skin. At the lip of the drop-off, he called, "Don't wait too long, Clark. It gets cold up here at night!" The tourist shouted behind him.

Mildly, Pauline said, "I made a mistake last night."

Clark avoided her eyes. "About the room?"

"I wasn't thinking of that. It would be a good thing to forget—I told you I like your friends. I've changed my mind about one of them." Her eyes were calm and wise as they searched his face. "Do we take the road?"

The decision was his, just as it had been from the beginning. Her question hung between them like a wall he had built himself. Sky Point no longer was just a daring ski run; it was a challenge to his way of thinking, his way of life. The road, the easy way out, was just a few yards away. There could be other ski clubs, other times, other girls—Something told him here. You can't please everyone, he thought. And suddenly he saw the only sane compromise with living lay in trying to please only those who mattered the most to him.

His voice was strange in his ears. "You—you wanted to be the one exception. I've just found out you are—"

He turned with strong decision, and took position at the edge of the chute. He would have been a fool to deny nervousness, but a queer, relieved happiness was beating through him. Far below, a knot of figures was color against white. He knew without study that Jerry and Art were there, in a moment long awaited. He filled his lungs, then shifted slightly so that his skin were pointed straight down, inside the gentler arc the others had chosen.

A gentle smile touched Pauline's lips. "You're trying to prove something to me. You care enough to want to prove it—" She put a hand on his arm. "We can take the road, now. It really doesn't make any difference."

He shook his head, and managed a grin. "To me it does—if I fall—will you pick me up?"

"I'll probably get used to it," she told him softly, still smiling. ★



## Pets of the Party...

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#### MAGIC PETITS FOURS CAKE

1 cup sifted pastry flour or	3 tbsps. butter
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sifted hard-wheat flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup fine granulated sugar
and 1 tbsp. corn starch	2 eggs
1 tsp. Magic Baking Powder	1 tsp. grated lemon rind
$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt	3 tbsps. milk

$\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. vanilla

Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together 5 times. Cream butter; gradually blend in sugar. Add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition; stir in lemon rind. Measure milk and add vanilla. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture alternately with milk, combining lightly after each addition. Turn into an 8-inch square cake pan which has been greased and lined in the bottom with greased paper. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, about 25 minutes. Let stand on cake cooler for 10

minutes, then turn out and remove paper. When cold, trim away side crusts and split cake into 3 layers; put together again with a thin spread of Royal Pudding (made up in any of its flavors) or with jam; press layers together lightly. Turn cake top-side down and cut into squares or diamonds with a sharp knife, or cut into fancy shapes with sharp little cookie cutters. Spread with butter icing or arrange, well apart, on cake cooler and cover with the accompanying Petits Fours Frosting. Decorate as desired.

#### PETITS FOURS FROSTING

$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. plain gelatine	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
1 tsp. cold water	1 pound icing sugar, sifted
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup granulated sugar	1 large egg white
1 tbsp. corn syrup	2 tbsps. shortening

$\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. vanilla

Soften gelatine in the 1 tsp. cold water. In top of double boiler combine sugar, corn syrup and the  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water; over direct heat, bring just to a full rolling boil, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Remove from heat and stir in softened gelatine; cool to 120° (just a little hotter than lukewarm). Stir in sifted icing sugar and then the unbeaten egg white, shortening and vanilla. Place cake cooler of little cakes on a clean dry metal or porcelain table top; slowly pour frosting over little cakes until they are coated. When frosting has been poured, lift cake rack and with a special scrape frostings from table top and return to saucepan; heat over hot water until again of pouring consistency and pour over unfrosted cakes—continue in this way until all cakes have been frosted. For variety, frosting may be divided and tinted delicate pastel shades or a little melted chocolate may be added and the frosting thinned with hot water.



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Gwen wasn't much help. He didn't call her for a few weeks. Then his vacation had come along, and when he returned he learned with a slight shock that she and Art had been married.

He didn't care, really, but no one believed that. Somehow, the assumption had grown that Art had taken her away from him.

Pride wouldn't let him quit the club under these dark circumstances. He wouldn't race again, Clark knew. The dread of further humiliation was too great. He would rather let that memory rot and ultimately die. But he thought that at least he could straighten out this misconception about his feeling toward Gwen.

It was with this motive that he began bringing many other girls to the lodge on week ends. He would show them all that a girl was just any girl to him. The simplicity of his plan, while not original, brought him a casual enjoyment. Suddenly, however, it had boomeranged. He found he had acquired a reputation.

Before he met Pauline, he had managed to shrug it away with a wry hopelessness. He was beginning to believe that it did not matter what anyone thought. Trying to please others had given him only bitterness.

**B**UT now three years later he could not shrug that reputation away. It was there, even though it had no basis in fact, to hold Pauline away from him.

For a brief moment he could think rationally of the idiotic complexity of living. If he attempted to show Pauline how much he cared for her, she probably would think his motives were tarnished. Yet, if he didn't make the attempt, how was she to know he cared?

The thoughts of his sad and bitter time had flashed through his mind as he stood beside her, sipping the beer. He studied Jerry. It seemed now that the old, sharp feeling between them no longer was the only reason for Jerry's obvious hospitality. Jerry had been drawn to Pauline, too, to some measurable extent. And seeing only the immediate result, Jerry would like to discredit him—Clark drew a breath. A great deal more than a ski run, he realized, lay beneath the invitation to join them on Sky Point tomorrow.

Art and Jerry stood there, as though in a pact not to speak until he gave his answer. In this awkward silence, Pauline said hesitantly, "If you're thinking of me, Clark—Jerry said I could make it all right."

Art said easily, "Gwen goes every season."

Clark's voice tasted dry. "Gwen's a good skier."

Jerry turned to Pauline. "You can take it easy."

"The men always take it fast—it's a helluva ride." He flashed a superior glance at Clark. "The girls take it slower, but they enjoy it."

Her eyes were bright. "I'm just a fair skier, but I'd like to try it. It sounds—"

"Like fun," Clark finished shortly. He was certain she would not go without him, and the prospect of being left to spend the day with her in a knowing, shaming duel of strained cordiality struggled with his dread of repeating that old humiliation.

Even atop Sky Point, Clark remembered, there was a way out. Handled properly, he might salvage his pride and avoid defeat. Whether or not he liked the color of it, it was a way. He stared bitterly at Jerry.

"Ease up," he said. "We'll go."

**L**ATER, at the door of the room Pauline was sharing with three other girls, Clark cleared his throat.

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Information and illustrated literature from The British Travel Association (Tourist Division of the British Tourist and Holiday Board), 572 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont., M5G 1K6 or Room 351 Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, Que.

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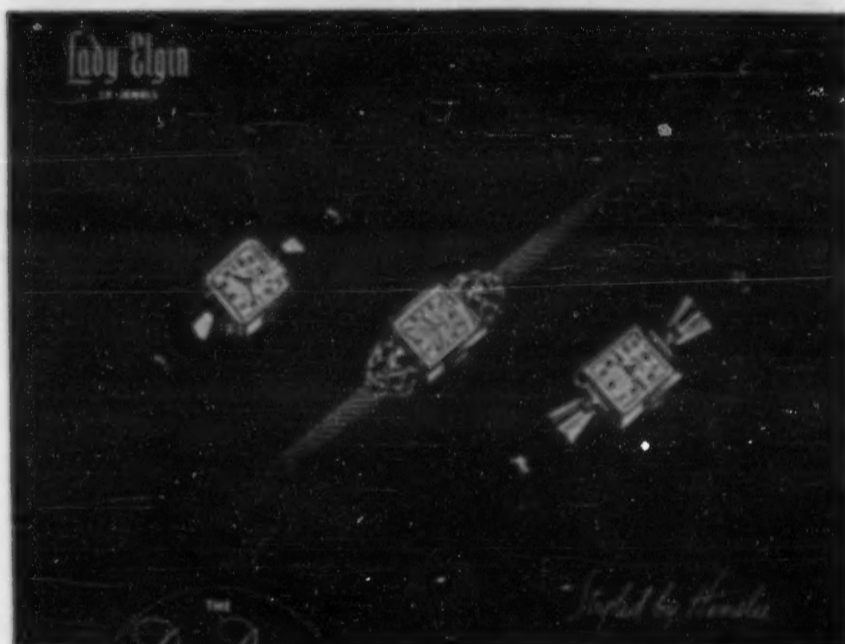
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## WHAT ARE THEY LOOKING AT?

At the zoo, maybe? The monkeys cutting up? Or has the circus clown just flung the world's biggest custard pie? On page 62 you'll see what made these faces light up

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL



Christmas party at her brother's home on Dec. 27, 1944, when she missed her bus by one minute. Police believed this single minute was all fate needed to push the Conroy girl into the brutal hands of her killer. They theorize that she accepted a lift from a man in an old green coupe which several residents later reported seeing in the vicinity; that this motorist drove her to an uninhabited section, hauled her from the car and dragged her up a lane near the Capilano View cemetery. Jenny Conroy was cruelly beaten about the head and face by an instrument that evidently had one sharp, one dull edge—probably a claw hammer—until both her nose and jaw were broken, her skull shattered.

How could such a bloody killing be accomplished without the murderer leaving clues behind? The weapon was never found, but two other pieces of evidence were: a bundle of blood-stained excelsior was discovered two blocks away (wrecks of excelsior cling to the girl's clothes), and Jenny's missing left shoe was found next day, miles away on a lawn in downtown Vancouver.

One puzzling item was an empty liquor bottle bearing a single fingerprint, never identified.

That a girl like Jenny Conroy could have been lured away for a hillside drinking party while en route to a family dinner seemed ridiculous.

Excelsior, shoe, bottle—neither these nor an exhaustive check of every car of the suspected make and model ever led police to the killer of Jenny Conroy. And that man may live in West Vancouver today.

That so many killers are free to share restaurant tables, bus and train seats with their unsuspecting fellow citizens is certainly due to no lack of effort on the part of municipal and provincial homicide squads.

Quebec police, for instance, undoubtedly had plenty of current crime to keep them busy in 1943 when they were suddenly presented with an unidentified skeleton, obviously that of a corpse of long standing.

The skeleton was dug up by a startled farmer in the cellar of a farmhouse near St. Hubert, across the river from Montreal.

Police called in Quebec medico-legal expert Dr. Rosario Fontaine who did an amazing bit of scientific sleuthing and soon knew nearly everything that mattered about the corpse except its name. The skeleton, he announced, was of a man 38 to 40 years old who had been dead about 27 years. Dr. Fontaine rattled off a lot of other vital statistics about the man's height, weight, etc., and then as a clincher added that he had two front teeth missing and must have had an ugly scar on his forehead (there was an indentation in the frontal bone of the skull).

#### But Was It a Murder?

Soon other investigators who had been talking to the neighbors around the St. Hubert farmhouse produced some corroborative facts: The house of the skeleton had many years before been occupied by an Italian immigrant named Luigi Stabile who had a brother-in-law named Carmine Festa. Festa was remembered as a man who had an ugly scar on his forehead, was missing two front teeth and who would have been about 40 years of age in 1916. And, come to think of it, he seemed to have disappeared about that time.

A daughter of Carmine Festa was located in Montreal and she provided a few other interesting details: The Festa family had migrated to Canada in 1915 and had lived for a time with brother-in-law Luigi and Mrs. Stabile

before obtaining a home of their own just across the railway tracks. From among the vivid memories of her girlhood in a new country the daughter recalled in 1916 seeing her father and her aunt, Mrs. Stabile, close together in a bedroom.

And even more clearly she remembered seeing her father enter the Stabile home one day about a month later, after which, she swore, she had never seen him again.

Police found and arrested Luigi Stabile, now a 60-year-old farmer living peacefully among his neighbors in Ville St. Pierre, just west of Montreal, and charged him with murder. A jury found him guilty and he was sentenced to be hanged, but 15 days before the scheduled execution the Court of Appeals acquitted him. The appeal judges upheld the defense contention that the police were unable to offer any convincing evidence on how Carmine Festa met death. They could show no murder at all, let alone implicate any particular person.

Luigi Stabile went free and the bones of his brother-in-law were quietly placed in a cemetery.

Loose use of the word "unsolved" has been a touchy point with Ontario Provincial Police ever since two years ago when its Queen's Park headquarters handed the newspapers a list of 102 killings and their disposition. Left to do its own scoring, one paper toted up 45 "unsolved" cases. Police considered this unfair since 17 of the 45 were cases in which alleged murderers had been tried and acquitted—and, generally speaking, every police force writes off such cases unless some new and striking piece of evidence turns up.

#### Hot Tips Which Hinder

Since that time the Ontario provincial squad has declined to issue further lists, but in recently checking its files came up with a total of 180 murders investigated between January, 1938, and June, 1949, only 31 of which are "unaccounted for" in the pure, or police, sense.

Ontario has had a good many more than 180 killings in this time, however, for provincial police figures do not include cases investigated by municipal authorities. A careful check of Toronto newspaper files reveals a total of 285 killings recorded from 1938-48 inclusive. From these crimes 112 killers are on the loose. Twenty-five of them have served prison sentences for manslaughter but have since been released; in 47 other cases charges were laid but ended in acquittal; while in 40 cases no arrests have ever been made—the kind even police call "unsolved."

Police are sometimes helped, but too often hindered, in their hunt for a killer by the hot tips brought them by private citizens. The robber or robber who shagged Fred Oliver, night watchman in an Edmonton garage, then hacked at his face with an ice chopper and finally hurled his lifeless body down the basement stairs, must still be chuckling at the unexpected aid they received from unwitting citizens who sent police on so many wild-goose chases that their own trail was never uncovered.

Bulging files on the Oliver case testify that Edmonton police have interviewed 500 people in the 11 years since the brutal killing (committed for a cash return of \$42). Some of the more frustrating samples:

Interview with an Edmonton woman who said her husband had committed the murder and fled. Police finally located him in Eastern Canada (possibly her chief aim in turning informer), found that he had also been far from Edmonton the night of the murder.

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## Is There a Killer in the Crowd?

Continued from page 15

word itself is frowned upon) for fear of "unfair comparisons" and there are literally hundreds of separate provincial and municipal police offices across the country, each of which records only crimes committed in its own bailiwick.

The DRS murder tables do tell us that of 477 murder charges laid in Canada from 1938-48, 225 resulted in acquittals. Newfoundland figures add 14 murder charges and seven acquittals to the Dominion total. Yet because 232 persons were found not guilty 232 killings cannot be wiped from the record, so for a start we know that at least the persons who really did commit the crimes are still at large. This figure does not take into account cases in which murder charges have been reduced to manslaughter and the convicted killers, having served short prison terms, are once again free. And what of the killings in which no arrests are ever made?

Checking carefully with municipal and provincial police forces and combing the files of local newspapers Maclean's correspondents have found record of at least 35 "manslaughter killers" and of at least 50 unsolved slayings. Together these figures produce that previously mentioned total of 317 killers at large.

No one can know how many other murders have never been detected.

### A Body in the Bush

Some years ago a body was found hanging from a tree just off the highway in the Sir Harry Oakes estate at Niagara Falls. It seemed an obvious suicide and would have stayed that way on police books except that a few months later a vengeance-seeking woman came to police with the story that in reality the "suicide" had been killed in a drunken fight with "her man" who had hanged the victim by his own belt in an attempt to conceal the crime. It would have been a 100% successful try

had he not jilted the one woman who knew. This killer served his time for manslaughter—but how many other "suicides" only seem that way?

Equally disturbing is a case which received only brief notice when it appeared in Western Ontario papers in the spring of 1938. A man's body was found lying in the bush, near Guelph, a pair of trousers knotted around the neck. Not only was no clue ever found to the killer, the dead man was never identified. Murder will out, they say—yet men can vanish and never be missed.

The sex killing has been called the easiest kind of murder to solve for this killer does stand out from normal men—although not in physical appearance. The sex killer has psychologically abnormal characteristics and often reveals himself in advance to police by exhibitionism or molesting young children. Every efficiently organized police force keeps a file of known sex deviates who are quickly rounded up in the event of such a murder and their whereabouts at the time of the crime established.

### Left Shoe on a Lawn

Such tactics have stood Toronto police in good stead in several notorious slayings, but they don't always work. Recall the horrible murder of 13-year-old Arlene Anderson, two years ago. The child was a cerebral palsy cripple who couldn't even cry out for help when her unknown attacker raped and strangled her in a field near her home. And Torontonians were shocked again when detectives, explaining the difficulty of checking on all known perverts in a hurry, revealed that police files listed no fewer than 915 such men in the district. Two of Montreal's six unsolved slayings since 1941 have also been in this category.

Even more difficult to solve are the violent killings which suggest an unbalanced mind yet in which no sexual attack occurs. Such was the only murder ever to occur in the peaceful residential suburb of West Vancouver.

Twenty-five, tall and pretty, Jenny Conroy was found for a belated

## HERE'S WHAT THEY ARE LOOKING AT

(Continued from page 61)



YES, THEY ARE looking at themselves. Photographer Bell got himself set up in a private booth at the Marconi television exhibit at the Canadian National Exhibition and focused on a telescreen specially tuned in for the stunt. CNE visitors had a load of fun seeing themselves appear on a screen directly under the telecamera (above), didn't know that Bell was getting, and photographing, the same program.



## Murder in the Nursery

Poetry's Little Willie spilled gallons of gore.  
Mother said, "Now, Willie, mind the clean floor"

By DOROTHY RICKARD

**L**ITTLE WILLIE, that rollicking roisterer of the past generation, while a purely literary character of the world of *belles lettres*, was as well known about the turn of the century as halibut is today—and just as useful.

For a time it appeared that everyone who could lay claim to owning a quill was employing it to immortalize the deeds of Little Willie in word and rhyme. Little Willie, alone and single-handed, seems to have annihilated about half the number of persons killed during the Battle of Waterloo.

However, unlike the generals of that famed battle, Willie waged his wars upon his most intimate circle of family, friends and neighbors for the most part. Although on at least one occasion he did extend himself:

Little Willie, a Canadian,  
Bombed the London Palladium.  
His mother said, above her screams,  
"He's really nicer than he seems."

For the most part, though, Little Willie abandoned mass murders for cosy family mayhem:

Willie scalped his baby brother,  
Left him lying hairless.  
"Willie," said his worried mother,  
"You are getting careless."

But William really reached climactic peaks of ingenuity when killing off his many sisters:

Little Willie, in disguise,  
Plucked out both his sister's eyes.  
Stepped on them to make them pop.  
Mother said, "Now, Willie, stop."

Although Willie, ruthless rapscallion though he was, is always assigned the role of hero in the many verses penned about him, it is mother, who time and time again emerges as the protagonist

of his little histories. While not a particularly able student of the King's English, mother must certainly have been the shining light in her classes in child psychology. *Viz:*

Little Willie poached his sister  
On the kitchen range.  
"My," said mother, coming in,  
"Don't the room smell strange?"

She also displays a rather broader sense of humor than is recommended by the current crop of educators teaching courses in perestroika:

Willie, with a thirst for gore,  
Nailed his sister to the door.  
Mother said, with humor quaint,  
"Willie dear, don't scratch the paint."

But who is to say mother was wrong? For she, and she alone of all of Willie's relatives, lived to attend her favorite child's funeral services. Still and all, there were occasions when even her patience was tried:

Willie held his sister, Grace,  
And poured acid on her face.  
His mother gave her son a cuff  
And said, "Willie, that's enough."

Learning his lesson from that Willie chose the great outdoors for his next ally into soricide:

Willie heard his sister scream;  
Went and threw her in the stream.  
Said her wails were too absurd,  
"Children should be seen, not heard."

The question of who wrote the first tender blossom of Little Willie poetry is a moot one. Some bibliophiles point as far back as the New England Puritans' descendants of the 1850's. During those years it was the progressive thought of New Englanders that erring youth should be corrected by



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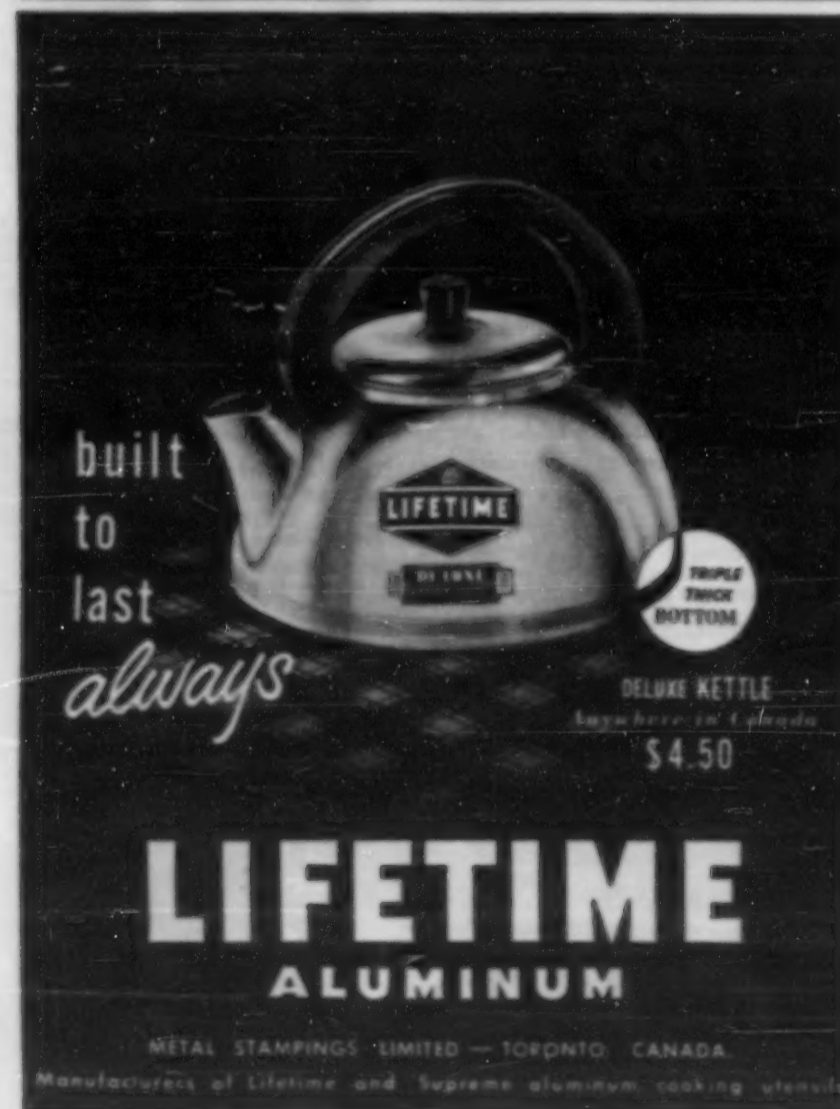
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Interview with a Lethbridge girl who boasted she knew plenty about the Oliver case. City police returned the 500 miles to Edmonton, tapping their foreheads significantly.

More than two years after the killing another hot tip that seemed to stand up led police to issue warrants for the arrest of two men, one of whom was trailed far into the States before it was decided these weren't the right "wanted" either.

Another suspect, questioned at length but without definite result, joined the Army and met death in the war. Police would like to be sure that he was the right man, that one killer is out of the way, but . . .

As if killings didn't already offer police sufficient headaches, higher courts in Ontario have in recent years voiced criticism of the standard police technique of holding suspects on "nominal" charges, such as vagrancy, before laying a more serious charge. Quebec police get around this difficulty with the aid of a clause in the provincial coroner's act which enables them to have anyone connected with a case held as a material witness for an inquest. Thus a murder suspect often finds himself declared criminally responsible for a death by a coroner's jury before he's even charged with the crime.

#### The Lovers at the Lake

While lacking this device Ontario authorities seem to have developed a technique of their own for using the coroner's inquest to put headline-making cases before the court of public opinion when they are unable to lay charges before a more formal judicial body.

Thus the sensational Kettlewell case of 1947, in which a bride mysteriously drowned in a few inches of water on a honeymoon which was chaperoned by her husband's pal. This case was so well and truly aired at a coroner's inquest in the Northern Ontario town of Bracebridge that railroads equipped dining cars as extra telegraph offices to handle all the newspaper copy. More than 100,000 words were filed to Toronto papers (considerably greater than the coverage given to President Truman on a state visit to Canada just previously), but the case was never clearly established as murder rather than suicide. And if it was murder, the slayer still walks the streets.

Toronto police adopted the inquest gambit with sensational effect later the same year in the Vigas-Scott double murder, the highlight of which came when one witness was asked point blank if he did or did not kill the slain lovers.

Thirty-nine-year-old George Vigas was a Sunday school superintendent and a family man who telephoned his wife at 5.30 p.m. on Wednesday, Sept. 10, 1947, to say that he would be working late. Mrs. Vigas later told the coroner's jury that on the evenings her husband worked he was usually home soon after 11 and she always waited up for him. But this time she waited until 5 a.m. before waking her 19-year-old son, George Vigas, Jr. Young George, whom his mother swore had been in bed since an early hour the previous evening, reported his father's disappearance to police. Also missing was an old-model coupe, which George Vigas had been driving the day before.

Late that afternoon a friend of the Vigas boy happened to drive through High Park and recognized the Vigas car; it was parked overlooking a little lake known as Grenadier Pond. The friend drove George to the park to retrieve the car and when the missing man's son first saw it he commented that the trunk shouldn't be locked.

Then jumping onto the back bumper he remarked that the usual rattle of chains was missing.

"There's someone or something in there," declared George Vigas, Jr.

A policeman was called and the trunk forced open. Jammed inside in a tangle of arms and legs were the bodies of George Vigas, Sr., and a young and attractive blonde, subsequently identified as 21-year-old Iris Scott. Vigas had been strangled, apparently with a cord, the girl had been choked by a powerful pair of hands.

Working back, police discovered that:

Iris Scott had been going out with George Vigas, Sr., several times a week for the previous two years.

The girl had at one time worked with Vigas and had once vacationed with the Vigas family; but Mrs. Vigas swore she had no knowledge of any more intimate relationship between the pair.

On the night George Vigas failed to come home the pair had been seen eating in a restaurant.

At 2.30 a.m. a couple sitting on a bench in High Park saw the Vigas car pull off the roadway and stop, and vaguely remembered that a man got out and walked away.

Where had the car been between supertime and 2.30 a.m.? Several citizens came forward to fill in much, but not quite all, of the missing chapter.

Vigas had apparently driven the old coupe to a north-end spot where a quiet residential neighborhood on the city's outskirts peters out into vacant fields.

A brickyard worker told the coroner he had driven past the spot between 11 and 12 p.m., had seen the Vigas car parked and four people arguing in the roadway.

Two young fellows who had been gathering dew worms some distance away related that at about 1 a.m. they heard a woman cry for help, followed by the slam of a car door and the racing of a motor as a car drove off in a hurry.

But perhaps the star witness at the inquest was Joseph Scott, brother of the murdered girl, who in response to long questioning admitted that once when Vigas had driven Iris home he had run out to the car and said he'd like to punch the married man in the nose.

Finally he was asked directly: "Did you kill Iris Scott?"

When he answered with an emphatic "No!" he was asked: "Did you kill George Vigas?"

"No, I did not," he declared.

#### In Seven Days, Five Die

That's where the enquiry left the case of Iris Scott and George Vigas—four people arguing beside a car parked on a lonely road, the bodies of two of them found stuffed and locked in that same trunk, miles away and hours later. The killer, or killers, may pose you on the street tomorrow.

Last summer Toronto burst into the national headlines again with a startling run of five murders in seven days. So far, arrests have followed in only two cases.

In August young Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKay were murdered in the same general area which seems to have been the venue of the Scott-Vigas killings. Could both pairs of victims have met the same brutal roadside prowlers?

And what would distinguish such a killer from the man who brushed your shoulder in the streetcar last night? The man who courteously held open the department store door for you? Or those fellows you noticed in the car next to yours as you waited for the light to go green? ★

While still another wrote of his death thus:

Willie saw a buzz saw buzz  
Like a bike and thought it was.  
Willie's corpse is full of nicks.  
Ain't he cute? He's only six.

And even the Auld Sod must have held wakes for Willie for:

Little Willie Hogan a thermometer  
found of tin;  
He broke the glassy bulb and  
the mercury swallowed in.  
The day after his funeral ma said  
to neighbor, Mrs. McGowan:  
"Sure, 'twas a cawld day for  
Willie when the mercury wint  
down."

Even his funeral was recorded for posterity. One heartless version of it going:

Little Willie's dead.  
Jam him in a coffin.  
Don't have such a chance  
For a funeral often.

Rush his little body 'round  
To the cemetery.  
Drop him in a sepulcher  
Beside his Uncle Jerry.

But the most complete saga on the death of the lad who made catastrophe a laughing matter is:

Little Willie's neighbors said  
They would rather he were dead.  
So, with whisky as a lure,  
They caught and drowned him  
in a sewer.  
(Though this rhyme seems worse  
than silly,  
It's a fitting end to Little  
Willie.) ★

## Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 14

rapidly from poverty to riches, is also cool. Premier Macdonald, of Nova Scotia, tends to be suspicious of Ottawa, even though he is a Liberal; so does Premier Smallwood, of Newfoundland. But at least, with Ontario friendly, the division of opinion won't fall along party lines.

Finance won't be on the agenda of the constitutional conference, but they are sure to come up. The provinces want some assurance of a tax field of their own. Ottawa has invaded, and virtually expropriated, the one kind of tax that the B.N.A. Act gives to the provincial governments—"direct taxation," of which the major example is income tax.

Ottawa, which originally was very sticky about this, is now ready to concede the provinces' point. If they want it provincial governments can get a constitutional amendment of their own tailoring to give them clear right to a retail sales tax.

Most of the things Ottawa wants are not so much provincial privileges as provincial duties—mainly social security. Ottawa would like the power to institute a national contributory old-age pension, something no politician in any field would dare oppose. Ottawa would like some place in the field of health insurance, though no centralized national scheme is intended.

But, of course, Ottawa's major aim is a monopoly of income and corporation taxes and estate duties. That's the financial peg on which all social welfare schemes hang. Wealthy provinces won't give up these rights cheaply.

Sooner or later we shall have the 1945-46 argument all over again and agreement won't be easy. The difference, and the source of hope, is that next time there may at least be a mutual desire to agree.

Backbenchers have been complaining for years—ever since war began—that Government business monopolized Parliament's time. This year private members got back their prewar rights. Three days a week, during much of the session, were devoted to private bills and resolutions, but backbenchers didn't know what to do with all the time at their disposal.

Over the last 10 years they'd got into the habit of sticking on the Order Paper resolutions, mostly about local grievances, which they knew would never come up for debate. The M.P. could always wave the Order Paper in front of indignant electors as proof he was doing his best.

Now the pecky things are coming up in the House and nobody wants to listen.

One afternoon last month private resolutions were the order of the day. Rev. Dan McIvor, a Fort William Liberal, proposed more government aid to prospectors; after a brief debate, he withdrew it. Gordon Fraser, P.C. of Peterborough, proposed fireproof paint for Canadian ships, and he, too, dropped his resolution after some discussion. The rest was silence.

Speaker Ross Macdonald called every one of the 18 resolutions on the Order Paper; not a single sponsor was present and ready to go on. He called all the private bills; same result. The House ended up debating a set of Government estimates.

It's fair to add that some members had prepared their speeches but hadn't brought the material with them. Nobody expected the whole Order Paper to cave in like that.

But one reason it did was that as soon as the Rev. Dan got up to speak the chamber emptied. This is no reflection on Mr. McIvor—it would have been the same with any other resolution. The grim truth is, no one is less interested in a backbencher's bill than another backbencher.

Except for sporadic outcries from professional French Canadians, Parliament has abandoned the Canadian flag. The famous flag committee brought in its report in the summer of 1946; it ran into trouble in the House, the report was quietly shelved, Parliament prorogued and the flag committee died.

Some of the voters haven't forgotten it, though. A steady trickle of designs and recommendations still comes into Ottawa, all channeled to Antoine Chasse, the Commons law clerk who was secretary of the select committee three and a half years ago.

The designs are as odd as ever. One recent example had an obese beaver squatting in the middle of a Union Jack with 10 maple leaves sprouting all round him. Assorted patchwork designs show red-white-and-blue or red-white-and-green combinations.

Mr. Chasse sends the designs back whenever they bear a return address. Resolutions in favor of this or that flag he acknowledges with the suggestion that they be sent to the Prime Minister or the Secretary of State. Occasionally this suggestion is adopted and the resolutions do arrive on the desks of those ministers. When this happens they are invariably forwarded back to Mr. Chasse; he puts them in a file marked "Flag." That's the end of them. ★

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Makes 24 Buns

Measure into bowl

1/2 cup lukewarm water  
1 teaspoon granulated sugar  
and stir until sugar is dissolved.  
Sprinkle with contents of  
1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal  
Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.  
In the meantime, scald

1/2 cup milk  
Remove from heat and stir in  
1/4 cup granulated sugar  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
3 tablespoons shortening

Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture. Stir in

1 egg, well beaten  
Stir in  
1 cup unsifted bread flour  
and beat until smooth; work in  
2 1/2 cups unsifted bread flour  
Turn out on lightly-floured board and

knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic.

Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening.

Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught and let rise until doubled in bulk. While dough is rising, grease 24 large muffin pans.

Combine

1/2 cup brown sugar (lightly  
pressed down)  
2/3 cup liquid honey  
3 tablespoons butter or  
margarine, melted

Divide this mixture evenly into prepared muffin pans and drop 3 pecan halves into each pan. Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each piece into an oblong 1/2-inch thick and 12 inches long; loosen dough. Brush with melted butter or margarine.

Sprinkle with a mixture of  
1/2 cup brown sugar (lightly  
pressed down)  
1/2 cup chopped pecans

Beginning at a 12-inch edge, roll up each piece loosely, like a jelly roll. Cut into 1-inch slices. Place a cut-side up, in prepared muffin pans. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 20 minutes. Turn out of pans immediately and serve hot, or reheated.





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rational admonition, not by irrational violence.

In order to point up this theory of patience over punishment, and incidentally to ridicule its proponents, several verses were composed, the following of which is an example:

Sammy lighted a lucifer match,  
And with it set fire to a farmer's  
thatch;  
The farmer's house to the ground  
was brought;  
"Sam," said the farmer, "you  
didn't ought."

The composition of such verses then suffered a lull until about 25 years later when, in 1874, Max Adler, whose name was actually Charles Heber Clark, chose as hero of his book of prose a man named Simmer. It was Simmer's job to write a daily obituary column for a newspaper. This column was to be written in poetry with the purpose of cheering up the family of the deceased. About four such verses as the one following appeared the first morning:

Four doctors tackled Johnny Smith,  
They blistered and they bled him  
With aquila and antiphlogistic pills  
And ipsoe they fed him.

They stirred him up with calomel;  
They tried to move his liver;  
But all in vain—his little soul  
Was wafted o'er the river.

The first column was also the last one for Mr. Simmer. However, some of the literary works credited to him and dealing originally with Little Alexander or other nonexistent characters masquerade as Little Willie today.

Far and away the most prolific creator of the archetype of Little Willie was Harry Graham, who wrote under the nom de plume of Col. D. Streamer. In 1902 the good Colonel brought out a book called "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes," in which appeared such verse as:

An angel bore our Uncle Joe  
To rest beyond the stars.  
I miss him, oh! I miss him so—  
He had such good cigars.

And this kindred rhyme which cannot be omitted:

Dr. Jones fell in the well,  
And died without a moan.  
He should have tended to the sick,  
And let the well alone.

In the above two verses can be seen the pattern plan for Little Willie, with its taste for adum and its surprise last line. Other than for those two Hoylian rules, the game of writing Little Willie was free for all. Quatrains definitely proved to be the most popular, but six-and-eight-lined verses also had their places and even a Little Willie of many stanzas occasionally comes to light.

Here, for example, is an unusual

five-line verse with a pun ending:

Little Willie, for a frolic,  
Ate a melon parabolic.  
When the fruit arrived inside  
Little Willie up and died.  
Was the melon melon-colic?

When Little Willie ran low of baby brothers, sisters and other family members he spread his talents to broader fields:

Willie poured some scalding water  
Down the neck of a neighbor's  
daughter.  
His mother thought this rather  
crude  
And said, "Willie, don't be rude."

When all of Willie's friends, neighbors and family had laid claim to their six feet of earth, Will played his pranks on Mother Nature herself:

From the spring poor Willie had to  
Water fetch each morn and night.  
Willie, to escape this labor,  
Blew it up with dynamite.

What they would do for water  
Willie did not know or care.  
But his heart was glad within him,  
For the spring was in the air.

But now come the dark days of retribution:

Willie found a great big pitcher—  
Jammed his head in, just for fun.  
Willie's still in central china,  
But of the Chinese he's seen  
none.

Far worse fates were destined to overtake this master of satiric crime. But in penning Willie's swan song to a laughing world, his biographers differ as to the circumstances surrounding his death.

Two of them agreed that his demise was involved with a pair of trucks, but even their interpretations vary. As note:

Little Willie on the railroad track  
Couldn't hear the whistle squeal.  
Now the engine's backing back,  
Scraping Willie off the wheel.

And:

Willie stopped a cable car,  
While standing on the track.  
It gave his system quite a jar.  
His sisters now wear black.

Sisters? Thought he'd used them all  
up long ago.

Others hold to the notion that Willie came upon his death while up to more boyish pranks:

A big bull pup with a spotted tail;  
A wicked boy with an old tin  
pail.  
He tried this trick, but it wouldn't  
do.  
They buried Little Willie where  
the daisies grew.



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IN THE DEC. 1 ISSUE

ON SALE NOV. 25

the behavior of the occupying troops has been good. There's little resentment over the issue that traditionally divides civilians and foreign troops—women. There have been no rape cases and the U. S. officials deal with paternity claims promptly.

For each incident of friction hundreds of opposite examples could be cited, pleasant acts of friendship far beyond the letter of the treaty. American boats and planes are used in rescue operations, American tractors lent for Newfoundland construction jobs, American theatres and social clubs thrown open to Newfoundland villagers. Senior officers on the spot are popular with Newfoundland officials, and they seem to enjoy their assignment there.

With a very small percentage of exceptions in eight and a half years, the thousands of Americans in Newfoundland have been treated, and have themselves behaved, as welcome guests. The trouble is that out of the few incidents that do occur far too high a proportion lead to nasty trouble. This is true, not because American soldiers are ill-behaved, but because the sovereignty and the dignity of Canada are violated by the terms under which they live. When trouble does arise it leaves a sense of national shame in its wake.

Take the case of Kenneth White, garage mechanic of Stephenville.

Last December 10, Kenneth White was a passenger in a truck at No. 2 Gate, Harmon Field. The truck backed into an oil drum. Nothing was damaged, but a U. S. military policeman named Raymond Samorra came out and ordered White and the driver into the gate house.

White told Samorra to go to hell—he was on the public road, he said, and no American M.P. was going to order him around. The driver did enter the gate house (emerged at pistol point, Newfoundland witnesses say, though Samorra denied this) while White stayed outside shouting insults and challenges at the whole U. S. Air Force.

Samorra came out again, revolver in hand. White was still talking, but didn't actually lay a hand on him. Samorra fired two shots into the ground; one bounced off a rock and hit White in the leg.

#### Held Incommunicado

White was taken to the U. S. military hospital where he remained for 23 days. Two Newfoundland policemen came to see him next day; thereafter he was moved into a private room where no civilian, not even his own family, was allowed to see him for several days. He was questioned during this time by the U. S. provost marshal's men.

Samorra was tried at court martial before White left hospital. White was the only civilian witness—U. S. officers say they couldn't call any others because Newfoundland police wouldn't serve their subpoenas, but in any case there was no one but White to challenge Samorra's account of what happened.

Samorra was acquitted; the court found he'd acted in discharge of his duty. White got out of hospital in due course, but before he got around to laying a civil charge, he learned that Samorra had been transferred away from Harmon Field.

Note that U. S. authorities acted wholly within their legal rights. White was wrong in thinking he stood on the public road—actually he was 30 yards inside the boundary of the leased area. The military court did have jurisdiction, a Newfoundland court none.

But the U. S. paid a stiff price in good will for the exercise of treaty rights. Stephenville people think Kenneth White got a raw deal. Worse, they

think the status and dignity of Newfoundland citizens in general were outraged.

Technically White has recourse against the U. S. Government. He can complain to the Foreign Claims Commission in Washington, but his lawyer advised him not to bother. White is left with a deep grudge and a bill for \$49.50 from Harmon Field military hospital. He has no intention of paying the charge, but it makes him madder than ever.

White's lawyer was Gordon Higgins, Progressive Conservative M.P. for St. John's East, and his advice to drop the case was founded on harsh experience. Two of his other clients, whose claims looked stronger than White's, had tried the Foreign Claims Commission and got nowhere.

#### Gun Waving on the Highway

Both cases arose out of motor accidents. Both were accepted by U. S. authorities on the spot as the fault of the military drivers. Both were taken to Newfoundland courts, and judgments for damages awarded. Neither judgment has been honored by the Foreign Claims Commission and neither victim has collected a cent either of damages or of his heavy legal expenses.

An even more serious case was the customs incident which happened in July, 1948.

Michael Evans, a Newfoundland and now a Canadian customs officer, set up an inspection point along a road between two U. S. bases. This is routine practice, the only control over "leakage" of tax-free, duty-free goods out of the leased territory. Usually, as a matter of convenience and courtesy, an American military policeman goes along, but on this day all the M.P.'s were busy. Evans, instead of waiting until the morrow, went out to hold his customs inspection anyway.

He stopped and searched a number of cars, finding a few cartons of cigarettes but no contraband of any great importance. One, a light military truck, happened to be carrying a bag of U. S. Air Force mail. Evans didn't touch the mail, and let the truck go after examination.

A few minutes later a jeep drove up at high speed with a U. S. captain and two armed military policemen. The captain told Evans he was under arrest. When Evans' companion, Inspector Michael Cahill of the Newfoundland police, started over to see what the trouble was, the captain warned him off with a loaded revolver. Later, at a civil trial, the captain admitted he would have shot Cahill if the latter had not stopped.

Thanks to the good sense of Cahill and the two American M.P.'s, who ignored the captain's order to arrest Evans by force, no shots were fired, nobody was hurt. A civil action for damages was eventually tried in the Newfoundland Supreme Court before Mr. Justice Dunfield, who found that the captain, Emil Premeaux, had grossly exceeded his orders and authority. Premeaux was assessed damages of \$100 to Evans, the same to Cahill, and the United States Government formally apologized.

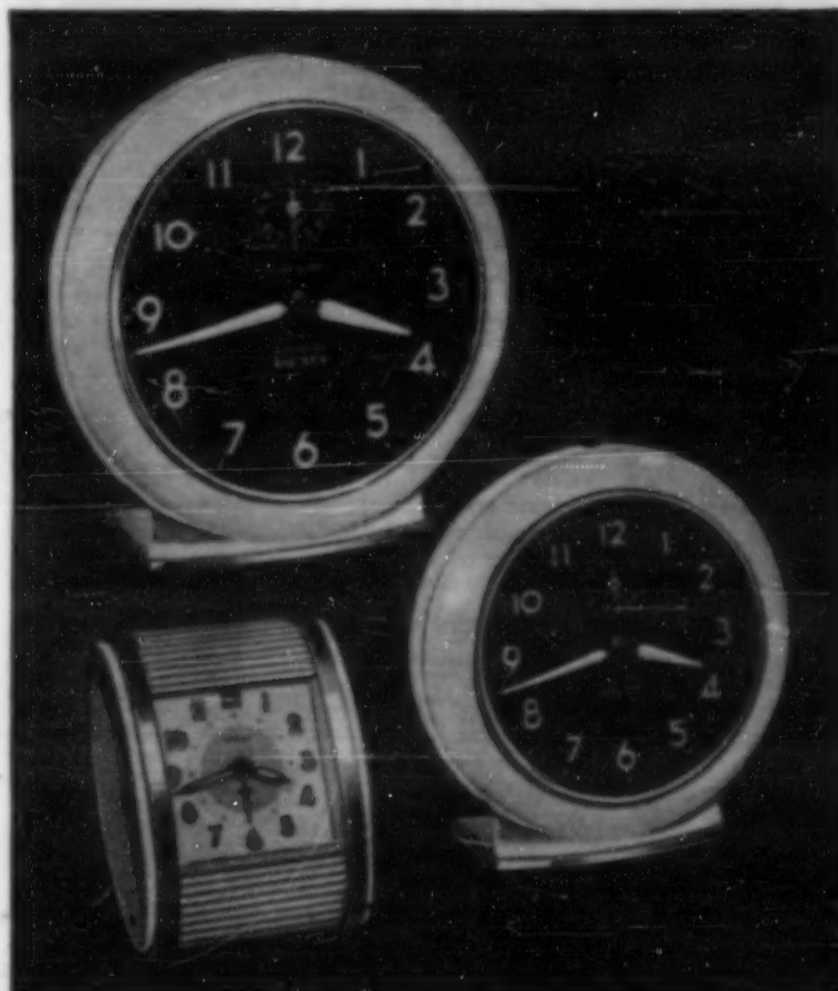
Nevertheless, the affair left a bad taste in Canadian mouths. For one thing neither damages nor costs have ever been paid, and there seems to be no way to collect—the U. S. Air Force has no appropriation for the payment of fines in foreign countries. So the Canadian court, though honored in gesture, is still flouted in fact.

For another thing, Premeaux pleaded that since he was a member of "friendly forces in Newfoundland, and



3 WONDERFUL WAYS TO SAY

"Merry Christmas"



#### THERE'S A WESTCLOX FOR EVERY NAME ON YOUR LIST

... fine Westclox Electric—smart alarm clocks and wall clocks for home and office, handsomely designed and self-starting ... stunning spring-driven Westclox alarm clocks—attractive clocks that fit the need of every sleeper, and ... sturdy Westclox watches for wrists and pockets. All are handsome, all are reliable. And they're moderately priced at from \$2.65 to \$14.95.

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## Where the Yanks Rule a Part of Canada

Continued from page 7

Force headquarters of the Newfoundland Base Command, lies just outside St. John's like a garden suburb—row on row of administrative buildings and comfortable quarters.

Harmon Field at Stephenville on the west coast lies along a mile of the shore of St. George's Bay and runs a little over a mile deep. It looks very like the U. S. military airports that dotted Germany at the end of the war, except that the airstrips are permanent asphalt. You see the same low, compact terminal building, the same cheerful young G.I.'s in service crews, the same coffee bar and newsstand with American magazines and tax-free American cigarettes.

Flanking the airport itself is a bright new settlement. Two pleasant little hotels house officers, civilian staff and official transients. Clubs for officers, N.C.O.'s and privates are all nicely fitted out—plain enough by urban standards, luxurious by contrast with a Newfoundland outpost village. The new base theatre, which looks like a neighborhood movie house in a good suburban district, is a social centre not only for U. S. personnel but for the villagers of Stephenville—everyone is welcome.

At Argentia, some 65 miles southwest of St. John's, the U. S. Air Force and Navy jointly occupy a bigger base that fills about four square miles. Each base employs several hundred Newfoundland civilians on construction jobs, etc.—they're a major industry in their districts.

These huge installations cost hundreds of millions to build. Estimates of their operating cost run up to \$30 millions a year, and an emergency would multiply that figure many times. They are vital way stations on the North Atlantic supply route. Last year they were busy servicing planes for the Berlin airlift. From Argentia the U. S. Navy ran the big exercise which revealed, among other things, how vulnerable a western navy is to the newest type of submarine. But like all military establishments, their main function is simply to exist in readiness.

### "Of a Military Nature"

All three sites were leased by Britain to the U. S. in 1941, the famous destroyers-for-bases deal between Winston Churchill and Franklin D. Roosevelt. For 99 years, here as in the West Indies, the U. S. got something very close to sovereign rights.

If they choose to exercise it, U. S. courts have "the absolute right" of jurisdiction over any offense whatever committed by a non-British subject within the leased area. If an American murders a Canadian inside the boundaries of the base, it's a matter for an American court.

Outside the leased area, anywhere in Newfoundland, U. S. courts retain jurisdiction when an offense "of a military nature" is committed by a non-British subject. The text of the agreement indicates that this clause is intended to cover offenses against military security—treason, espionage and sabotage are the examples given in the treaty. In the great majority of cases these terms are observed and ordinary civil offenses by U. S. personnel are handled by the Newfoundland courts. However, some American officers tend to class any infraction of the U. S. Articles of War as an offense of a military nature.

At Stephenville an American soldier

was recently caught committing what is usually called a statutory offense. Newfoundland police handed him over to his military superiors to be held for trial. When trial day came, the military refused to give up the prisoner. Newfoundland courts had no jurisdiction, an American officer blandly explained, because the alleged offense was "of a military nature."

Stephenville people see this incident as one in a rather long series of affronts to their pride and authority.

Another grievance, felt more by officials than by the ordinary citizen, is that duty-free goods are supplied to U. S. military and civilian personnel on the bases. The Post Exchange stores carry cigarettes at eight cents a package which cost 36 cents in a Newfoundland store. They also sell a wide variety of other goods, and in spite of strict orders, these tend to "leak" into the local population.

At Stephenville my taxi driver fished out a packet of Chesterfields—"They hand them out for tips," he said. To the soldier, eight cents is a cheap enough tip for a 50-cent ride; to the driver it was worth nearly five times that amount.

No Canadian income or excise taxes may be levied either on U. S. soldiers or on their wives and dependents living on the base. More serious, no American contractor on the bases need pay any income tax nor "any tax in the nature of a license." This means that employers on the bases pay no contributions to unemployment insurance or workmen's compensation funds. About 600 Newfoundland workers were laid off last month, so the omission is no trifle—they can't get unemployment insurance.

### The Yanks Aren't Rowdy

Every letter of the 1941 agreement, which neither Canada nor Newfoundland signed, is still in force, disputed by no one. Legally, Canada isn't a leg to stand on in requesting changes. Canada's argument is based not on legal grounds, but on the overriding need for good relations between the two friendliest countries in the world.

In the everyday human sense, relations between soldiers and civilians in Newfoundland are excellent. Some Newfoundlanders may speak wryly of "the occupation," but they admit that



## CITY STICKERS

Maclean's Quiz by Gordon Duxton

CITIZENS OF TORONTO call themselves Torontonians, people of New York, of course, are New Yorkers, and folks from Windsor choose to be known, according to their Board of Trade, as Windserites. So far, so good. But what do you think is the customary cognomen for inhabitants of the following 15 cities? A round dozen, even counting gnomes, is good going.

1. Halifax .....
2. Ottawa .....
3. Liverpool .....
4. Winnipeg .....
5. Manchester .....
6. Glasgow .....
7. Minneapolis .....
8. Saint John .....
9. Dundee .....
10. Los Angeles .....
11. Oxford .....
12. Vancouver .....
13. Calgary .....
14. Phoenix .....
15. Cambridge .....

Answers on page 71

done as contrary to U. S. Air Force policy. But the policy hasn't solved the grievance of the men who tried to build the union.

President of that union was a young man named Greg Power. He is now executive assistant to Premier Joseph Smallwood, a post of considerable influence. In future dealings with U. S. authorities his attitude may well be colored by his experience as a union organizer. Indeed, for this and other reasons, there is some anti-American sentiment in the ranks of the new Newfoundland Government and the Americans in Newfoundland know it. They hint that this is one ground for their reluctance to see any change in the present agreement governing the bases.

However, that excuse is a trifle belated. Canada first raised the matter of changing the agreement in Washington just a year ago, when negotiations for the entry of Newfoundland into the Dominion were concluded. Ambassador Hume Wrong took it up with the State Department. He was cordially received, but nothing happened.

On March 31 when Newfoundland entered Confederation the request was put in writing. Officially, the note is still unanswered. Unofficially, Canadians learned that the reaction among the colonels at Washington's Pentagon Building was decidedly chilly.

Last July Louis Johnson, U. S. Secretary of Defense, visited Ottawa with senior members of his staff. Brooke Claxton, Canadian Defence Minister, talked to them frankly and bluntly about the Newfoundland situation, which he regards as intolerable.

Mr. Johnson was taken aback; neither he nor his senior advisers had ever heard of the matter. When he got back to Washington there was a brisk stirring up of the Newfoundland file, and it seemed for a while that things were about to move.

So far, however, the motion hasn't become visible to the naked eye. Ottawa finds the State Department entirely sympathetic, and some individuals in the armed services equally so. But most of the U. S. military men concerned seem intensely reluctant to permit any change.

Ottawa is confident that change of some kind will come. Possibly by the

time this article appears, Washington will have answered the Canadian note of last March with some proposals. Ottawa will make counterproposals; bit by bit, over the next few months, a compromise may be worked out.

What does Canada want?

Canada would like the same relations in Newfoundland as exist in Churchill or any other military base in Canada. There, visiting U. S. forces are simply guests of Canada. Under the Visiting Forces Act of 1947 they retain full rights of military discipline over their own personnel. They may also, when Canada is willing, try their own men for violations of Canadian law. But if Canada wants to take the case, Canada has the prior right. The basic sovereignty of Canadian courts, which is the sovereignty of Canada as a nation, remains unchallenged.

The Visiting Forces Act has worked with perfect harmony from the point of view of both countries. Not a single case has led to any sort of trouble; co-operation has been perfect.

#### Program for Peace

Admittedly, the situation in Newfoundland is not the same. Canada owns Churchill, and every other base on Canadian soil. Canada bought out all American military establishments in this country after the war for \$77 millions cash. The Newfoundland bases, on the other hand, are exclusively American establishments run at American cost.

To buy out the Newfoundland bases, even if the Americans were willing to sell, would be a major commitment which the Canadian Government has no wish to undertake. Ottawa definitely does not want the Americans to pull out of Newfoundland.

Another alternative would be joint operation. Let the United States carry part of the load, preferably a major part, but let Canada take a share. The American services don't want this (they prefer to run their own show when it's as big and important as the Newfoundland bases) and so far Canada hasn't suggested it either. Even a share in an operation of this size might expand, in an emergency, into a huge bite out of what Canada spends on defense. Moreover, there would be occasions, such as the Berlin airlift, when the United States would be using the bases for an operation in which Canada has no direct part.

There are Canadians who strenuously disagree with the Government's point of view and believe that joint operation of some kind is the only solution which will adequately safeguard Canadian sovereignty.

Ottawa, on the other hand, seems to be merely hoping for continuation of the present system so far as ownership and operation are concerned, but with a better deal in three respects:

1. Jurisdiction—the same kind of shared authority that we have in the rest of the country, with the basic sovereignty of Canada untouched.

2. Customs—some tighter control to block the leakage of duty-free, tax-free goods into ordinary Newfoundland trade.

3. Taxation—other American civilians in Canada pay Canadian taxes, with their U. S. payments deductible; why not civilians on the Newfoundland bases?

To the ordinary citizen the details don't matter. The important thing to Canadians, surely, is their status as free citizens and their right to be masters in their own house. That right hasn't been seriously challenged in 50 years or more. Under the strict terms of an agreement that Canada never signed, it's being challenged now. ★

#### Answers to quiz CITY STICKERS (Page 48)

(The compiler is obliged to the Board of Trade or the Chamber of Commerce in most of the cities named for their co-operation in supplying officially the correct name.)

1. Haligonians.
2. Ottavians.
3. Liverpoolians.
4. Winnipeggers.
5. Mancunians.
6. Glaswegians.
7. Minneapolitans.
8. Saint Johners.
9. Dundonians.
10. Angelinos.
11. Oronians.
12. Vancouverites.
13. Calgarians.
14. Phoenixians.
15. Cantabrigians.



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at all times was carrying out orders," therefore "the matters complained of do not fall within the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of Newfoundland and the defendant is exempt from such jurisdiction."

Mr. Justice Dunfield, in a very wise and witty judgment, blew this contention sky-high. Washington's apology indicates that the United States Government doesn't hold to it either. But if any agreement is open to such gross misapprehension as that, it's a bad agreement.

#### Rubbing an Old Sore

There have been other cases, too, where it creaked a lot more than seems reasonable.

Last January there was a brawl at Boland's Café in Stephenville between U.S. soldiers and Newfoundland civilians. Before it was over one civilian had been stabbed—a passer-by who wasn't there when the fight started and didn't know what it was about. He wasn't badly hurt, but the cut lay just below the heart; an inch or two deeper and it would have been a murder case.

The soldier was tried at court martial. He was acquitted of assault, convicted only of having been "off limits" by going to Boland's Café at all. Sentence was nominal.

Local authorities were indignant, and pressed the matter at U.S. headquarters in St. John's. Months later the case was retried before a magistrate; the soldier was defended by the Judge Advocate of the Newfoundland Base Command, in person, but he was convicted, fined \$100 and assessed \$100 damages.

The case itself, and the long delay, rubbed salt into an old sore in Newfoundland—a sore that goes back to the first days of "the occupation."

"You should have been here in '41, when they arrived," one Stephenville man said. "Man, it was like an invasion. They came in with their bulldozers, knocking people's homes down almost before they'd time to get out. One barn was burnt with the horse still in it—we got the poor beast out, but no thanks to them."

"Mind, they'd a right to all they

did, and they paid for it all. It was just the way they went about it. Made people sore."

A lot of that soreness is still there, more perhaps than U.S. senior officers have a chance to realize. They themselves are so charming, make Canadians so welcome and talk to them so frankly, that it seems rude to bring up these old grudges. Some of the grudges are unreasonable, too, rooted in envy and prejudice. But they are there, and they create a climate all too favorable for resentment over the occasional incidents that must, inevitably, recur.

The labor situation is an example. American civilians on the bases get American rates of pay. Newfoundlanders get Newfoundland rates, usually about half the American wage for the same work.

This arrangement was made at the outset with the Newfoundland Commission of Government. In 1941, with labor desperately scarce and inflation growing, Newfoundland authorities didn't want a sudden doubling of money wages.

Today things are different. Premier Joseph Smallwood's new Government has no knowledge of any such agreement and no sympathy with it. They'd like to see all the workers on the bases get the same scale.

But the American situation has also changed. The Army in 1942 would have paid any scale, with a bottomless war budget to draw on. The Air Force in 1949 is trying to economize—far from raising wages they're laying off civilians altogether in large lots.

#### Stubbornness in the Pentagon

Meanwhile the difficulty has been soured by union trouble. In 1946 Newfoundland workers on the Argentin base tried to form a union. A civilian superintendent, American, opposed the attempt. Workers were threatened, guards were posted at union halls, the union vice-president was fired on flimsy charges. After a few months of struggle the union folded and has not been revived.

Afterward the commanding general issued a directive which forbade everything the civilian superintendent had

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he was pulling down \$500 a night and she quotes Leigh Hunt as saying that in one season "Blondin's take had been \$35,000." Since Leigh Hunt died in 1830 just as Blondin was beginning to step out one wonders how the Hunt quotation could be correct.—Louis Blake Duff, Welland, Ont.

### People Vs. Kids, U. S. League

"Doesn't Anybody Like Kids?" (Maclean's, July 15; Reader's Digest, October) is the best story I have ever read in the Reader's Digest, in other words the best story I have ever read about children not being wanted.

I am in a boarding school . . . Yes, there are a lot of girls in this boarding school, not being wanted by their parents. I hope you will give my regards to Mr. John Bedford for such a very fine story. People need to find out how to live, and love children.—Virginia Gomer (age 14), Cincinnati, Ohio.

• May I reply to your Mr. Bedford whom I've just read in Reader's Digest? Mr. Bedford: the reason nobody likes your children is because nobody likes you. Who could? . . .

I live in a house on a 50-foot lot with five children on either side of me. These 10 children are all under nine and with their playmates number many more. Would I trade them for you with no children and the other house vacant? No . . . If you didn't keep boys to root up my garden you'd drive across it yourself . . . Then you'd nail me with a rock . . . I know your ilk, Mr. Bedford. We all do, unfortunately.—Allena Powers, Glendale, Calif.

### "Don't Change Them"

Your cover for Oct. 1 pleases me very much. It surely would be approved by the writer to Mailbag (Oct. 1) who would like to see something strictly Canadian. Carry on.—Margaret K. Hatch, Toronto.

• I thoroughly disagree with the letter from B. C. about Maclean's covers. They are wonderful as is! Don't change them! You have every magazine best that I know of!—Mrs. Whitehead, Delhi, Ont.

### Road Neck?

Just returned from visiting some friends in Fort St. John, B.C. I took a picture of a sign on the side of the road and am enclosing a print. It is hard to believe that this is part of Canada. It won't be long now until we have to have our visas stamped at the B. C. border.

I understand a similar sign has been placed on the B. C. border on the road between Banff and Vancouver.—J. M., Edmonton.



### Apples Don't Cheat

It isn't often I write to papers or magazines praising or criticizing their work, but there is an article in your Oct. 1 issue that moves me to write you. The one from "A Used-Car Dealer."

Now I ask you? Who ever heard of a car dealer buying a car without looking at the engine? In his case he bought one



without an engine. Tell this dealer guy for me that he is far too trusting for that line of business; he should be out here in this glorious Okanagan, helping me to grow McIntosh apples.—A. J. Cameron, Kelowna, B.C.

### Big the Land

I admire both Miss Wuorio's prose and her enthusiasm, and her "Western Journey" (Oct. 1) was, for one who has many times taken the same journey, almost like a rediscovery.

But something surely happened to Miss Wuorio's train north of Lake Superior. How did Hemlo, 20 miles inland, become a "fishing village?" And how on earth did she reach Upsala and Bonheur before she got to Port Arthur? Did "time bow to Canada," or did the sheer size of the land blur its images in her memory?

Something queer happened between Calgary and Banff too. First, Ray, the porter, tried to show her Mount Eisenhower, which lies west of Banff on the way to Lake Louise. Ray should have known better. As for the tunnels near the Bow River and the Fairholme Range, well, Miss Wuorio must have been riding the magic canoe of Quebec legend—the Chasse-Galerie. The first tunnel west of Calgary doesn't occur till you're over the Divide.

But the general effect of the piece is as infectious as that from now on the train wheels will say to me ". . . big the land, high the sky, on we go, Wuorio, Wuorio . . ."—G. C. McInnes, Ottawa.

### Shocking Business

Never, since I read a previous article in your magazine about Buzz Beurling, have I been so shocked as when I read "War Is My Business" (Oct. 1) . . . I do not know what the general idea is for printing the two above-mentioned articles unless it is to show us how the "Frankenstein" qualities remain with men at the close of each war.—E. Doyle, Toronto.

### Why Was Kitty?

I did not care for Eva-Lie Wuorio's article on Rosemond Marshall ("The Woman Who Wrote Kitty," Sept. 15) . . . Why give a filthy book like Kitty any more publicity? Personally I read it twice to see if I could find any reason why it should have been written. I couldn't.—Interested, Cobble Hill, B.C.

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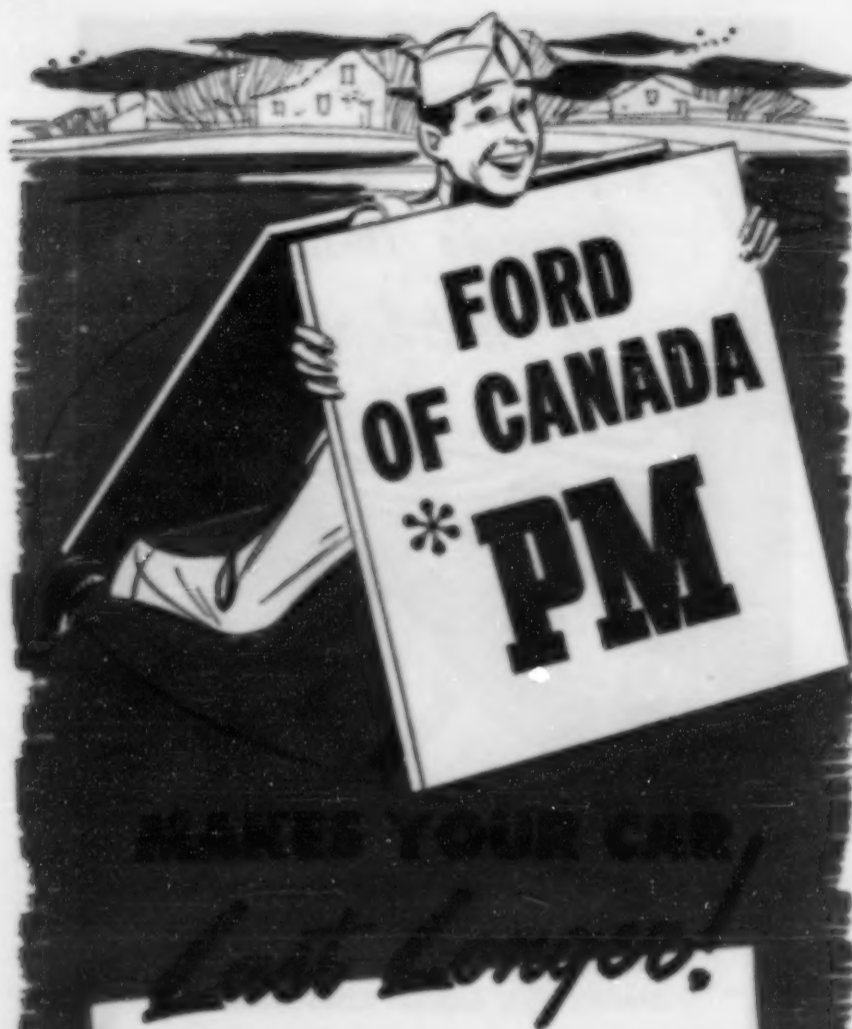
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## MAILBAG

### Of Sulphur And Sudbury

I WAS intensely interested in your editorial, "Dead Sea Takes Travesty of Truth" (Sept. 15), which afforded a striking comparison with a highly distorted sensational story in your same issue headed "Slaughter on Saturday," which latter should have been given serious checking in the interests of the whole truth.

Mr. Clarence Brouseau, one of approximately 12,000 miners in Sudbury district, was well liked, I am told, by his fellow workers who generally lead a normal happy life in comfortable homes surrounded in the majority of cases with gardens or green lawns, trees and flowers.

Many people have expressed themselves to the effect that this shooting was probably the direct result of relatives honestly endeavoring to settle a dispute between husband and wife, and not some far-fetched theory about work—industrial sulphur fumes and rocks in a district where thousands come annually to enjoy our hunting, fishing and tourist resorts . . .

Quite reasonably there are large sections of bare rocks adjacent to Sudbury and Copper Cliff just as there are large sections where trees are in profusion, but please bear in mind "there is gold in them thar hills," and also a majestic beauty to eyes that see.

We have many beautiful gardens in Sudbury and Copper Cliff . . . one mile from Sudbury post office in the heart of the city is situated one of the most picturesque parks in Canada . . . From the above you will realize the inaccuracy of the statement, "For 10 miles around sulphur fumes smother the rocks of all vegetation."—W. S. Beaton, Mayor of Sudbury.

Maclean's article stated clearly that the fume conditions around Sudbury have improved noticeably since Brouseau first went there to live. All honor to Sudbury gardeners, but does the mayor deny what is apparent to every visitor, that the fumes have left their mark on the landscape? Or that Brouseau, the huntman, hated industrial life? The facts in the article were checked by Chief Constable Jack McLaren of the Sudbury police.—The Editors.

#### Who Caught Schmidt?

I read with surprise an article in your magazine (Sept. 15) entitled "How We Tricked the Nazi Spies."

One may trick the spies, but not the truth. It is more than astonishing to find that the author omitted, apparently purposely, to mention the person who really had everything to do with the arrest of "Schmidt." (The Nazi spy who landed on the Gaspé coast.—Ed.)

That person is Agent A. Ducharme, a member of the Quebec Provincial Police, who alone, for that most outstanding exploit and splendid deed, was decorated by the King, who awarded him the King's Police Medal.—Lieut.-Colonel Leon Lambert, De-

puty Director, Quebec Provincial Police, Quebec.

Colonel Murray's article, "How We Tricked the Nazi Spies" (Sept. 15), gives full credit for the handling of the Bay of Chaleur spy case to the Army Intelligence Corps under his leadership. I recall reading a story released by the R.C.M.P. about the same case several years ago, indicating this case was handled by that force. Murray's article completely ignores their connection. Which story is correct?—T. E. Ryder, Hampton, N.B.

#### Carnival Cry

"Queen of the Midway" (Oct. 1) was really appreciated, especially by persons in the West who have an opportunity to see Jean Nanson in action every summer. For McKenzie Porter's



information, when Jean says "ballet, please," she's really shouting "bally, please." "Bally" is a shortened form of ballyhoo, the free show or come-on.—Bill Portman, Saskatoon.

#### Edmonton in Big Time

In "Halfbacks, Greenbacks and Red Ink" (Oct. 15) Trent Frayne stated that the Edmonton football club is playing its games in a park accommodating barely 4,000. Just before the season started Clark Stadium was enlarged and an enormous crowd of over 11,000 watched the Eskimos' opening game with the Calgary Stampedes.—Earl D. Hardin, Vegreville, Alta.

#### Blondin Puzzle

Catherine Leach, in her article in Maclean's (Oct. 1), "When Blondin Walked the Falls" (a very bad title by the way, without a line in the text to support it), has done the best thing on Blondin I have read. Without carping may I say one paragraph puzzles me. Blondin, it appears, got into the big money after his exploits over Niagara Gorge in 1859 and 1860. Miss Leach tells that at the age of 66

Neighbors complained about them manufacturing in a residential district and they were thrown out of the duplex after a three-month argument. But this was in 1943 when they were ready to expand anyway.

They threw up their jobs and went into full-time business. Hy had a tricky time getting a manufacturer's license out of the wartime authorities. But he pulled it off.

Two apartments over the Royal Bank at the corner of College and Spadina became their living quarters and factory. Rose did all the cutting. Hy and two hired girls sewed.

No retailers had yet come into the picture. The demand for their brassieres sprang entirely from a reputation spread by John Inglis girls.

Hy was called to the Army. About the same time Rose went into hospital to bear their first child. When she got home she looked after the baby boy in one apartment, then, when he was sleeping, nipped into the other to cut brass, fit customers and keep the girls up to scratch.

Rose started to scan the commercial horizon. Timidly one day she walked into Fuller's Ladies Wear on Bloor Street. She produced the first sample of the Rose Marx French Uplift Bra. A 30-year-old manageress tried it on and her eyes popped. She ordered 50 dozen—\$600 worth. Rose panicked at the size of the order and wrote Hy breathlessly.

By a combination of luck and good management Hy got himself posted near Toronto. He was unfit for overseas. Every night he would rush away from fatigues and square bashing to work the sewing machines. Rose then got an order from Virginia Dore Stores for \$2,600 worth.

Within a few weeks they were employing six girls. Rose wouldn't entrust the cutting to anybody else and she worked 14 hours a day and minded her baby as well.

In 1944 they moved to an old store with an apartment above on Bloor Street. The store part became a factory and during that year they increased their sewing machine operators to 40. Cutting was done by dye stamp from Rose's patterns. In those 12 months they sold \$55,000 worth of bras.

### Instead of Fear, Impudence

They got free advertising at first. Toronto stores inserted ads announcing that they had the Rose Marx bras on sale. In 1945 when they moved to the Pearl Street factory and bought themselves the house on Connaught Circle they reported sales of \$150,000 worth. In 1946 revenue jumped to \$260,000; 1947, \$450,000; and 1948, \$750,000. This year they say their sales have gone well over the million mark.

One of their biggest customers in Canada is the Hudson's Bay Company. Rose wooed this account carefully toward the end of the war when her output lagged far behind demand. "I used to let them have an extra five dozen or so when I could ill afford them," she says.

For eight hours, five days a week, Rose now works in an office 10 x 12 ft. adjacent to her husband's which is the same size. On one office door is the name "R. Marx" on the other "H. Marx." Both offices are atom-bomb with plastic busts bursting out of cartons or burlesquing under Rose Marx Bras. Alongside is the tiny main office with its clerks and stenographers.

These three offices are a startlingly modern corner of a very old-fashioned factory. All day long they are vibrated gently by the 150 power sewing

machines upstairs and the clump of the dye on the cutting machine below. They have a beehive atmosphere. A steady stream of salesmen twit the office girls. There is a great coming and going of forewomen, odd-job men and messenger boys. The switchboard girl is constantly shouting "Long distance!"

The office staff all appear rushed and harassed but over the bustle reigns a happy-go-lucky air fired by constant badinage. Instead of fear of the bosses the girls appear to display an affectionate and daughterly impudence.

Up in the sewing room more than 100 girls bend intently over the whirring machines, each making one little section of a bra with darting hands, and passing it on to the girl on the left. At the end of the line several women iron the finished product and pile them into little tarred castles.

The faces of the workers are a racial medley. There are Japanese, Chinese, Negro, Jewish and Christian girls from almost every European country. The overseer is an Englishwoman around 40 who looks as if she might have been an officer in the army.

### The Buyers Buy Her Lunch

The girls are not union members, though the Marxes would not oppose their joining an organization. The lingerie industry seems to have been mainly overlooked by union organizers so far. Rose says she pays her girls above average (on a piece-work basis). Most of them make around \$35 a week. Rose points out one girl who because of her speed earns \$100 a week and runs a Buick the same model as her boss's. The girls seem to adore Rose. They know she started from the very bottom and she is a living encouragement to them.

Rose believes her bras sell mainly on its flattery, comfort and price. "Girls who've worn elastic securings find the lace hard to get used to," she says, "but once they've run them in they generally stick to ours. Also you've got to follow the instructions carefully when you put them on otherwise you don't get the full effect."

The Marx advertising always shows the same clean-cut girl with arms raised above the head. There is nothing especially subtle in the letterpress. ("This clever design gives you that young, firm, natural uplift, so necessary to this year's fashions. The laced back gives automatic perfect fit figure control. The wide band gives extra support.")

Rose vetoes any sexy ads. Some bra makers use phrases like "The bra with the 'I dare you' neckline." Rose will have none of it. A few of her glossy magazine ads have a suggestion of slinky, shadowy glamour, but they are never erotic.

Several times a week Rose lunches with buyers. As the vendor she might be expected to pick up the check. But buyers compete for dates with her and always insist on paying. Says one: "It's fun taking Rose out to lunch. The business is automatic and incidental." She is always richly, fashionably and tastefully dressed and so attractive men get a hang out of being seen with her. Hy keeps in the background.

Rose intends to concentrate entirely on brassieres. She has investments in other lingerie companies but doesn't intend to manufacture any other lines herself.

Now she is considering making fashions, but as yet she hasn't taken this step. Says Rose Marx, who should know, "No matter how small a woman is built she can always show something attractive if she wears the right type of bra." ★

## 4 SIMPLE STEPS TO A LOVELIER COMPLEXION



### Try this sensible, new beauty treatment

Do you want a more alluring complexion—one that's lovelier to look at, smoother to touch? Then take a beauty hint from thousands of attractive women who have turned to one cream—Noxzema. This new Noxzema home beauty routine was developed by a doctor, and it really gets results—often surprisingly fast.

#### New 4-Step Treatment

1. **Morning**—Bathe face with warm water, apply Noxzema with a wet cloth, and "cream-wash" your face.
2. Apply Noxzema as a powder base.

3. **Evening**—Before retiring, repeat morning "cream-wash" cleansing.

4. **Massage** Noxzema lightly into your face. Pat on extra Noxzema over any little blemishes you may have.

That's all you have to do. No greasy creams to tissue off. Noxzema is a greaseless, medicated formula designed to aid in healing blemishes and help soothe and soften rough, dry skin.

Use Noxzema twice daily to help keep your complexion looking lovely. At all drug and cosmetic counters. 21¢, 49¢, 69¢, \$1.39. Get Noxzema today.

## HERE IS THE BOOK THAT IS HELPING THOUSANDS CREATE AND ENJOY GREATER HOME

*Beauty*



If you are a person who derives an inner glow of satisfaction from creating a home that everyone admires then this book will be a priceless possession—you will have a constant source of answers to difficult home decoration problems—you'll find this big book will become more precious as the years go by.

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## BUT CAN IT BE FOUND IN THE BIBLE?

People often indignantly demand that Catholics prove their teaching from the Bible.

The Bible is their "rule of faith"...and they argue that every man has the right and ability to discover for himself, by his interpretation of the Bible, what he must believe and do in order to be saved.

We do not question the sincerity of these people and we applaud all who strive earnestly to understand and observe the Scriptures. But—are they right in calling the Bible, privately interpreted, the sole source of Christian teaching?

"Hold the teachings that you have learned," wrote St. Paul, "whether by word or by letter of ours" (2 Thess. II:15). He refers to Christian teachings, some oral, some written...and demands that all be received.

Christianity did not begin with the Bible. It began with the coming of Christ. The Lord instructed His Apostles to "go forth...teach all nations"—and to insure that His truths would always be maintained, Christ established His Church, "...the pillar and mainstay of the truth" (1 Timothy III:15).

The last part of the Bible...written by St. John...was not completed until 60 years after the Crucifixion of Christ. There was no Bible in anything resembling its present form until nearly 400 years after Jesus had died on the Cross. And the widespread distribution of the Bible as we know it today was impossible until the invention of printing, some 1400 years after the Savior's death.



By what "rule of faith" did the millions of Christians live during those 1500 years?

The answer is, of course, that the teaching of the Church was the rule of faith for the Christian world. And St. Paul reminds us that Christianity consists of

"one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism" (Eph. IV:5). "God is a God of peace, not of disorder," St. Paul said further (1 Cor. XIV:33).

Yet today we have nearly 300 different religious denominations, all calling themselves Christian...all professing the Bible as their rule of faith...and all differing to some extent or another in their understanding of what the Bible means. Could Christ have left a "rule of faith" that would permit such confusion? Would He have left the interpretation of His Word to the fallible and changing judgments of men—when our very souls depend on a correct understanding and observance of the things Christ has taught us?

**FREE**—Because this question is all important...because it certainly does matter what a man believes...we invite you to examine the rule of faith of the first Christians—a rule that is still maintained by the Catholic Church. Because the Bible is God's Word, and because He gave it to us for a purpose, we invite you to see what this purpose is. We have an interesting pamphlet on the correct use of the Bible, and we offer it for the inspection of all who are sincerely interested in following the teaching of Christianity as Christ revealed it. Ask for your copy of Pamphlet No. 13—MM.

### SUPREME COUNCIL

### KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

Religious Information Bureau

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## AMAZING LIQUID REMOVES CORNS

or double your money back!



Pretense Liquid Corn Remover starts to work, soothes, burning pain—and removes corns the instant it's applied. Then, returned as directed, corns are painlessly removed as you get double your money back. Get Pretense for your annoying corns and enjoy the wonderful relief that can be yours, today.

## Don't Neglect Slipping FALSE TEETH

Do false teeth drop, slip or wobble when you talk, eat, laugh or sneeze? Don't be annoyed and embarrassed by such handicaps. **FASTEREETH**, an alkaline (non-acid) powder to sprinkle on your plates, keeps false teeth more firmly set. Gives confident feeling of security and added comfort. No gummy, greasy, sticky taste or feeling. Get **FASTEREETH** today at any drug store.

## Fortune In a Million Figures

Continued from page 17

headed for Toronto to make a living. She still had \$20. Ten dollars went immediately on advance rent for a grubby room in the Spadina dress-making district. It was three weeks before she got a job. Toward the end she was living on one cup of coffee and one bun a day. She lost 28 lbs.

The New World didn't seem so marvelous then.

Finally she got a job alongside scores of other girls at a battery of sewing machines and she made \$15 a week on piece work. When her English improved she moved to Junior Miss Garments Ltd. on Adelaide Street, Toronto, and worked so skilfully and fast she made \$20 a week. Within a year she was an over-sewer at \$30.

She moved to a tiny downtown apartment on Augusta Avenue and bought a used sewing machine. Other girls at work had complimented her on her bust. She told them she always made her own bras. Then she started making bras for her workmates. This stepped up her income to \$50 a week.

The war broke out and she did not hear from her parents again. She tried to ease her terrible grief with work. Her fingers got sore with sewing and her knees ached over the treadle. She couldn't bear the idea of going to the movies or a dance. She couldn't read English. So she wept and slept and sewed, alone, night after night, week after week.

One made bras for two girls who moved into the same apartment house. These girls were employed with hundreds of others by the John Inglis Co. Ltd., engineers, on Strachan Avenue. They brought Rose orders for bras from war-working girls. Rose gave them 10 cents on every bra they sold for her. In 1940 she was making two dozen a week and working at Junior Miss as well. She rarely got to bed before 3 a.m. and she had to be up again at 6.

Then she took a day off, went on a picnic, met Hy Marx, another refugee who had risen from the sewing machine himself to manager of a small lingerie firm. He was a seemingly weighty and lugubrious young man but in his big and eyes there was a glow of drollery.

They married and moved into a duplex on Albany Avenue in the east end. Each continued in daytime employment but at night Hy worked the sewing machine in the duplex while Rose cut out the bras for a growing clientele at John Inglis. Scores of Inglis girls were soon wearing Rose's bras and they noticed certain males whistled at them even in overalls.

Rose and Hy often worked all night. Week ends meant nothing to them except concentration on home work. Hy often fell asleep over his machine and Rose would nudge him. Once Hy slipped while asleep, moved the treadle and almost put a stitch through his nose.

They began to clear \$100 a week above their wages.

### And the Neighbors Complained

One week end when Rose was visiting her sister Hy took orders from 40 customers for bras. He recalls in hollow tones with a sleepy smile: "Rose didn't like the idea very much. But business is business. Funny how the girls didn't seem to mind. Must have been the war or something. At first I enjoyed it but in the end I never wanted to see another bosom. Ever since I've had nightmares."

best for ANY  
'flint' lighter!



## NEW MONT ROSA EVERBEARING RUNNERLESS DWARF BUSH STRAWBERRY

From fruit used the first year; easily grown. Bush form, about one foot high. No runners. Hardy perennial. Bears abundantly from early summer till killing frost. Has an intense luscious flavor and aroma like that of wild strawberry, rich and juicy. Near compact bushy growth makes it highly ornamental as well as valuable in vegetable, fruit or flower garden, borders, etc. A showy pot plant too. Though smaller than commercial strawberries Mont Rosa is the largest fruiting of any variety we know from seed, surpassing the popular solenaster and similar types. Its unique bush form and exquisite flavor place it in a class by itself for every home garden. Seed supply is limited. Order early. (Pat. 284) (2 pms. 25c) postpaid.

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DOMINION SEED HOUSE  
GLORCESTOWN, ONT.



Rubber Heels  
and Soles

The fighting has already started. The Arts call the vote the edge of the wedge to Sunday movies and other entertainment. One of their tactics was to try to tie an open cocktail bar clause to the plebiscite question which would have assured a resounding "No" vote.

The open Sunday people aren't idle. Pitious letters to editors portray the fate of the noncar owner, left in a cheerless Toronto while his more fortunate brethren take to the beach or golf club on a Sunday. Somebody figured the Toronto Maple Leafs might have won the International League Pennant if they could have played their Sunday games at home instead of having to jump to Montreal, Buffalo or Rochester.

Even if the people vote Yes the Ontario Legislature will still have to give its consent to Sunday sports. If it does, the federal Lord's Day Act would then be ineffective.

#### THE PRAIRIES

When the paper-mill town of Pius Falls, Minn. (pop. 2,000), opens its shiny new \$80,000 community hall next month, just about every able-bodied man in town will be able to point to a nail he drove or a board he sawed.

Except for excavation and concrete work and for the hiring of a few carpenters for the fine points of construction, all the work has been done by community volunteers. Since mid-June amateur carpenters have been bolting their dinners and rushing off to the centre to hammer and saw until 10.30 p.m. More than 300 contributed their labor (as many as 102 turned out on one evening) and just about everybody has helped pay the expenses.

In the RCMP museum in Regina are treasured a couple of cans of 97-year-old soup—still quite edible, too.

The ox-cheek soup was taken by an RCMP inspector from a food cache on Denley Island in the Arctic. It had been placed there in 1852 by Capt. Henry Kellett of HMS Resolute who was cruising the north looking for a lost expedition.

The soup was put up by John Henry Gamble, 137 Leadenhall Street, London, and the label on the rusted tin announced that "This dish is admirably adapted for making pies, or if there be more gravy than be required it can be used as soup. Perhaps a little

seasoning may be added." To open: "Cut round on the top close to the edge with a chisel and hammer, having previously scraped off the paint to prevent mixing it with the contents."

John Gamble knew his business, for when chemists from the Dominion Department of Agriculture sampled a can they found it still fit to eat—quite tasty, in fact.

...

Recently a heavy tank truck (laden with Diesel fuel oil) pulled up at the Canadian-American border at White-tail, Mont., cleared the customs, then rumbled on its way. It was a portent of a new day in the West, for this truck, unlike thousands of shipments before it, was traveling south, not north. The oil was from the Moose Jaw Refinery, Ltd., and it was on its way to the power plant of Montana-Dakota Utilities, in Scobey, Mont.

That lone tank truck is expected to be the forerunner of many more shipments from the Canadian West into the United States. The shippers were able to pay duty of a quarter of a cent a gallon and still undersell their competitors. At present Alberta is the big oil producer, but this particular shipment was distilled from crude from the Lloydminster field in west central Saskatchewan.

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA

The exotic sport of wrestling, which has produced such spectacles as battle royals with four or six men in the ring, team fights and "lady" behemoths slugging it out in peaks of mud, has come up with a new one. Vancouver last month was treated to a bout between a man and a genuine Tennessee Smoky Mountain bear.

Ginger, the bear, was matched with Tony Ross, who is billed as Pacific Coast junior heavyweight champion. While 2,700 sport lovers cheered, Ginger made Ross say uncle after two minutes and 46 seconds and presumably became the new Pacific Coast junior heavyweight champion (man and bear division). An SPCA man was in the corner to see that Ginger got fair play. Ginger was able to look after himself.

After the battle, Ross, the good loser, paid tribute to Ginger: "He fought a clean fight... He didn't hurt me more."

Next bout: Ginger vs. Ross and another human. ★



Oil for the Diesel of Montana, this time from a Canadian well (Prairies).

*"If it's baggage you're giving..."*

## MAKE MINE McBRINE



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*The name they know*

## McBRINE BAGGAGE

AROUND THE WORLD




The built-in quality of this fine baggage is the basis of McBrine's extra value... and there is a wide range of covering materials making many pieces available at surprisingly low prices.

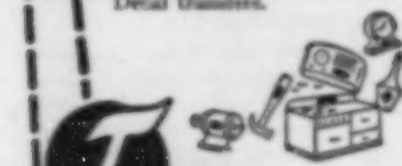


TOP LEFT: Hat and Shoe Case, Aeropack and Train Case from Natural Roughside "openstock" set.  
ABOVE: A compact wardrobe trunk shown with 2-in. Flymaster and matching Derby Bag.

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## Cross Country

### NEWFOUNDLAND

**A** FEW more weeks and the ice packs, drifting relentlessly on the Arctic Current, will have swallowed the whole northern peninsula of Newfoundland. The fishermen and their families in this great section of the province will be virtual prisoners until March, 1950.

In the fishermen's coves from Bonaville Bay on the west coast all the way around the top of the island and down the east side to White Bay there's great bustle and bustle preparing for the annual imprisonment by ice. In places like Croc, Cape Onion and Ha Ha Bay, stocks of food to last the winter are being rushed into cellars dug deep in the rocky ground. Fishermen who travel north for the fishery are saying good-by and fleeing southward to their home ports; they're the last outsiders the villagers will see until next spring.

For when the ice closes in the only means of moving from place to place is by teams of half-wild huskies or on foot. Neither is easy through roadless country when the snow is 10 or 20 feet deep.

The occasional mail (if there is one) will come in by dog team. Doctors and medicine must come that way too, unless word can be got to a telegraph station to bring a mercy plane. And if supplies or the length of the winter are underestimated, settlements face starvation. This happened last year at St. Mary's River, Labrador, when mothers and babies existed on flour, water and molasses-water until fresh food was flown in.

It's a hard life, but the fishermen stay on and fight it out. Why? Said one old-timer: "It's home."

### THE MARITIMES

For four years the people of Sherbrooke, in Guysboro County, northeast of Halifax, planned and worked for the St. Mary's Memorial Hospital. Scarcity of materials held them up; then they had trouble getting a contractor. The building was completed by local labor after federal and provincial grants were assured.

Finally on Sept. 28 everything was ready. The building was there, the beds and equipment, supplied by the Red Cross, were in place. Representatives of the Provincial Government and the Red Cross were on hand for the grand official opening. The hospital was declared open—then the doors were shut again. Reason: no staff. The doors would stay shut until nurses could be found.

What were the thoughts of Prime Minister R. B. Bennett when he was struggling with the worst depression Canada has ever known? What was the behind-the-scenes story when New Brunswick-born Andrew Bonar Law emerged as the first Canadian-born prime minister of Great Britain? These and many other questions may be answered when students at the University of New Brunswick start delving

into the private papers of the two men, recently presented to the institution by still another native of the province, Lord Beaverbrook. The papers are expected to be a rich mine of historical information.

Beaverbrook, a student of U.N.B. for a few days and its chancellor since 1946, clerked in the same law office as Bennett when he was 17. Later, as the meteoric young multimillionaire and publisher in Britain, he played a big part in helping Bonar Law into the prime minister's chair.

### QUEBEC

Political insiders are betting that Premier Duplessis will get his state lottery, despite the public outcry when he announced that he planned to raise money for education and other purposes by provincially sponsored gambling.

Protestant clergymen immediately protested the Premier's plan. But up to the time of writing the Catholic clergy, who sponsor bingo and other money-making games to finance parish work, had remained silent. So had the Sacred Heart League, supporter of Pacific Plante in his crusade on vice in Montreal until he was fired as deputy police director on a technicality.

Mr. Duplessis' ace in the hole, say the dopesters, is a statute to enable public lotteries which was passed in 1934, and by the Teachers' Liberal Government. The insiders think that in the face of this the federal Liberal regime will be willing to make a deal with the province not to interfere if it starts selling lottery tickets.

They were laying the cornerstone of the new East End Boys' Club in Montreal. Just before Mayor Camille-Henri Houde performed the finishing touches, Jackie Fowler, 12, was called to the stand. "Empty your pockets for posterity, Jackie," said the club president.

Jackie smiled sadly, complied. Into the stone, to be opened in 2050 A.D., went a cap pistol, a dime, a rubber band and a piece of string.

### ONTARIO

It took a fearful battle to get Sunday streetcars in the Toronto the Good of the nineties. There were four years of noisy campaigning, two municipal plebiscites and a five-minute to Saturday midnight court decision before trolley wheels rolled on that May Sabbath in 1897.

Fifty-two years later the proponents of Sunday sport are hoping for a quicker victory. On election day, Jan. 1, Toronto voters will be asked: "Are you in favor of the City of Toronto seeking legislation to make amateur, professional and other forms of commercial sport legal on Sunday?"

Most of the members of City Council were opposed to an open Sunday but Controller Allan Lamport, its chief supporter, convinced a majority to send the question to the people.

**You can't buy better office pencils**

Venus VELVETS are tops with office folk all over the world. Venus VELVETS are strong because they're "Pressure-Proofed." The lead is actually bonded to the wood. Venus VELVETS are smooth, crisp and clean in action. Try them. You'll buy them!

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### HELP WANTED

We are looking for energetic, ambitious men and women to act as our Local Representatives. This is a real opportunity! Write for full details.

FIDELITY CIRCULATION COMPANY  
OF CANADA

210 Dundas St. W., Toronto



**No Story**—Having heard of an old man who had attained the age of 100 and had never touched strong drink, a temperance committee was rushed to his home to get a sworn statement to that effect.

Propping him up in bed, they guided the feeble, trembling old hand along the dotted line.

They were disturbed and startled however, by a violent disturbance in the next room—scuffling, falling of heavy furniture and breaking of crockery.

"Good Heavens, what's that?" gasped a committee man.

"Oh," whispered the old man as he sat back exhausted after the effort, "that's Dad. He's drunk again."—*Montreal Star*.

**No Picnic**—A woman got into a bus with five small children under her wing.

"Are all these yours," asked the conductor, "or is it a picnic?"

"They are all mine," replied the woman, "and it's no picnic!"—*Victoria Colonist*.

**Starting His Million**—The father of a little boy gave him a dollar for his birthday. The boy spent the afternoon going the rounds of the tradesmen and having them change the dollar, first into silver, then back to a bill, and so on. When the father heard of it, he enquired the reason.

"Well," said little Sandy, "sooner or later someone is going to make a mistake and it ain't going to be me."—*Canadian Inquirer News, Hamilton, Ont.*

**Unnatural Child**—A little boy who had been asked to write an essay on the origins of mankind explained:

"I asked mummy where grandpa came from and mummy said the stork brought her. 'And where did you come from?' I asked mummy, and she said the stork brought her as well. Then I asked where I came from and she said: 'The stork brought

you, too.' So I began my essay by saying: 'There have been no natural births in our family for three generations!'"—*Calgary Albertan*.

**Clean Sweep**—Two cockroaches lurching in a dirty corner discussed a spotless glistening restaurant from which they had been barred.

"I hear," said one, "the refrigerator shines like polished silver. The floors sparkle like diamonds. It's so clean."

"Please," said the second cockroach, shuddering, "not while I'm eating."—*Kitchener Record*.

**Humdinger—First Mosquito:** "Why are you making such a fuss?"  
**Second Mosquito:** "Whoopie! I passed the screen test."—*Canadian Miner*.

**With Or Without Lemon?**—**Owner of Midget Car:** "I want a half a cup of gasoline and a teaspoonful of oil, please."

**Mechanic:** "And shall I cough into the tires, sir?"—*Montreal Star*.

**Charity Pays Off**—A generous woman had noticed that, whenever she went through the street, a down-and-out man stood in front of the drugstore. One morning, feeling sorry for him, she slipped a dollar into his hand and whispered, "There's hope."

That evening he stopped her and handed her \$5.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"It means, mum, that There's Hope came in at 5 to 1."—*Calgary Albertan*.

**Slight Misunderstanding**—An old cowboy went to the city and registered at a hotel for the first time in his life. The clerk asked him if he wanted a room with running water.

"No!" the cowboy yelled. "What do you think I am, a trout?"—*Chatham News*.

It takes the fastest horse 30.8 seconds to run a quarter-mile ... but in only

# TWO SECONDS

Aspirin is ready to go to work!

Glass of water test shows why Aspirin quickly relieves pain of colds, sore throats!

There's no point in suffering the misery of a sore throat due to a cold. Just take ASPIRIN for fast relief. It not only soothes the irritation of the sore throat, but also relieves painful cold symptoms. ASPIRIN means quick relief because it is ready to go to work in two seconds. You can prove this by dropping an ASPIRIN tablet in a glass of water. What it does in the water, it does when you take it ... starts disintegrating almost at once. In addition, Bayer ASPIRIN is a single active ingredient that has been used, year in and year out, by millions of normal people—without ill effect. So buy ASPIRIN—and use it with confidence.

TO RELIEVE PAIN OF COLDS, SORE THROATS, TAKE

# ASPIRIN

TRADE MARK BOTTLE IN CANADA

**Lowest Prices Ever!**  
Pocket box of 12 ... 18c  
Economy bottle of 24 ... 29c  
Family size of 100 ... 79c

**"MY CHRYCO Cyclebond BRAKES**  
**LAST 3 TIMES AS LONG — EVEN IN THESE HILLS".**  
**WRITES NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C. TAXI DRIVER W. E. SPEARS**

"Get only one-third the distance with ordinary linings," Mr. Spears' report continues. This is typical of drivers everywhere who are acclaiming Chryco Cyclebond Linings as one of the greatest brake lining improvements in history.

Chryco Cyclebond Brake Linings are being proved in daily use everywhere in Canada ... under toughest conditions. Chryco Cyclebond Brake Linings stand every test!

Chryco Cyclebond Brake Linings are different ... wear longer ... give more effective braking ... practically eliminate drum cutting.

See your Chrysler-Plymouth-Ford or Dodge-DeSoto dealer today about CHRYCO Cyclebond brakes for your car or truck.

\*A trade-mark of the Chrysler Corporation of Canada Limited.

**CHRYSLER CORPORATION**  
OF CANADA, LIMITED  
PARTS DIVISION WINDSOR, ONTARIO

## DON'T GET CAUGHT WITH YOUR TIRES DOWN!



### Air, Conditions Your Ride

and the Schrader way to keep your tires plump and happy is so easy.

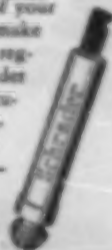
**First.** Insist on Schrader Valve Caps for replacement. Buy them in the handy box and keep them in your car. Then when a valve core is damaged you or your dealer can replace it in just about 30 seconds. Box of 5 only 41¢



**Second step** is just as simple. Be sure the valve mouth is sealed tight. Keep air in—dirt out—with Schrader Valve Caps. One on every tire valve is a must for maximum mileage.

A box of five in your car so that lost caps can be replaced immediately is your "pump tire insurance" that costs just 41¢

**Next step.** Take ten seconds per tire to be sure. Proper tire inflation is so necessary to the safety and comfort of your ride as well as the life of your tires that you should make tire pressure checking a regular habit. And a Schrader Gauge gives such an accurate, fast, easy-to-read answer to your question—"how much pressure?"—that its low cost will repay you over and over.



\$1.81

The "unexpected" always happens. And when you are let down with a soft tire you'll be happier with a Schrader Spark Plug Tire Pump. Easy to use, it is positive in action. Just remove one spark plug and insert pump. Perk up a soft tire in a few seconds while your engine idles and you idle too. Take the ache out of bad breaks with a Schrader Spark Plug Tire Pump—The engine works—you don't. Complete with gauge—

\$8.95



Always ask for Schrader. Don't buy less than the best. There's a Schrader product for every tire need.

**Buy Safely—Buy Schrader**  
at dealers everywhere

**A. Schrader's Son Division**  
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Toronto, Ontario

World's largest Manufacturer of Tire Valves, Gauges and Accessories

## WIT AND WISDOM

**Money Under False Pretences**—"Police Seek Missouri Man Who Sold Wife for \$400." Which goes to show how much trouble a fellow can get into when he is caught inflating prices.—*Victoria Colonist*.

**Man Bites News**—The food consumer is not without hope, "after discovery of a Dutchman who lives on a diet of old newspapers, sugar and pearls.—*Toronto Telegram*.

**She's Heard It All**—A librarian asserts that younger girls enjoy fiction better than married women. A wife, of course, detects it sooner.—*Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph*.

**To Win by a Neck**—On the race to the altar, some girls cover more laps than others.—*Calgary Herald*.

**Grable Charm Heap Big Fable**—With a great show of naïveté, operators of a Northern Manitoba movie theatre are expressing surprise that their Indian clientele doesn't care a hang for Betty Grable. When the braves go to a show they want to see a good old routin', tootin', shootin' Western.

What this shows, even if the theatre operators don't realize it, is that the noble redman still is running

true to type. The horse opera he sees may be synthetic, yet it serves to recall the good old days. As for Miss Grable—

Ugh! Squaw!—*Windsor Star*.

**Hear Ye—**

It may not mean much of a lecture when

Her glance has an ominous glisten;

But when she says she's speechless, then

Get ready to listen.

—*Fort William Times-Journal*.

**Are They Reasonably Priced?**

—The inventor of a new type of hand grenade says: "You merely press a small projection on the casing, a detonator explodes the charge, and there you are." Or not, as the case may be. —*Welland-Port Colborne Tribune*.

**Came the Dawn**—Many a morning after is caused by a lovely Eve. —*Niagara Falls Review*.

**Age Cannot Withstand**—The seven ages of women are: The first age is a baby, then an infant, then a miss, then she's a young woman, a young woman, a young woman and a young woman.—*Canadian Minister*

### WILFIE

By Jay Work



"For Pete's sake, Wilfie, slow down... this ain't no movie camera!"

## STOP CORNS THIS QUICK, EASY WAY!



### END PAIN INSTANTLY!

Do as millions now do and you'll never have corns! Just apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads at the first sign of sore toes from new or tight shoes. You will have instant relief and stop corns before they can develop! But—if you have corns, calluses or bunions—these thin, soothing, cushioning, protective pads will instantly stop painful shoe friction and lift pressure on the sensitive spot!



**Remove Corns, Calluses** You'll marvel, too, how the separate Medications included with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly remove corns and calluses. Get this grand relief today!

**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

### MEET PEOPLE — MAKE MONEY!

If you like meeting people and need extra cash, then write to us today. We have just the plan for you... a pleasant, dignified business that will turn spare time into profit. Absolutely no cost or obligation to you, everything is supplied without charge. Clip out this advertisement NOW, and mail it to—

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### JACK-JILL

**BUCKLEY'S NEW PLEASANT TASTING**



**COUGH AND COLD SYRUP FOR KIDDIES ONLY GIVES SWIFT, SAFE RELIEF**

Yes, W. E. Buckley Limited who gave you Buckley's Mixture, Canada's most famous cough and cold remedy, scores again with JACK and JILL Cough Syrup with Vitamin C! It's NEW! — DIFFERENT — FAST-ACTING — just made for the little folk, and how they like it! You'll like JACK and JILL, too. It relieves those miserable stuffy coughs and colds so PROMPTLY and SAFELY. Get a bottle TODAY and have it handy. At all drug stores 30¢.

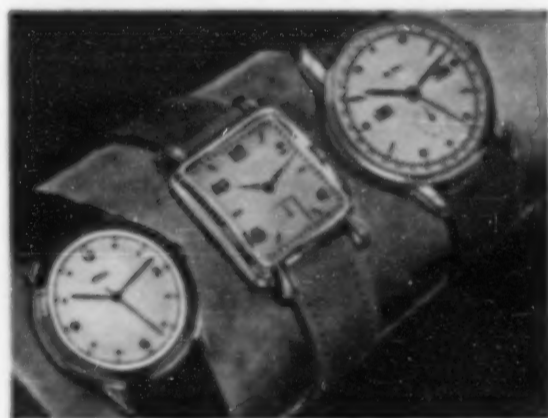


CONTAINS VITAMIN "C"



**1.** A watch is the most wanted gift of all, the gift that stands for love and constancy and friendship—a wonderful reminder of the giver through the years. When you buy a watch for yourself or for someone you love—be sure it

has a quality Swiss jewelled-lever movement, your finest assurance of accuracy, dependability and value. *Rely on a jeweller in whom you have confidence—he'll show you the best jewelled-lever Swiss movements in your price range.*



**2.** Your jeweller will help you choose the right watch from all the new types from Switzerland, including shock-resistant, water-repellent, self-winding, and calendar watches, chronometers and chronographs. Remember, it's the movement that counts—be sure your new watch has a quality Swiss jewelled-lever movement.



**3.** The quality balance wheel of a jewelled-lever movement (left) is adjustable, non-corrosive, designed to compensate for temperature changes. The cheap balance wheel (right) is stamped out, not adjustable, and apt to rust. Don't be fooled by so-called watch "bargains"—you usually get just about what you pay for!

## What to look for in the watch you buy for Christmas



**4.** The jewelled-lever Swiss watch you buy today—whether its case is gem-studded or gold or platinum or steel—reflects the styling and craftsmanship that have long been a heritage of Switzerland. That's why a fine Swiss watch is a treasure of lasting pride—for you—or for the fortunate one who receives it from you.



**5.** To give the best wear, a watch deserves expert care. Today, thanks to the new Swiss Watch Repair Parts Programme and to the cooperation of Canadian importers and retail jewellers, you can always have your quality Swiss watch serviced economically and promptly, if it has a jewelled-lever movement.

*For the gifts you'll give with pride—let your jeweller be your guide*

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND





## If you're thinking about an automatic washer

### THIS ADVERTISEMENT MAY SAVE YOU \$100

Before you decide on any new home laundry equipment — compare it with the new, de luxe Easy Spindry! Find out what you get for the extra you pay! Then find out if any other washer at any price gives you these advantages of the Easy Spindry!

1. Washes — rinses — and damp-dries your whole week's laundry (2 or 3 tubfuls if necessary) in one hour or less — just once a week!
2. Rinses and dries one tubful while another load is being washed.
3. Returns your hot suds for use again, saving hot water and soap.
4. Really washes clothes with positive, gentle Vacuum-Cup action (doesn't merely "tumble" them around in the water).
5. Super-speed "Spindrier" (1000 R.P.M.) dries everything, even heavy blankets, safely and evenly.
6. Requires no built-in connections. No installation charges. No special plumbing. No special hot water supply.

Ask your Easy dealer about this amazing new "Spindry" . . . the only washer that Canadian women are waiting for!



### THE ONLY VACUUM-CUP WASHER IN THE WORLD!

Yes... it's the famous Easy Vacuum-Cup Washer sensationally improved! New and better from top to bottom with great new safety and convenience features. Plastic Vacuum-Cups never stain or corrode. 50% to 70% easier on your clothes. Super-safety wringer. New quality-engineered mechanism. A great value in a great new washer. Now available at your Easy dealers.

THE EASY WASHING MACHINE CO. LIMITED • TORONTO (10) CANADA

## PARADE

### THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

IT'S A long time between elections (thank goodness) so perhaps you can stand one more story from the federal firing line last June, which must have had to hitchhike to reach us from the West Coast, it took so long to get here.

Backers of one Vancouver candidate in the federal election weren't much surprised when he lost, such a talent did he demonstrate throughout the campaign for putting the right word in the wrong place—particularly on the radio, with thousands of baffled voters listening. He took defeat gamely, though, and heading



for his rival's campaign headquarters on the double, clapped the winner on the back and declared warmly, "Arthur, you've got more behind the eight ball than any man I ever knew!"

Clergymen visiting rural parishioners in southwestern Ontario was chatting with a farmer in his stable when he noticed a row of hens' eggs parked on a beam overhead. "Found them in the hay and couldn't be sure whether they're fresh or not," he explained when asked about them. But what did he intend to do with them, the parson persisted? "Oh, I'll leave 'em there till I'm sure they're rotten. Then I'll throw them out."

Young reporter in the Toronto Men's Press Club the other night was complaining about having been stuck writing obits all day, and this set a nearby greybeard to shaking his head. "Writing obituaries used to be a high diplomatic art, before the days when you could just call the undertaker for the necessary details. Nothing less than a personal call at the bereaved home would do, or a subscriber's feelings might be hurt."

"Remember one time," he continued, "I had to call at the home of a farmer whose son had been killed in an accident. The father himself ushered me into the parlor to view the remains, but then he was overcome with emotion and couldn't say

a word. Yet the occasion demanded that he pay some fitting tribute to show his love for his son, and finally he choked it out: 'Poor little beggar—he heaved a lot o' manure for me!'"

Young lady just got back to her Ottawa home after her first visit to Bermuda, still blushing. The trip was one of those things you dream about for months and yet the realization managed to live up to her expectations—until almost the last day. The girl bought a 40-ounce bottle of fine Barbados rum to bring home as a souvenir, but hustling aboard a bus to return to her tourist home she dropped it in the main aisle with a terrible smash, followed by a heady upsurge of essence of rum (over-proof), which was so strong in the Bermuda heat as to be almost overpowering. But the Canadian was completely sobered, not to say frozen, by a Bermuda dowager who arose from her seat at the back of the bus and insisted upon being let off immediately. "Why can't these Americans drink their liquor in their own homes," she demanded haughtily, "instead of in public conveyances?"

Riding the Northern Alberta Railway from Edmonton to Dawson is one of those rare travel experiences the tourist folders don't say half enough about. On one late summer trip a Parade scout found more going on in the day coach than in a three-ring circus—singsong at one end, family having a picnic at the other, urchins doing jet-propelled runs up and down the aisle, and a young mother with her baby asleep beside her while she dried a just-washed diaper by dangling it out the window to the sun and breeze. Then the white banner sagged as the train pulled up for a brief stop at a tiny settlement, where for a few seconds a row of Indians on the station platform stared stolidly in at the passengers while the passengers stared



stolidly back. Toot-toot, the train hunched off and there came a cry of alarm from the young mother. The hand that had held the diaper was now waving futilely by itself—waving back toward the disappearing platform where a rotund squaw bounced up and down, giggling delightedly and waving a white pennant at the vanishing train.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

, 1949



# B.C. APPLES

*for Eating!.. for Cooking!*

Crisp, juicy-ripe B.C. Apples are now at their tempting best! ... Hand-picked at the favourable peak of goodness in sunny B.C. orchards ... they reach your dealer fresh and luscious-tasting. B.C. Apples are grand for eating from the hand ... appetite-pleasing in salads, pies, puddings and many other desserts — most economical by the box. Say "B.C. Apples" when you buy ... make sure your family gets the best! Remember B.C. Apples ... where all better fruits are sold.

**TRY THE TASTY B.C. APPLE PIE**

**Ingredients:** Filling for 9 inch pie. — 7 very finely sliced B.C. apples, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter.

**Method:** Prepare pastry.

Wash, quarter, core, peel and slice apples, then measure. Arrange apples in layers in pastry-lined deep 9 inch pie plate. Sprinkle each layer with sugar. Set top layer with small pieces of butter. Cover with top crust. Place pie on lowest rack in oven preheated to 425 degrees F. (very hot oven). Bake for 10 minutes then reduce oven temperature to 350 degrees F. (moderately even) and bake for 30 to 35 minutes longer. Delicious served warm or cold.

**SALES AGENTS**  
**B.C.**  
**B.C. TREE FRUITS LTD. KILGONNA B.C.**

**FOR GOODNESS SAKE KEEP APPLES COOL**